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THE THEATRE

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JULY, 1917
VOL. XXVI NO. 197



MISS LOLA FISHER

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TWO NEW DEPARTMENTS



The Moving Pictures

THE moving picture is here to stay. There can be no question as to that or of the vast popularity of this new form of entertainment.

Being a successful institution beyond doubt, the film drama deserves adequate representation and full recognition in our columns.

From time to time the THEATRE MAGAZINE has published articles decrying the product of the screen. Editorially our policy has been to oppose rather than encourage the film drama because we saw or thought we saw in it a growing menace to the spoken drama which, of course, must forever remain the fountain head of the stage proper.

But during the past two years there has been a marked improvement in the pictures shown. No longer are they crude melodrama, or slap stick farce hurriedly thrown together. The big manufacturers are devoting exhaustless

energy and limitless millions to develop this wonderful art and the result has been some truly remarkable pictures the interest and artistic merit of which cannot be questioned or ignored.

Today, some of our best known players are leaving the legitimate stage to devote their talents henceforth exclusively to the screen. Every day the pictures are developing and bringing to the front new talent which but for the silent drama might never have been discovered.

We bow to the inevitable. Many readers have requested us to have a department devoted to the movies. We are happy to grant that request.

Beginning with the September issue this new addition to our reading columns will still further enhance the popularity of the THEATRE MAGAZINE among its thousands of readers.



How a Man Should Dress

WHEN anyone speaks of a man as being a Beau Brummel it brings to one's mind memories of a more picturesque, more leisurely age than today.

To be a Beau Brummel a man must be known not only for his exquisite taste in dress, but also for his elegance in speech and manners. He need not be foolishly foppish or extravagant, but he must know how to select his clothes and how to wear them.

One false note and the entire picture is spoiled.

To guard our male readers against any such false step, we have asked Beau Nash, the one well-known authority on men's fashions, to tell us each month what is the proper thing in male attire. He will tell you what to wear, when to wear it, and why it is worn.

We feel sure that this new department will be a welcome addition to the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

THE PUBLISHERS



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You put pneumatic tires on your automobile for a similar reason that rope fenders are hung about the sides of those powerful little bantams of the river—tug boats,

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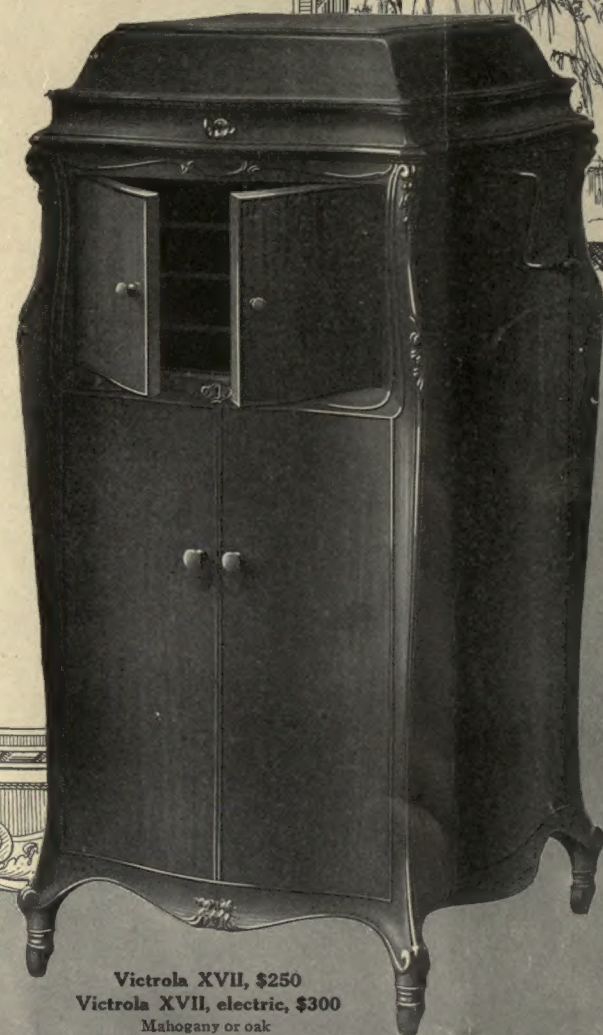
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Victor Supremacy



THE THEATRE

JULY, 1917



IF you've been sitting around on the porch of your fashionable hotel without the faintest glimmer of an idea to start a conversation, if you fear you are fast fading away from ennui—then it's time for you to read THE THEATRE MAGAZINE and see what's in store for you.

Get acquainted with the news of the theatre, and start all your friends on that most fascinating of topics—the stage.

FAME and money don't usually walk hand in hand.

Most often they take different roads.

But not so on the stage.

After Lotta had climbed to the top rung of the ladder of stage success, she discovered that she was one of the richest women in the world.

Maude Adams turns her popularity into half a million a year—some little income, what?

In an article in the August THEATRE, Helen Ten Broeck will tell you about the players who have been lucky enough to win both fame and fortune in the game of the theatre.

Just so you won't miss it, let us whisper to you that the story is called "Stage Money."

SOMEONE is always taking the joy out of life."

This time it is Maxwell Parry, director of the Indianapolis Little Theatre.

When everyone was convinced that the coffers of the little theatres throughout the country were overflowing with nuggets, when the wiseacres loudly proclaimed that the financial as well as the artistic success of the tiny playhouses were assured, along he comes with his article, "The Magnificent Failure of the Little Theatres" and throws a damper on it all.

Of course, we didn't have to accept the story and disillusionize all our friends. But our "nothing but the truth" policy de-

manded that it appear in the August number.

And there it is!

If you want an eye-opener on the Little Theatre situation, read it! It's just another example to prove that the truth will out.

a host of amusing stories he has to tell! With a stage career extending over thirty years, during which he met numerous theatrical notabilities, no wonder his recollections read like a series of interesting incidents.

IF you are a woman and delight in pretty frocks, wouldn't you like it said of you as it is of the players when they make their stage entrance:

"Isn't she ravishing?"

You bet you do!

Then just follow our directions.

Watch the "Footlight Fashions" department in the next issue. See what the stars are wearing! This time of the year they are particularly brilliant in their summer finery. Read what they have to say about smart clothes and accessories?

Then all you have to do is to adopt the advice and wait for the compliments.

THE screen has made legitimate actors sit up and take notice.

For the first time they are able to see themselves as others have seen them.

In at least one sense Bobbie Burns' old wish has come true.

In the August number, Edwin Carty Ranck will show in his article, "Seeing Themselves as Others See Them," how the screen has benefitted players who have realized their deficiencies and mannerisms by watching themselves on the screen.

Praised be Allah that the much-maligned movies have done some good.

AND now it becomes our painful duty to advise you to subscribe.

Otherwise how can you be assured of this bully August issue, crammed full of up-to-the-minute news and photographs?

And surely you wouldn't want to miss it. It's a treat!

Better subscribe NOW. \$3.50 a year.

Vol. XXVI

No. 197

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THERE is no actor more loved or more lovable than David Warfield.

Perhaps no better tribute can be paid to his sympathetic, mellow art than to say that no one ever leaves a Warfield performance without tear-stained eyes. His tender emotion stirs even the most hardened.

In the next issue, the "Music Master" will recount his reminiscences. And what



From a portrait by Charlotte Fairchild

M A R I E D O R O

Who, after a series of screen triumphs, is planning
to return next season to the legitimate stage

THE THEATRE



WHY WE PREFER TO WRITE COMEDY

By FREDERIC & FANNY HATTON

CO-AUTHORS "YEARS OF DISCRETION," "THE GREAT LOVER," "UPSTAIRS AND DOWN," ETC.



WE often are asked why we confine our efforts to the writing of comedy. Serious persons with propaganda in the corners of their eyes, souls yearning for the thrilling clashes of melodrama and owners of dramatic rights to farcical short stories frequently attempt to lure us into other theatrical pathways.

The answer we give is that comedy is our forte. To it we shall cling so long as a manager or playhouse remains receptive. We have an abiding faith in comedy, feeling that it is the sanest, realest and most convincing form of dramatic representation. Likewise it is the most exacting for to be successful it must portray everyday things.

The writer of tragedy may deal with profundities hidden far down in the souls of gods and men—things very remote from the diurnal experience of those who go down into the city of mornings and return thence of evenings. The melodramatist is allowed to run amuck among the verities, being asked only to provide situations that are enthralling and character dominating. The writer of farce may go to the absurdest lengths to ensnare the ultimate guffaw.

But in comedy you are dealing with men and manners. Situation is a secondary matter. The character rules. Everyday manifestations of heart and mind and habit as they come into conflict with similiar expressions from other individuals are the stuff of which comedy is made.

The writer of comedy is always being pinned down to actualities. Mrs. X has known just the people you are putting through characteristic paces; Mrs. Y. rather believes that you are portraying Mrs. X. and her set; Mr. Z. inclines to the opinion that you are hitting at Mrs. Y. Meanwhile the critics who are too busy to know much about life say: "Mr. and Mrs. Hatton, people don't do such things." However, we make it our business to know all sorts of people in various social strata and we have yet to write about individuals whose life and environment are not thoroughly familiar to us.



CRITICS are not very clear in their minds as to what comedy is and the public is even less so. No two reviewers give you the same definition of comedy. Managerial use of the term has led the public to believe that a play billed as a comedy is something serious—what the picture folk call a "drama." In filmland a comedy is really the most outrageous sort of farce—outrageous even beyond Mr. Granville Barker—and its components are innumerable pies, insurgent seltzer bottles, traps, falls, Los Angeles hues and cries and all the absurd nonsense handed down by graduates of the London music halls.

We cling to the notion, somewhat orthodox, that comedy is a realistic stage study of the soul, mind and manners of man with a more or less pleasing ending. A more serious handling of exactly the same materials with a gradual tightening of situation until a character is goaded

into an unhappy outbreak gives you tragedy.

America has not been prolific of writers of comedy. Perhaps it is because our much advertised sense of humor is, after all, merely a sense of farce. That we have a sense of humor as the French and Irish have, or for that matter the English have, is much to be doubted.

Our humorous tradition is farcical, a tradition that several thousands newspapers nail down a little harder each day with their so-called "funny" pages. Outside of two or three cities there is little understanding in America of wit in drama.

The popularity of Wilde and Shaw, however, has left a distinct impress on our metropolitan theatre-goers and certainly the audience for comedy is widening in New York and Chicago. This has been emphasized in the variant receptions of Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea" in the original production by Mrs. Fiske several years ago and that by Miss Grace George last season. Mr. Mitchell was told, in the earlier instance, that "people don't do such things." Later the critics had caught up with him, hailing him as the writer of the "best American comedy in years." The rise of Miss Kummer, also, is helping to confirm in the minds of reviewers the fact that comedy has its place in the sun.



THE truth is that comedy is irresistible when it is well written and well played. It carries so pungent a suggestion of reality; its characters seem so like people we have known or could know, its illusion is so complete, that an audience succumbs to it completely.

Comedy conquers so successfully because it so little suggests attack. The audience is trapped by its quiet method, by its very untheatricalness. In short, the yielding is to a well-organized, well presented expression of life. And life is the theatre's greatest fascination. The playhouse will live because it remains the sole instrument for giving us the color and sound as well as the form and movement of life. Comedy, well done, is immovable fact meeting irresistible interest.

So comedy brackets our interest in life. We see all things within its enclosure. We know no other view of things. We write comedy because we can write nothing else.

Many people ask us if it is possible for two individuals to see life through a similar comedy viewpoint. Our answer is that we do see it this way. We also have a superstitious feeling that we are unlucky in single effort and we both find an added joy and stimulus in working shoulder to shoulder. Actually, however, our writing is done face to face, for we sit opposite each other across the tableland of a big flat-topped desk.

Our recipe for comedy somewhat suggests the famous one for jugged hare in Mrs. Marshall's English Cook Book. "First catch your hare," was the direction. Our initial and most considerable labor is to hunt down an idea. Once it is caught we find it comparatively easy sailing. If the idea is vital and dynamic enough a plot

quickly follows. Dialogue is the least of our troubles.

Once the basic idea is firmly in our grasp we talk over plot and then build frame-work until we feel that we have a good working foundation. The acts are then sub-divided off into the various scenes. One Hatton takes a scene, writes it and tosses it over to the other Hatton to be criticized and reworked. Then we piece these little scenes together into an act and so on into a play. We are particularly blessed in that we write easily and evenly together. We never seem to disagree over our work and our styles are so similar that it is almost impossible to tell where one stops and the other begins. In fact we, ourselves, often forget which of us has written a certain scene or bit of dialogue, wondering, when the play has been finished, who is responsible for it.

We are told that most co-authors quarrel and argue. We don't. We like to work together and neither of us has the slightest desire to write a play alone. Our writing usually is done at night and goes on very steadily when it once starts. When the base of the play is laid down and the scenes planned—the lines seem to come of themselves. Construction is much more difficult for us than dialogue.

We usually do three drafts of a play, making no further changes until we get into rehearsal where, of course, it is reworked again. We are not at all sensitive about cuts or changes in a manuscript. We have never known the line or scene that was valuable before 8:30 o'clock or after 11 o'clock. A play must be cut down to run within that working time.



AS a rule we are more willing to make cuts than our stage directors. We often sit and watch the first few performances of one of our comedies, saying to each other ominously as a scene drags, "Out! Out!"

Only one of us likes rehearsals, we shan't say which one, and one of us is quicker at rewrite than the other. But these little peculiarities are state secrets and we are not telling on each other. To us one of the most amusing sides to our collaboration is that no one, not even our most intimate friends, ever speaks of us singly, but always of us collectively as "the Hattons," though the critics have been known to write a variety of adjectives to insert into this compact designation. For we have been scolded quite as often as we have been praised. But we have grown to be philosophical. At all events we are never in the alarming position of the single author, who must bear the crushing brunt of failure or the equally amazing impact of success, alone. Whatever comes we face it together, and the pain thus is minimized and the pleasure magnified.

And what comes or goes we steadfastly adhere to the belief that there is no medium comparable to comedy in the matter of putting over grim truth to the contemplation of an audience.

WHAT "STOCK" MEANS TO THE AMERICAN DRAMA

By OLIVER MOROSCO



ON the opening night of a 1916 production two theatrical managers stood in the lobby during an intermission.

"Who's the girl playing lead?" one of them asked. "New, isn't she?"

"Yes—never heard of her before—they say she came out of stock."

"They" were correct. The girl had come out of stock, and in twenty-four hours established herself as a Broadway favorite. When the play which had introduced her to New York City left for the road the new leading lady remained behind to play another part, which she did with such success that the critics hailed her as a candidate for the honor of one of America's leading actresses.

The girl was Fay Bainter. When four or five years old she was playing in stock under my direction and she has played in stock continuously for nearly twenty years, until she stepped from obscurity to make good—with her stock training!

One good answer to what stock means to the American stage is Laurette Taylor, who became famous overnight with her "Peg." Miss Taylor had been advancing up the ladder of success, a rung at a time, for several years before "Peg," and the foundation that held the ladder at the bottom was stock. Week after week she had learned a different bill to please Seattle audiences, and her various parts were as a weaver's wool for the finished performances she was to give later. Blanche Bates and Maxine Elliott were both members of a stock company under T. Daniel Frawley's direction at the old Columbia Theatre in San Francisco. Frances Starr is another of our famous actresses who is a graduate of San Francisco stock.



ASK Jane Cowl what she thinks of stock and she will tell you that after she made her first great success in "The Gamblers," she went over to Hoboken and played stock for several months. Julia Arthur had some of her best training with the old A. M. Palmer Stock Company in the '90's. Laura Hope Crews and Dorothy Donnelly both had their best training with the Murray Hill Stock Company. Leonore Ulrich was playing stock when having heard there was an exceptionally clever but unknown leading woman with a stock company in Schenectady, I sent someone up there to observe her work and an engagement followed—the chance to follow Laurette Taylor in "The Bird of Paradise." Grace Valentine is another graduate of the stock company. Robert Edeson has played stock, so has Helen Ware, and if you consider the training given by the Empire Stock Company—which did not, however, change its bill every week—one might say that the majority of our dramatic stars of to-day have served their time in stock ranks.

Many stars have come out of stock, but even more important is the long list of excellent supporting actors on their way to stardom. Byron Beasley and Lewis Stone were both stock actors. Charles Ruggles first played juvenile rôles and then leads before he came to New York, with "Help Wanted." Later followed his success, "The Country Boy" and he has established himself as a great favorite in "Canary Cottage." Edmund Lowe, who is playing the younger brother in "The Brat," played in the Los Angeles Stock Company for three years and displayed great talent from his earliest performances—

talent which was quickly developed and made him worthy of a Broadway hearing.

It is not Broadway alone that benefits by stock companies. To the dwellers of the smaller cities the stock companies mean a chance to see the plays that have proven successful not long after they have been played on Broadway, and to see them played in a capable manner. The road companies that are sent out by the managers do not play in many of the smaller cities of the Middle West and New England, and even if they do the psychology of the one night stand is that it does not attract as does the favorite player who acts the part for the entire week.



THEN, too, the prices demanded by the management of the traveling companies are far in advance of the prices asked by the stock companies. In the majority of towns stock prices are fifty and seventy-five cents for the night performance with bargain matinées that may run as low as fifteen cents, but generally run thirty-five and fifty cents.

In the average small city the stock theatre will net about five hundred dollars a performance, or \$4,000 a week. This, of course, is when there are only two matinées a week. In larger places where there are daily matinées, and larger houses, the sum goes higher, while in some cities stock profits run to \$7,000 or even \$8,000 a week growth.

To offset this income there are two great expenses, the royalties and the salaries. The royalties run anywhere from \$75 a week for some old play that never had a New York hearing to \$500 a week for late releases. One feature of stock is that plays which are only mildly received on Broadway, go well in stock. "Mile a Minute Kendall," released this spring, was not a great success when just produced but is a great favorite in stock companies.

The salary list varies, of course, with the class of people engaged. It is a very poor company that does not pay the leading woman \$100 a week, and most permanent stock companies pay from \$150 to \$250 a week. The leading man—unless he is the star, gets from \$75 to \$150 a week, his salary being less because he has not the heavy wardrobe expense. The rest of the company receives smaller salaries, \$25, for some of the less important members. \$40 and \$50 for the character actors, and the juvenile people.

The director of the company, who generally plays, is usually a high-salaried man, and on his ability depends the training that the young actor or actress receives.

Rehearsals are held every morning, and generally Sunday afternoon. Playing a variety of parts, alternating one week with a comedy, the next with a drama, the stock actor or actress, with a good director, soon becomes proficient in the type of work most suited to their talent. There is, of course, the danger of becoming mechanical but the actor or actress who has real acting ability never allows this quality to spoil.



IT is the daily work and its variety that send so many of our younger players into stock companies as soon as they finish a season with a Broadway or road production. A young woman who had played ingénue parts in two New York City productions announced that she was going into stock.

"Into stock?" one of her friends asked, in

about the same tone as if the girl had announced that she was going to dye her hair green.

"Yes, why not?"

The friend shrugged her shoulders.

"Well you see," the girl explained, "I have spent two seasons playing ingénue parts, and I could easily get another part for next year, but after two or three years I would be getting too old for such parts, and work would be harder to get. Now if I go with a stock company and play second women and leads I will be able to say that I have had a great deal of varied experience and so get steady work."

If there were more young people, or even more stars, who realized the necessity for a variety of parts to their experience, fewer of our stars would be looking for plays, and finally getting to the point where they will take any type of work.

The stock company is truly the salvation of the theatrical world. Not only does the manager draw from their ranks for new performers, but the older and more established members of the profession go constantly back to stock to keep trim. Broadway with its demand for type rôles is killing the art of the actor, for it allows no way open for developing along every type of character. There are really very few great players of to-day who have not served their apprenticeship in some stock company.

Stock, under proper direction, and there are many competent directors, is the finest institution in the world for turning out real talent. Stock gives an actor repose. It gives him assurance. It teaches him to play any kind of a part—all dialects—all characterizations. Without the stock training of the past, and the present, we would not have half of the high standing that our theatre can boast to-day, and for the very good reason that we would not be able to have sufficient real talent. Give me the actor, man or woman, who has had his training in a good stock company! Vaudeville has done much for the drama but more for the musical comedy.



A FEW years ago the New York manager, the writer, and the public, rather belittled the usual stock actor. You don't hear so many comments of that type to-day. It is true, however that one can stay in stock too long. I advise against this.

Too long a schooling tends to make an actor mechanical. He or she under too long training is apt to fall into stilted ways, but if they serve, under good direction, say for from three to five years according to age when they start, and if they show the right quality in stock, they are usually fitted for bigger things.

There are a great many talented actors and actresses who have always been associated with stock work. Others have played on Broadway, made good but have preferred the more sure work that stock can offer. As a stock star one is almost sure of at least forty weeks a year, often more (something that cannot be said for Broadway), and work is never hard to get. The salaries are good and once one becomes accustomed to the people in the company it is not hard to play a different part every week.

The stock company means real life to the American drama, it takes the place of the Municipal Theatres of Europe and provides not only an initial training school, but a means for the successful actor or actress to refresh themselves in their work.



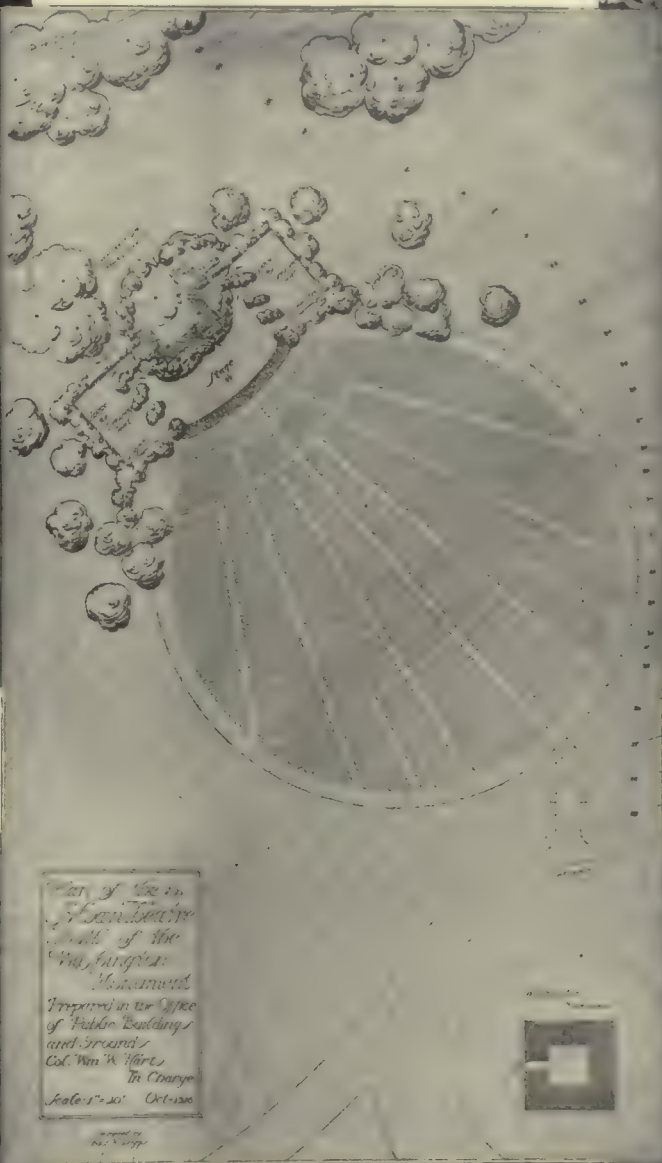
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FLORENCE FLEMING NOYES' RHYTHMIC DANCERS IN A SCENE FROM "THE DAWN OF THE DRAMA"



© G. V. Buck

MRS. FRANCIS ALTON CONNOLLY
Who appeared in the mediaeval scene
with her wolfhound, Krassai



Plan of the
Washington
Monument
grounds
Prepared in the Office
of Public Buildings
and Grounds
Col. Wm. W. Hart
In Charge
Scale 1"=20' Oct-1906



G. V. Buck

SOPHIE BRASLAU
Of the Metropolitan Opera
singing an air from "Orfeo"



G. V. Buck

TAMAKI MIURA
The Japanese prima donna singing a
selection from "Madama Butterfly"

The National Sylvan Theatre, the first ever constructed and managed by the United States government was formally dedicated to the public in Washington on June 2nd last. The President and Mrs. Wilson and all official Washington headed the crowd of some five or six thousand spectators that gathered to witness the opening performance.

The program included a Masque entitled, "The Drama Triumphant," written by Mrs. Christian Hemmick to whose energetic initiative the success of the Sylvan Theatre is due, Henry E. Dixey in a recitation, a tabloid version of "The Taming of the Shrew," Florence Fleming Noyes and pupils in rhythmic dances, Sophie Braslau in an air from "Orfeo," while James K. Hackett appeared as composer of three patriotic selections.

The theatre is beautifully situated in the natural bowl in the Washington Monument Grounds, and provides an auditorium admirably suited to the production of masques and pageants. As no seats are allowed to be sold, it affords a truly democratic centre of amusement.



© G. V. Buck

JAMES K. HACKETT
Directing the U. S. Marine Band
in songs of his own composition

AMERICA'S FIRST NATIONAL THEATRE OPENS IN WASHINGTON

TAKING CHARLIE SERIOUSLY

By MILDRED CRAM



I BEG to differ with the philosopher, George Jean Nathan, and all the other gentlemen of his profession who refuse to take the movies seriously. Here is a new art—provoking, uneven, for the most part inexpertly handled, which occupies the whole proscenium arch of the public's stage. It is undeniably a dramatic art. And yet the critics obstinately refuse to take it seriously. They take it either lugubriously, snobbishly or, with howls of derision. The philosopher who strolled through the Rothapfel orchard recently, striking at decayed plums with his critical cane, left some excellent fruit hanging on the branches.

There are ridiculous, deplorable and inferior things on the legitimate stage. To me the lurid machinations of "The Man Who Came Back" were just as absurd and equally neuseating as the latest Bushman melodrama, "The Great Secret." I have never seen a Marguerite Clarke screen concoction more sugared, more cloying, more altogether damnable than "Pollyanna" or "The Cinderella Man."

Out of a great deal of good and a tremendous amount of bad, on both screen and stage, there finally sifts the rare seed of art. And for the life of me, I can't see why one isn't as important and as precious as the other. The screen has helped the stage by making the Belasco realities—growing trees, running Croton water-falls, sunsets and live parrots—pitifully inadequate. The screen has the whole sky and the whole world—the drift of clouds and the pulse of the earth—for its realities. The stage has fallen back on the stark simplicity of Palladio's settings, and is catering again to the imagination. The screen has helped the stage, besides, by discrediting the ghastly ineffectiveness of the so-called restrained school of acting, that slovenly method of simulating emotion by the lazy expedient of displaying no emotion at all.

I repeat with venom and with conviction—there is *art* in the movies. It is a dramatic art which has baffled the artifice of actresses like Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore, Laura Hope Crews, Emily Stevens and Viola Allen, who failed utterly in spite of their intelligence and their magnetism to accomplish what Mary Pickford, who is an unskilled actress behind the footlight, accomplished unerringly and deliciously before the camera. Tree, Maude, Faversham, Sothorn and Daly, to name only a few of the stage "stars" who have acted on the screen, all failed to "register," which in movie parlance, means that they obtained no dramatic effect whatever. Their shadow selves ogled and grimaced, writhed and languished, strutted and wept, and no one was impressed and no one was moved.

Other stage "stars," more or less expert and facile, have conquered the screen technique. But it is a fact that some of the most successful work before the camera has been done by actors and actresses, trained in the new school, who never trod the boards of the legitimate stage and who would undoubtedly fail miserably if they ever did so. Dorothy Donnelly, who contrived to throw us into shiverings of horror and pity in "Madame X," made a screen version of her rôle that was too dreadful to be even funny. You snatched your hat and left before you had had two reels of the detestable potage. When E. H. Sothorn played in the movie rehash of his great success, "An Enemy of the King," all of his delicate humor and his fine distinction were lost.

His leading woman, Edith Storey, who has always played for the camera, contrived to act her whole rôle in just the romantic key Sothorn missed. She was distinguished; she had all the brave and vivid boyishness of Renan; she recreated the



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, MARY PICKFORD AND CHARLES CHAPLIN
Three of the most popular stars of the screen

school of fifteen or twenty years ago, and with fine humor or excellent courtesy, threw herself into Sothorn's period. If this is not the fugitive and underestimated art of the movies, what is it?



AMONG other contradictions, more or less illuminating; professional fun-makers like Sam Bernard, Raymond Hitchcock and Eddie Foy are about as funny on the screen as Robert Mantell in "King Lear." They are, to be exact, lugubrious. Even custard pies, folding beds and ribald waistcoats fail to make them humorous. On the other hand, John Barrymore, the tragic Barrymore of "Justice," is the funniest man, with a single exception, on the screen. His humor is not the wide-smile, boyish, cock-sure, Americano brand (the Douglas Fairbank's variety) but a very thoughtful, purposeful art, delicate, well-considered and valuable. Mix impishness, tenderness and charm with the whimsical and you have the Barrymore secret. He takes his fun with a sober face, a wondering, wide-eyed, almost silly-ass manner and sprinkles every red with delicious originality. He has the screen-technique at his finger-tips. If it isn't art, I ask again, what on earth is it?

And why can an unheard-of actor like Harry Morey wring tears out of every movie audience who witnesses the crass sentimentality of "Whom the Gods Destroy," when Forbes-Robertson, in the screen "Hamlet" could not dim a lash with even a furtive tear? Forbes-Robertson is a great artist. Is Morey, who has the trick of displaying the living spirit in the fluent expressiveness of his pantomime, any the less great? He makes us cry, and if that isn't art—But I repeat myself like a litany!

Moving pictures have to do without the magic of the living voice, the magnetism of the living flesh. But the camera catches every quiver of an emotional face and no matter how fugitive or intangible the quiver is, registers it unerringly. It is there for good, for better or for worse. Unsoftened by skipping spotlights, without the mysterious barrier of the footlights, unhallowed by distance, the human face on the screen has to bear the burden of the play. There is no voice, no allurements of physical presence, no color. You see the eyes, the mouth, the teeth, the muscular action of cheeks and throat with startling, un-beautiful clearness. Obviously, the situation calls for a new dramatic art. And for critics....

Mr. Nathan, in his cane-swishing stroll through the new dramatic orchard, missed some rare plums. Raymond Hatton for one. D'you remember him in Lasky's "Girl of the Golden West"? He led a sheriff's posse astray on a false trail, and when he had baffled them enough for his purpose, he rode over the edge of a cliff. He fell clear of his horse and bounced, slid, rode head over heels into a pile of rocks and tangled brush. Any other actor would have died on the spot with as many down-stage writhings as possible. Not Hatton. He gasped for a cigarette paper, made one weak and jaunty effort to get it to his mouth and died in the middle of the gesture with a sigh and an almost imperceptible shrug. D'you remember him in "Joan the Woman," as the King? He is lewd and pitiful; there is fear behind his debauchery and wavering beneath his cruelty. With an absent-minded, almost unconscious gesture, he shows the despairing depths of dissipation.... There is Mary Pickford for another, who can be as arch and devilish as Henrietta Crosman and as excruciatingly funny as Lillie Gish. She has a whole hat-full of emotional tricks, little quaintnesses, pert originalities, gusts of gaiety and storms of real tears.... There are Hayakawa, the subtle and expressive Japanese; Theodore Roberts, a master of broad pantomime; Frank Keenan, the equine Mr. Hart, Charles Day, the talented Peters (whom we may acquit of the potted-palm habit), Walthall, Nazimova, Mae Marsh.... Last of all, I pluck the largest, rarest, best 'plum of all. I aim it at Mr. Nathan's critical head. I await the deluge.

Charlie Chaplin!

He is only twenty-six years and he has made the world laugh. He has kicked the bearded saint out of children's hearts with one side-splitting, backward kick. He has plastered Kris with a custard pie. Santa is demodé. For what are reindeers and a fat, naive old gentleman to a contortionist, a clown, an idiot and an artist all in one? You can't keep Charlie out of your cook's Friday afternoons or your children's nursery. He will get in, wooly head, cane, feet, dogs' eyes, derby and all.... You have grown used to calling him an "expensive little bounder." Your children, with ecstatic giggles, call him "Charlie." So do the soldiers in the European trenches. And your servants. And probably your best friends, whom you never suspected. You see, he is one of the great men of the earth, for he has a nickname. K. of K., Bobs, Teddy, Old To-morrow, Papa Joffre, and Charlie!

He is the world clown, the delicious mountebank, the lovable rogue. He has taken the place of Pierrot, Arlecchino of the Commedia, Punch, Puck and the marionettes and mimes of Gautier's



Photos © U. and U.
Miss Eugenie Mac Ladenburg, daughter of Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg of New York, selling flowers



Miss Barbara Whitney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, selling balloons



Miss Geraldine Graham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham, selling U. S. fans



Miss Mimi Scott, a hard worker for the Festa



Miss Elizabeth Thompson at the Russian Booth



Misses Kitty and Dolly Kimbell selling souvenirs

A flare of rich and brilliant color challenged passersby on lower Fifth Avenue between June 4th and 12th. It was as though bits of Florence and Venice had taken flight from war-scourged Europe and paused for rest and heartsease a block above Washington Square. But there was a hint of Paris, too, in the Alley Festa, given in aid of the Red Cross. The hint was strongest in Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's studio which was converted into a miniature Ritz. Here dinner was served by Delmonico for five dollars and tea for a dollar, in a balcony roofed with green foliage, or a sumptuous refectory hung with devil colors, glowing red and murky magenta. In the eight day festa in MacDougall Alley society again showed the stage how to do it, as it can when it tries. Society represented by Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., had the aid of the stage. The stage lent piquant personal aid, as in the case, notably, in Mrs. Charles Dillingham, once an actress, who with Mrs. Vanderbilt, comprised the entertainment committee. The stage lent piquant personal aid, as in the case, notably, of Frances Starr, who was a popular usher; Mary Lawton, who recited war poems every day; Marie Dressler, who contributed vast hilarity, and Elsie Janis' agility and facility in the MacDougall Alley Theatre.

SOCIETY HELPS MAKE THE MACDOUGALL ALLEY FESTA A SUCCESS

day. He is vulgar. So was Puck—who had a raucous voice, a senile cackle, an obscene hoot—so was Puck vulgar! Puck was an imp and a torment who tripped up old ladies, removed stools from under sitting bumpkins, curdled milk and upset cider jugs. This was coarse wit, even if it was Old English. Arlecchino was devilish in a sinuous, flashing, seductive way. Pierrot mixed tears with his idiocy and twisted his mouth into a grimace that was both a laugh and a sob. And the marionettes and mimes, who knew the great secret of the theatre, put the grotesque into love, sacrifice and heroism and with their unreality tickled the sluggish mind to the fanciful.... Charlie inherited his bag of tricks from the first comedian who cavorted behind a false face in the marble theatres of ancient Greece. For there is nothing new under the sun; not even in the theatre! Charlie's comic recipe is a mad mixture

of legend and "pep," pantomime and idiocy, the most cunning artifice and the most guileless art.

Go into a theatre when a Chaplin film is being shown, and without looking at the screen, listen to the audience. You can hear them in the street, you can hear them in the lobby. Go in. You will find a darkened room, a pool of people all straining their eyes up at a flickering square of light. And they shriek with mirth. They hoot. They rock. They wipe the joyful tears out of their eyes and roar. They hold their sides and scream. Their laughter comes in bursts as if they were possessed of insane pleasure. They stamp on the floor and pound each other on the back. It is hilarious. You catch a glimpse of your cook, transported. In the front row you spy your doctor, actually enjoying himself. And there are all your children (who should have been in the park) laughing like hyenas....

The shadow in the flickering square of light is "Charlie." The man who casts it is a little English Jew. He could be a Hindu or a Mongolian and still make us laugh if he were—what he is. He wears shoes that are four times too large and walks with the excruciating, painful, flat-footed mince of a third-class waiter. His feet hurt; the arch is broken, the soles are tender—he manoeuvres to never lay them flat, even when he is running, but puts them down tenderly, with a wince. Pain, then, is the foundation for his idiocy. He swaddles his thin legs in baggy trousers and buttons his flat chest into a tight coat. Other clowns have done that. He puts a battered little derby atop his mop of curly hair. Other clowns have done that, too, and have pasted a moustache on their upper lip. But Charlie begins where other clowns leave off. He was either shrewd or inspired (Concluded on page 54)

THE EXTEMPORANEOUS LINE

By WILL ROGERS



THE question that every guy asked who used to come to interview me was: "Did you really come from out West?" I got so tired of hearing it that I used to tell them: "No, I'm from New Jersey, but don't you tell anybody." The next question invariably would be: "How did you get on the stage?" Say, anything can get on the stage. Its keeping them off that's hard. A fellow can be the champion soup eater and if he can locate a manager that will set him up behind a bowl, and tell him to go to it—if he can keep the audience amused and the soup holds out—why he's on the stage.

Of late all I am asked is: "Who writes your stuff and where do you get it?" And the surprising answer is: The newspapers write it! All I do is to get all the papers I can carry and then read all that is going on and try to figure out the main things that the audience has just read, and talk on that. I have found out two things. One is that the more up-to-date a subject is the more credit you are given for talking on it, even if you really haven't anything very funny. But if it is an old subject, your gags must be funny to get over.

The first thing is the remark you make must be founded on facts. You can exaggerate and make it ridiculous, but it must have the plain facts in it. Then you will hear the audience say: "Well, that's pretty near right."

Lots of good subjects have been in the papers for days and I can't think of a thing on them. Some of the best things come to me when I am out on the stage. I figure out the few subjects that I will touch on and always have a few gags on each one, but the thing I go out to say may fall flat, and some other gag I just happen to put in out there goes great. For instance, here is an example! "Mr. Edison is perfecting a submarine destroyer. Well they say he only sleeps three or four hours out of the twenty-four. That gives him plenty of time to invent"—That was only a little laugh, but I used it to show the audience that I had read about the invention which had only been announced that day. It happened that at this time New York cafés were closed at one o'clock so I casually added to the remark my sudden thought: "Suppose Mr. Edison lived in New York and Mayor Mitchel made him go to bed at one o'clock; where would our invention come from?" And that was a big laugh.

This illustrates my work. I have to have my idea—all extemporaneous speakers do—but my

laugh comes quickly and apparently out of nowhere.

Another thing I read, was that submarines could not operate in the warm Gulf Stream—so I said: "If we can only heat the ocean we will have them licked." That didn't get much of a laugh and I was kinda stuck—but I happened to add, "Of course, that is only a rough idea. I haven't worked it out yet." This last went big and covered up the other.

I was talking of the income tax and how hard it hit our girls in the show, and just happened to mention, "A lot of them have figured out it would be cheaper to lay off."

I start in on a subject and if it is no good then



White

WILL ROGERS
"The man with the rope"

I have to switch quick and lots of times when I come off of the stage I have done an entirely different act from what I intended when I went on. Sometimes an audience is not so good and my stuff that night may not be very good, so it is then you see the old ropes commence to do something. It gets their mind off the bum stuff I am telling and as I often say to the folks in the show, I reach away back in my hip pocket and dig up a sure fine gag, as I always try to save some of my best gags—just like a prohibition State man will his last drink.

In the two and a half years I have been with Mr. Ziegfeld in his Follies and Midnight Frolic where we play to a great many repeaters, I have never done the same act any two nights. I have always changed parts of it and in the Follies a great many times I have done an entirely new act.

Another thing, I think I do the shortest act of any monologue man and that recommends it. On the Amsterdam Roof I never do over six minutes and in the Follies nine or ten, generally eight.

Picking out and talking about distinguished people in the audience I use quite a little, but never unless I know them personally and know that they will take a joke as it is meant. The late Diamond Jim Brady I always spoke of, as I knew him and he always seemed to take an interest in my little act. Once at a big banquet Mr. Brady recited a little poem which he had written himself. I learned the piece and shortly afterwards one night when he was in the audience I did his poem. This made a great hit with Mr. Brady. My best one on him was: "I always get to go to all the first nights, yes I do. I go with Mr. Brady. He sits in the first row and I stand at the back and if any body cops a diamond I am supposed to rope 'em before they get away with it." He was certainly a wonderfully fine man.

On opening night of the New Midnight Frolic, Lieut. Vernon Castle had just returned from France and was then with Mrs. Castle. Vernon and I had played polo together and he is a regular fellow. I walked over to them, shook hands and said: "Here is one old Tango Bird that has made good," and then I told about how Fred Stone and I got Vernon on a bucking horse once and that was where he got his idea of aviating. I said: "Vernon, we worried about you when you were out there at the front, but not half as much as we worried about Irene in the pictures. Boy you don't know what war is, you should see what you wife has been giving them in 'Patria.'"



From a portrait by Alfred C. Johnston

A N N P E N N I N G T O N

A favorite, popular on both stage and screen. One of the most successful exponents of the Hula dance, she is now equally up-to-the-minute in her latest photoplay, "The Little Boy Scout"

EARLY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS

NO. 6. THE PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL

By MONTROSE J. MOSES



A LARGE part of the history of early American drama is a large part of the history of the Philadelphia stage. The pre-Revolutionary group of playwrights shows Thomas Godfrey, Francis Hopkinson, John Leacock, and J. N. Barker hailing from the city of Philadelphia. The fact is that three John Leacock's were coroners of the town, and this plethora of Leacocks has kept students from determining definitely which one of the Leacocks wrote the play, "The Fall of British Tyranny."

At no period, however, was Philadelphia more prolific in her contribution of dramatists, than when Edwin Forrest was eagerly seeking, because of his dominant Americanism, for native material to suit his peculiar powers. Some have said that Edwin Forrest, the actor, should be considered the father of American drama, instead of Dunlap. Though the latter wrote more plays than Forrest ever encouraged, it is certain that had it not been for the actor, nine dramas of variable merit would never have seen the light—plays which were brought to notoriety through the power of acting distinctive of the period.

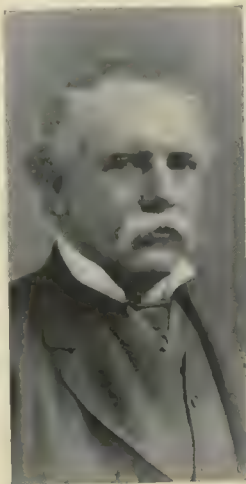
Of the nine prize plays which stand to the credit of Edwin Forrest, two of them were written by John Augustus Stone (1801-1834). There were "Metamora; or, The Last of the Wampanoags," and "The Ancient Briton," both of them of heroic proportions. In fact, by all the accounts that exist of "Metamora," we are made to realize how absorbing was the personality of Forrest, who could wring from the most perfunctory dialogue a most wonderful humanity. This Indian play was Forrest's distinctive rôle, and from the night it was first produced in 1829, he kept it in his repertory for all occasions. Curiously the manuscript of the play cannot at the present be located; occasional speeches alone are measure of the spirit of the whole. But it would be a significant document for the student of American drama, if it were discovered.

As for the author, Stone, he was born in Philadelphia, and was an actor of average excellence. He was the author of a number of other dramas, one among them, "The Knight of the Golden Fleece," having been brought to fame by the Yankee impersonator, Hill. Poor Stone, in a fit of mental depression, drowned himself in the Schuylkill River, and as evidence of those strange promptings of Forrest's heart which punctuated his life, the actor erected a monument to the memory of the creator of "Metamora."

The truth is that Forrest never did anything that was expected of him, except act well on all occasions. He was an erratic genius, and nothing was more erratic than his Americanism. It was this spirit in him which brought on the Astor Place riots; it was this spirit which made him snap his fingers in the face of the genial comedian, John Gilbert; and it was the same temper, aroused because of personal grievance, which made him horsewhip the dramatist and general litterateur, Nathaniel P. Willis, as the latter was

walking on Fifth Avenue, near Ninth Street, in New York. He was independent, and this tone of independence prompted him in his letters which announced the offering of prizes for plays, sums amounting to five hundred and a thousand dollars at a time.

He was seriously interested in a National Drama; he was also intent on getting rôles for himself. When he championed a drama, he was extravagant in his praise. A letter brought to



GEORGE H. BOKER
Author of "Francesca da Rimini"

light among material recently acquired by the University of Pennsylvania is example of this. Writing to Bird, he said: "The Broker of Bogata" (by Bird) will live when our vile trunks are rotten." (See *The Old Penn Weekly Review*, March 18, 1916.) Dr. Robert Mont-

gomery Bird (1805-1854) was an intimate friend of his, and together they travelled in 1831, the actor finding congenial companion in the culture of the Philadelphia physician. Bird was the writer of many popular novels, among them "Sheppard Lee" and "Nick of the Woods," afterwards turned by another dramatist into a popular play. Forrest appeared in Bird's "The Gladiator" (Sept. 26, 1831), replacing another Bird drama "Pelopidas," which had been written likewise for him. To the present generation, this Roman piece has been made familiar through the acting of John McCullough and Robert Downing. But the fame of it is the fame of Forrest in the part. Being an authority on South American history, it would have been strange if Dr. Bird had escaped using the tropics as a background for drama. "Oralloosa," produced by Forrest in 1832, was Peruvian and Spanish in its spirit, while "The Broker of Bogata" (1834), the only one of Bird's plays thus far published, maintains likewise the same Spanish atmosphere. All of these dramas were awarded prizes by Forrest, who was constantly urging Bird to compete for them. It is a satisfaction for the American student to learn that the Bird manuscripts are now, through the courteous consent of the dramatist's grandson, who is connected with the Bethlehem Steel Cor-

poration, to be made available in printed form. Though one can usually measure the power of a play by the fact that it suited Forrest's animal disposition, still the student should be able, as he soon will be able, to examine closely the structure of "The Gladiator."

Richard Penn Smith (1799-1854) grandson of the provost of the College of Philadelphia, was another protégé of Forrest. He was the author of the prize play, "Caius Marius" (1831), which, though it did not prove much of a stage success, is nonetheless interesting from the standpoint of closet drama. By some he was noted for the rapidity of his writing; by others for the variety. There are thirteen or fourteen plays to his credit. Another only quasi-successful competitor in the Forrest list of American dramas was George H. Miles (1824-1871), who, though he happened to be a Marylander, is usually identified with the Philadelphia group that prospered under Forrest's encouragement; he wrote "Mohammed, the Arabian Prophet."

Robert T. Conrad (1810-1858), the author of "Jack Cade," formerly called "Aylmere; or The Kentish Bondman," was one-time Mayor of the city of Philadelphia, and showed his handiwork, not only in politics, but as editor of Graham's *American Monthly*, as collaborator in a "Life" of General Zachary Taylor, and as editor of the *North American Review*. "Jack Cade" was first produced in 1841, and, according to Wemyss, authority on this period of our stage history, was originally written for F. A. Adams.

R. T. CONRAD
One-time mayor of Philadelphia and author of "Jack Cade"

Probably the most familiar name among the group of Philadelphia playwrights, but one who did not bask under the encouragement of Forrest, was George Henry Boker (1823-1890). There is hardly a theatre-goer of the present who is unfamiliar with the knowledge that he wrote a play dealing with "Francesca da Rimini," brought to fame through the acting of Lawrence Barrett, and later brought to success through the excellent revival by Otis Skinner. Boker was a man of great culture—one who had read his Shakespeare attentively. So carefully, indeed, that entire passages in "Francesca" are reminiscent of the master. Nevertheless, Boker's play is the most actable of the many versions based on that short passage in Dante which tells of the love Paolo had for the wife of his elder brother Lanciotto. Most of the Boker manuscripts are loaned to the University of Pennsylvania at the present time, but they will eventually go to the poet's Alma Mater, Princeton.

These are the men, therefore, who may be grouped as contemporaries, and as being influenced by the same spirit which dominated the theatre of the day. The importance of Bird will increase with the approaching availability of his manuscripts. He is a man whom I associate in memory with the names of John P. Kennedy, author of the novel, "Horse-Shoe Robinson," from which a great stage vehicle was constructed for the elder Hackett; and with James K. Paulding, who competed for a prize offered by Hackett.



White

Ralph Roeder

Arthur E. Hohl

SCENE IN STRINDBERG'S "PARIAH," PRESENTED BY THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS



Charlotte Fairchild

Joseph Eagle

John Barrymore

Viva Burkitt

Lionel Barrymore

SCENE IN "PETER IBBETSON," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE REPUBLIC

ROMANCE AND PSYCHOLOGY AT THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON

SUCCESSFUL STAGE MOTHERS

By HELEN TEN BROECK



FROM immemorial time, the stage mother has been to humorists and purveyors of bromides in general, a subject of infinite jest and merriment. As a stock joke she has been listed with the mother-in-law, the bibulous citizen and the sad-souled commuter.

To audiences who know their book of stars as an astronomer knows his Newton and Keppler, the actress is a very definite entity, and the actor a concrete personality, but the mother of the stage is to the average playgoer a shadowy cross between Dickens' immortal Mrs. Vincent Crummles and Thackeray's Colonel Costigan—a fabled creature whose habitat is the shores of Bohemia.

Science is abolishing traditions, and the bright electric light of modern inquiry is fast fetching the stage mother into a gleaming prominence that robs paragraphers and joke-smiths of one of their most cherished fables. Instead of being rigorously banished to the cloudy background of a mysterious reticence, the stage mother to-day is proudly projected into the spot light, and the actress who cannot produce a handsome young parent for interviewing purposes, is a bleak disappointment to her press agent and her public. Personally, I am keen for the mothers of my stage favorites. Helen Cohan interests me as much as her son George M.; Margaret Wycherly's mother accounts for Margaret Wycherly, and it is a matter of poignant regret to my inner being that the brilliant Georgie Drew Barrymore passed away before I became acquainted with people of the stage. What must that woman have been like who gave the theatre such luminous stars as John and Ethel Barrymore? But it is quite surprising how many of to-day's stars still love, honor and obey the parent who brought them into this world of more or less care and trouble, and I am proud to number many splendid stage mothers among my friends.

First in the hearts of her country women, I think we must give place to Josephine Janis, the mother of our most versatile actress, dancer, mimic and writer, "little" Elsie Janis. Mrs. Janis who comes of fine old American stock is quite as proud of her ancestry as of her immediate posterity; and when friends mention her daughter's literary gifts she is very likely to reply with an indication that it would be strange, indeed, considering the talent of her grandfather, if Elsie weren't a natural-born writer. Reference to Miss Janis' genius for mimicry is quite certain to elicit proud recitals of the wonderful imitations of which her great-great aunt, Josephine, was capable, but never in the conversation of Mrs. Janis creeps a hint of the truth that it is to her mother, her close and constant companion, her faithful and unflinching friend *confidante* and teacher that the Dillingham star owes the brilliance of a career that began a dozen years ago when Elsie Janis was a little girl held under the sharpest

surveillance by the stage detectives of the Gerry Society.

The shrewdest of managers, the most inspiring of teachers, an unrivalled guardian of her child's personal and professional interests, Josephine Janis has seen her daughter win before her middle twenties a place on the stage, and a position in society here and abroad possible only to a girl of fine gifts finely directed. To Mrs. Janis, then, first place among stage mothers.

A very precious possession to all who have been permitted entrance to the outer portal of Mary Garden's inner life is such acquaintance with her mother as Mrs. Robert Garden accorded a few of her daughter's admirers. I cannot name another woman whose delicate staunch-

breathes from every corner, and every detail of the attractively decorated rooms is stamped with an indefinite something which one recognizes as intention and taste that a mother-choice must have directed. You picture Marjorie Rambeau's mother as an artistic-looking woman of rather more than middle age. It would seem natural to expect so mature and discriminate a taste to exist only in a woman old enough to reach back past the mid-Victorian horrors one finds in so many stage homes. But you are quite wrong. Miss Rambeau's mother is the youngest stage parent I have ever seen. Even Marie Doro's youthful mater seems mature in comparison to Mrs. Rambeau who is a companion, a friend, a sister to her lucky daughter.

"You see," says the star of "Cheating Cheaters," "mother was an infant phenomenon. She was a star actress when only fourteen years of age, and I was born while she was a mere girl. She is really an infant phenomenon to this day, for she retains all the ideals, all the enthusiasms, all the freshness of viewpoint that most mothers lost somewhere along the blossoming trail of maternal care."

It is very possible that the blossoming trail in Mrs. Rambeau's case has not been one of maternal care, but rather of maternal happiness since she contributes to this story the pleasant statement that she has never had so much as a trifling cause to chide Marjorie

Rambeau for the slightest disobedience or lack of thought and affectionate daughterly care.

So it seems quite certain that the versatility of Mr. Woods' star extends to a very perfect performance of the rôle of daughter to the youngest of stage mothers.

Of course, the business acumen, the fine critical knowledge of music, the watchful care of health and study bestowed upon the interests of Geraldine Farrar by the most sedulously careful and devoted mother, are matters of musical and personal history in the career of the most successful of young prima donnas. Until Miss Farrar was firmly placed upon the pedestal of precedence among singers at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mrs. Farrar had never been separated from her daughter for a period of twenty-four hours since the birth of little Geraldine in Melrose, Mass., something more than thirty years back. The closeness of the tie between mother and daughter in this instance has no parallel in musical history since it is both artistic and business guidance combined with mother care that Henrietta Farrar has given to her gifted daughter's success.

It isn't often that a stage mother sees two of her children achieve, while still mere girls, equal personal and professional popularity as in the case of Mrs. Nash, mother of Florence Nash the foremost of all stage exponents of saucy young girls who express themselves in terms of the slang of to-morrow, and Miss Mary Nash who has legitimately achieved stellar distinction in "The Man Who Came Back."



MRS. JANIS



MRS. NASH



MRS. RAMBEAU

ness, whose lovely, sweet strength bloom so like the heather of her native Scottish moors as the characteristics of Mrs. Garden. The union of utter gentleness and charm with a certain exquisite disdain for things not high and worthy was a birthright of Mary Garden's mother which was bequeathed to her gifted daughter along with the sterner, sterling qualities with which Miss Garden has won a way to shining heights in the face of more difficulties than talent usually meets.

FOUR or five seasons ago there came bright reports from the West of a "new actress." She was, according to the thousand tongues of rumor, a brilliant brunette who was as tragic as Duse, a fluffy blonde as amusing and capricious as Fritzi Scheff, an emotional girl with fiery red hair and the super-talent of a fifteen-year-old Leslie Carter. Her name was—but, of course, you know that it was Marjorie Rambeau of whom everybody was speaking, and when Al H. Woods presented Miss Rambeau to New York audiences, she established at once a versatility that proved her capable of being blonde, brunette, a comedienne, an emotional actress and a richly gifted girl whose voice was tuned to the deeper thrill of tragic power.

When one visits Miss Rambeau in her charming apartment it is to discover her in an atmosphere one may only describe as caressing. The home created about the newest Broadway favorite is surcharged with motherly affection. It



From a portrait by Curtis Bell

ETHEL BARRYMORE AND HER CHILDREN

A very Cornelia is Ethel Barrymore. As the revered Roman matron, if she were asked what were the contents of her jewel casket, she would reply, with a wave of her hand and the Barrymore smile at Sam, her eldest, and Ethel II and John Drew, the baby: "These are my diamonds and rubies and pearls beyond price." When the popular artiste chose to remain at a hospital rather than leave the side of her little stricken daughter, a whole nation turned the eyes of its mind loyally and sympathetically toward her. An artiste, a beauty, a friend, a social luminary, Miss Barrymore regards her chief and happiest function as that of wife and mother. Her happiest hours are those spent at the home at Mamaroneck, N. Y., where she is known, not as Miss Barrymore, but as Mrs. Russell Colt

As is known of all men, manager W. A. Brady is reluctant to play the rôle of Warwick the star maker, but he willingly accorded the distinction of stardom to Miss Nash when her mother eloquently pointed out her right to the scepter and the star dressing room. Like most successful stage mothers Mrs. Nash is still a young woman. Her friends declare her to be, in fact, the feminine counterpart of Peter Pan inasmuch as she possesses an invincible inability to grow up like other mothers. More of a companion than a mentor to her lovely "girls" Mrs. Nash enters into the ambitions, the pleasures, the work and the play of her daughters with a happily buoyant spirit behind which lurks the strength and stamina of character which is always as a staff of strength in the hand of a stage mother's daughter.

Everybody knows what James K. Hackett owes to the devotion of his mother—the splendid widow of one of America's splendid actors, whose whole life was dedicated to the interests of her son.

Blanche Bates is another artist who ever rises up to call her mother "blessed" for Miss Bates was born with a fine dramatic heritage in being the daughter of Frances Bates, a splendid actress

of a generation ago, and also a splendid mother.

A student of heredity would doubtless pause just here to indulge in a psychological dissertation on the influence of Mrs. John Drew, as a stage mother, upon the American drama. The mother of John Drew, of Georgia Drew Barrymore, of Sydney Drew and of Mrs. Mendum, whose early death robbed the theatre of the most gifted of that talented family, there was a stage mother if you like! And a stage grandmother, too, since Ethel, John and Lionel Barrymore, Louise Drew, Georgia Drew Mendum and Sidney Drew, Jr., inherit in the third generation the talent of that remarkable woman.

Ineffective and incomplete would be any list of stage mothers that failed to include Mrs. Jerry Cohan, who gave to the stage George M. Cohan, his sister, Josephine Cohan Niblo of sainted memory, and who has "mothered" a large family of orphaned nieces in the talented Rhodes girls who are making their mark on the bright pages of current stage history.

If you ever have three or four years of absolute leisure, get Chauncey Olcott to talk to you about his devoted mother and her influence upon his work and his character. But don't let Mr. Olcott begin his eulogy unless you have

all the time in the calendar, for the story of that beloved stage mother is one that, upon the lips of her adoring son, tempts you to listen long and eagerly and then clamor for more.

Six or seven years ago I walked along the road from Florence to Fiosole with a sombre-eyed woman whose lips seemed always too sorrowing for smiles. From the Brownings and Dante and Beatrice, our conversation slipped into easy confidences about mothers, and I shall never forget the thrill that touched my heart each time she said "madonna mia." Her great eyes glowed, her lips wreathed themselves in smiles and her feet almost danced along the road we trod. The woman was Eleanora Duse, whose great heart is a shrine of memory for her mother and of love for her child. And surely the woman whom Duse calls "madonna mia" must be numbered among the successful stage mothers of all time.

Margaret Wycherly's mother inspired in the star of "The Thirteenth Chair," the characterization of mother love of which Rosa La Grange in Veiller's melodrama is the tigerish exponent. "My mother would have fought for me as I fight for my stage daughter," smiled Miss Wycherly through her painted wrinkles, "and so I am not entitled to the slightest claim to originality."

WHEN PETER PELHAM WROTE A PLAY

By HAROLD SETON



Persons:

Peter Pelham, a dramatist.

Miss Blank, a play-agent.

Scene—Miss Blank's office, Broadway, New York.

Time—The Present.

A CONVENTIONAL business office. A door at Right opens into the corridor. On the portal is the play-agent's name. Miss Blank, a conventional business woman, about thirty-five, sits at a desk, opening her morning mail. It consists of between fifteen and twenty large envelopes, containing blue-paper-covered manuscripts of plays. She glances at one after another, with absolute indifference.

The door opens, and Peter Pelham enters. He is about twenty-five, with evidences of having been to Harvard. He is well-dressed and well-behaved, but has an affected voice and an affected manner. Had he never been to Cambridge he would have had long hair and a flowing necktie. But a course with Professor Baker had removed all traces of the artistic temperament from Peter Pelham's personality.

Pelham: Have I the pleasure of addressing Miss Blank, the play-agent?

Miss Blank: You have!

Pelham: Ah, then it is a pleasure indeed! (*He goes over to the desk, and sit down beside the agent.*) Permit me to introduce myself! My name is Peter Pelham. Here is my card. My grandfather was a Mayor of New York City, and my great-grandfather was a Governor of New York State. Furthermore, my ancestors were the Pelhams of Pelham Manor. I am not stating these facts in a boastful way, but merely because they might have some bearing upon my play.

I have always been interested in the drama. While I was an undergraduate at Harvard, I submitted a comic-opera libretto to the Hasty Pudding Club. But my work was too good, it really was, and I am sincerely grateful that they did not accept it! My natural development might have been interfered with. Since then I have written three other plays.

One I have submitted to Nazimova, because it is something like "The Doll's House," only more serious!—One I have submitted to William Hodge, because it is something like "The Man From Home," only much lighter! And one I now want to submit to you, because I am sure you will know exactly what to do with it.

The piece is quite original, and really actable. It is constructed according to modern methods, and illustrates the latest theories. It is neither a farce nor a melodrama, but contains the elements of both classes in its make-up. I believe that the great man can be all things to all men, and I believe that the great play should be all things to all audiences.

Therefore I have supplied violence for the gallery, sentiment for the balcony, subtlety for the orchestra, and comic relief for the boxes! Thus, you see, there ought to be a constant ripple of applause from some section of the house throughout the progress of the play.

It is in six acts, instead of the old-fashioned three! That shows the influence of the cinema! There will be six stage-settings, as people have grown tired of just three, or even two, or only one, such as playwrights of a former generation often employed. The eye as well as the ear, must be appealed to.

The leading man could be portrayed by William Faversham. There is a situation, where he deserts the Indian girl, that Faversham did very well in "The Squaw Man." I believe in letting an actor do what he knows how to do, just as a shoemaker should stick to his last. But if Faversham did not care for the part, Raymond Hitchcock might try it instead, although, of course, his interpretation would be somewhat different.

Then the leading-woman could be played by Frances Starr. The scene where she, an Indian girl, believes that the white man is a god, is along the lines of Miss Starr's part in "Marie-Odile," only in my play she is a savage instead of a nun. It went well once, so ought to go well once more.

I know that David Belasco controls the destinies of Miss Starr, and if he does not like the piece, and some other manager does, Valeska Suratt might have the rôle. In the last three acts there is a chance to wear some stunning costumes. That is after the heroine has fallen by the wayside.

There is an Indian man also. Robert Edeson might do that part. He made-up so well as a redman in "Strongheart." Or, as the character refers to his seven children, Eddie Foy might be given a chance to interpret a straight part. As for the other feminine characters, a very varied rôle, Jane Cowl would be excellent in it, because there is an hysterical scene, or Marie Dressler could try it, because there is an opportunity for broad comedy.

I am not one of those egotistical and self-satisfied authors who insist upon a play being produced exactly as it was originally written. I would be only too glad to make any alterations deemed necessary, building up certain parts, or cutting down certain others, emphasizing either the humorous elements or the tragic situations. It could be adapted to Maude Adams or John Drew, or Anna Held or George M. Cohan!

Indeed, if you think the play would be better as a pantomime, like "Pierrot the Prodigal," I would eliminate the dialogue altogether! Or else, if you think it would be suited to the screen, I would be willing to have it acted by Mary Pickford and Francis X. Bushman, or Theda Bara and Charlie Chaplin! Or else....

Miss Blank (*rising and interrupting*): I beg your pardon, but you must excuse me! I have an appointment. It is with Eva Tanguay. She wants a successor to "I Don't Care!" Therefore she might possibly wish to produce your drama. At any rate, I will show her the manuscript! Good morning, Mr. Pelham.

Pelham: Good morning, Miss Blank.

(*Mr. Pelham goes out of the door. Miss Blank collapses in a chair.*)

Curtain.



From a portrait, copyright, Ira L. Hill

ELSIE FERGUSON

Succumbing at last to the lure of the movies, Miss Ferguson will lend her beauty and talents to the picturization of "Barbary Sheep," from the novel of Robert Hichens



MAE MURRAY IN THE LASKY PHOTOPLAY, "AT FIRST SIGHT"



MARGUERITE CLARK, THE DIMINUTIVE STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURES

F A V O R I T E S I N T H E M O V I E W O R L D

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



AT this well known and widely appreciated season of the year one of the most popular of indoor sports is the writing of reviews of the theatrical season that has just passed into history. In countless newspaper offices countless erudite dramatic critics are putting on their horn-rimmed spectacles and a Solomonian look, taking their trusty typewriters in hand, and firing their last shots at the dear departed.

It is in accord with this sacred custom that I, who have suffered at my share of first nights since August, 1916, salute you. I think I may safely say that the season just passed, like all former theatrical seasons, is one of the most significant we have known. As to what it is significant of, I am less positive. Possibly that theatrical managers, authors and actors like the idea of riding in limousines, dining now and then on terrapin stew and seeing their names in the papers. If the season signifies anything more significant, just at this minute I can't think what it is.

One of the opening guns of the before-mentioned season, if I remember correctly, was fired by some intrepid *entrepreneur* late in August. It was no Big Bertha; as a matter of fact, its fond fabricators christened it "Yvette." It was not a gun to be fired twice. Its deadly work done with unerring accuracy and *éclat*, it recoiled into No Man's Land, carrying with it a record never surpassed save when George Jean Nathan closed the Princess for a week with his one consecutive dress rehearsal.



INTREPIDITY broke out several times later. It gave us, notably, "Backfire," "The Flame," "In for the Night," and "Seremonda." All these masterpieces were produced with an authorial faith in the beloved child of the brain that was touching. As a matter of fact, each of them was born with a gold spoon in its mouth. Why need a drama be self-supporting, anyhow, when Dad has money? Besides, none but critics have to go to the theatre if they don't want to.

Courage of another variety was also evinced. Mr. Winthrop Ames, for example, took his nerve in both hands and did "Pierrot the Prodigal." Mr. William Faversham gave us "Getting Married." Mr. Arthur Hop-

kins introduced us to Clare Kummer. Sir Herbert Tree again let us see how well Lyn Harding can play Henry VIII. The Washington Square folks never even flinched when they did "Bushido" and "The Life of Man." Mr. Silvo Hein showed that he has the stuff in him that heroes are made of, with his "Merry Wives of Windsor." The Coburns slipped us "The Imaginary Invalid." Albert Reiss and his associates gave their customers real *opéra comique* at the prices of the imitation.



SOME of these enterprises actually made money for their producers. All of them made friends. As usual the long-run pieces were melodramas, farces, and musical comedies. No one would think of violating this pleasing custom by supporting a comedy or a tragedy with an idea in it for three hundred and more performances. The managers are already assuring us that they will try their best not even to produce any serious plays next year. So the outlook is that we shall continue to check such brains as we have at the coatroom window for what is commonly known as quite some time.

By holding your head in both hands and thinking hard you can remember the titles of some of these long-run pieces. There was "Cheating Cheaters," built around that novel subject for the drama, the crook. I think there were even some detectives in it. Then there was "The Thirteenth Chair," all about a very pleasant little murder committed by an agile gentleman who, having stuck his knife into his neighbor, carefully removed it and thrust it into the ceiling. Also there was "Nothing But the Truth," a play in which W. Collier said every night that his first love was a different actress—depending on which one was out front.

Let us not forget "The Man Who Came Back," wherein the gentleman thrashes his wife with a dog-whip; or "Upstairs and Down" with its oscillatory triumphs; or "Turn to the Right," which so amply demonstrates (again) the more or less unsuspected fact that Sing Sing is entirely populated by nature's noblemen. Brilliant stuff, all this—big with promise of the ascendancy of the American stage.

When it comes to the musical plays, there isn't much to say except Wodehouse and Bolton and Kern. The only musical comedies that they haven't yet written and that I can at present think of are "Yea, Bo!" "You Chirped a Forkful," "Where Do You Get That Stuff?" and "Whom Are You?" said Cyril.

Probably they will write all these pieces next year.

A little judicious and painstaking expenditure of mental energy will also enable almost anyone who is willing to take a chance to recall several actors and actresses who took part in the season's festivities. For instance, Mr. Arnold Daly interrupted the run of "The Master" to have a very rare and expensive disease, which, we are most happy to say, he put to sleep in the second round, and then came right back at us, a Belasco star. Another good actor, Lyn Harding, joined Mr. Daly in prohibition propaganda. Whatever Bacchanalian tendencies were left in me after I saw Mr. D. in "The Very Minute" were utterly wiped out when I saw Mr. H. in "Old Friends." I didn't dare to risk "Ghosts."

Mr. José Ruben can be remembered with no considerable difficulty. I shall never forget how badly he felt when his little Japanese son's head was cut off. Not that Mr. Ruben raised much fuss about it, but you could see that he was displeased. I also find it easy enough to remember that Emma Dunn cost me four cents in laundry bills when she was playing Mrs. Major Reginald Barlow in "Old Lady Trente-et-une." (I give this graceful little French touch to the title deliberately out of respect to our Allies.) Other players whose names come to the surface after you shuffle the programs and deal yourself a hand include Beryl Mercer and I forget whom else.



NO review of the season would be complete, and I propose to be complete in this review at any cost, without reference to the one-act play and the intimate theatre. Undoubtedly we have just passed safely through the greatest one-act season we have known. To convince yourself of this fact all you need to do is to say over rapidly to yourself, "Barrie—Dunsany—Shaw—Strindberg—Molière—Bahr." If

that doesn't flabbergast you, why, you are qualified to lead a charge against a regiment of machine guns.

Much credit, no doubt, is due, in this connection, to Mr. Stuart Walker and his vest-pocketful of scenery. Along with him rank the Neighborhood folks, who have resolutely lured us into the wilds of Grand Street and made us forgive them more than once. Next, of course, is the Washington Square contingent, who are more considerate of our soles. Also we have had the Negro Players, the East-West Players, and at the eleventh hour Ethel Barrymore back with us in "The £12 Look," or, as some of the reviewers insist, the 140-pound look. It was a good deal of fun to see the captive king gnawing dog-bones in the Dunsany piece entitled "Whatyoumaycallem," but I rather preferred Barrie's "The New Word."

As for the intimate theatre business, even David Belasco has noticed that it has been brisk. His kindly words of encouragement have been greatly appreciated by all. The fact is that our stage has made strides in the direction of genuine, heart-to-heart, Fall River intimacy. In one or two instances it has grown positively familiar. I remember very distinctly the evening at one of these progressive little institutions when, perhaps owing to the scarcity of regular seats, a young lady in the second row sat on her escort's lap throughout the performance. Is that to become a custom, I wonder? And now comes Raymond Hitchcock in his new contribution to the elevation of the stage and shakes hands with members of the audience and everything. Shall we look forward to the time when we can drop into the playhouse, shuck off our coats and collars, and generally make ourselves at home on both sides of the footlights while the drama proceeds to unfold?

What has been, is, and will be the effect of the war upon the theatre? Ah, what indeed! Everyone agrees that it will have some effect. It will either close the theatres or keep them open. It will either divert our minds from tragic reality, or it will mirror the seriousness of the hour.

As for the season just survived, it has echoed the combat with considerable hostility and a record of well established atrocities. Critics and managers have bombarded each other with much severity—on at least one occasion with resultant casualties. What is worse, critic has even turned against critic—such are the horrors of Mars. As for the atrocities, I have already named several under another heading, and only this *de*

mortuis stuff prevents me from adding to the list. If all the playwrights, players, producers, and scene-painters of 1916-17 that deserved it had been shot at sunrise, the Rialto would now be incapable of resisting an invasion at the hands of San Salvador's marines.

But, take it all in all and by and large, to say nothing of in the last analysis, the dear old season has been good training for us all. We need to have our moral fibre stiffened, our strength of endurance increased. And I submit that any person who has patiently borne the slings and arrows of "Nju," "Fast and Grow Fat," "A Little Bit of Fluff," "If," "The Lodgers," "The Very Minute," "Rich Man, Poor Man," "Hush!" and many other of the entertainments that try men's souls, he should be thoroughly qualified for the milder duties of Plattsburg or a war hospital orderly.

I asked the office boy up at Slaw and Fiasco's what *he* thought of 1916-17. Within twenty minutes' time he had entirely made up his mind. "Some season!" he assured me with great deliberation. And there you are. George M. Cohan refused to write a revue of it. He said nothing could be funnier than the plays that had been produced—so why parody them? It ill behooves me to be less respectful at this post mortem. I feel that I should simply take off my hat as they do in the movies to let everybody know that the last kick has at length been registered.

And so no more. I leave to posterity to decide whether 1916-17 has done anything toward the elevation of the stage. At least we can truly say of it that it contributed its share toward the depression of the audience.



COMEDY. "PARIAH." A play by August Strindberg; translated by Edith and Warner Oland. Produced on May 28th with this cast:

Mr. X	Arthur E. Hohl
Mr. Y	Ralph Roeder

Revival of "ANOTHER WAY OUT," by Lawrence Langner, and "PLOTS AND PLAYWRIGHTS," by Edward Massey.

WITH a week devoted to a revival of "Ghosts" the Washington Square Players intended to close up their season at the Comedy, but Ibsen's pathologic revelation proved such a drawing card that two extra weeks had to be set apart for it.

Still the demand to see these ambitious and original players in something out of the ordinary refused to abate and so a supplementary season was begun. It contained but a single

novelty "The Pariah," by Strindberg.

Even the most enthusiastic of the Swedish dramatists following will not go so far as to contend that this is a good acting play—for of action there is practically none—but as a soul searching analysis of character, a tract of profound psychological research it has its value and its *raison d'être*.

In a deserted farmhouse an archaeologist and a traveler from America meet. In a prologued discussion the latter is revealed as a forger, who though he has paid the penalty of his crime, refuses to look up, is innately criminal at heart and would to the end blackmail his interrogator, a homicide, who escaped justice. It is all ingenious, inquisitively apt and holds the interest because its content is well brought out by Arthur E. Hohl as the archaeologist and Ralph Roeder as the traveler.

As a satire on the Broadway dramatist "Plots and Playwrights" is delicious. Emily Pinter played the rôle of Bessie Dodge in the second interlude, and a most amusing interpretation she gave of the *laissez aller* lodger. It was a hard task to follow such a skilful player as Ruby Craven but Miss Pinter showed the real histrionic stuff she has in her.

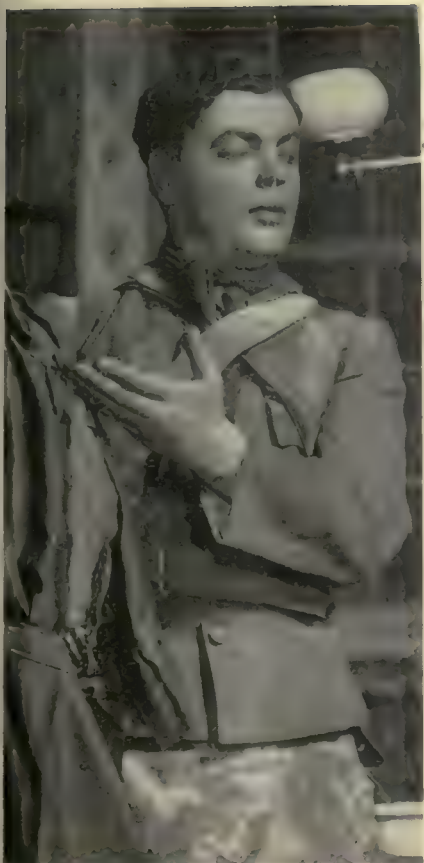
I don't want to harshly criticize, but it does seem as if the male performers of this organization might act with a little more technical expertness. Isn't there something of a pose in the unfinished quality of some of their work? Impressionism should be sparingly used.

COHAN AND HARRIS. "HITCHY KOO." Revue in two acts and nineteen scenes. Book and lyrics by Glen MacDonough and E. Ray Goetz. Music by E. Ray Goetz. Produced on June 7th with this cast:

Le Compere	Raymond Hitchcock
Baron de Marron	William Rock
Claire de Bouillon	Irene Bordoni
Gladys Brown	Grace La Rue
Capt. Pimento	Roy Hoyer
Lizzie Brown	Frances White
Hiram Brown	Leon Errol
Emily Prime	Florence Ware
Professor Twinkle	George Moore
Handel Keys	Alfred Newman
Rose	Teddy Hudson
Pansy	Helen Bond
Lily	Trixie Whiteford
Marigold	Dorothy Klewer
The Dude Ducks	Kellar and Holbrook
Mrs. Pringle	Adelaide Winthrop
George Bassett	Florenz Ames
The Storekeeper	Felix Rush
The Sheriff	William Galpen

POSSIBLY Raymond Hitchcock meant what he said when he informed the public that he had been anxious to try his hand at management. In any case his first attempt
(Concluded on page 55)

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



H. Lute

JOHN M. McFARLANE

IT was not difficult for John McFarlane to play the brawny, big voiced giant Highlander in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." For he was in Edinburgh born. He had intended to become a lawyer, but studying for the bar was not half so interesting as the plays he saw at night in the quaint theatres of Edinburgh town. He joined a Shakespearean company that went touring Scotland and the Northern English Provinces. He crossed the sea for two years more of dramatic education. He got it in Canada. A two years' term he served also in "Forgiven." He became the "Weelum" of "Bunt Pulls the Strings." Two seasons in vaudeville followed. He was Maude Adams' Rob Dow in "The Little Minister."



Charlotte Parrella

LEONORE HARRIS

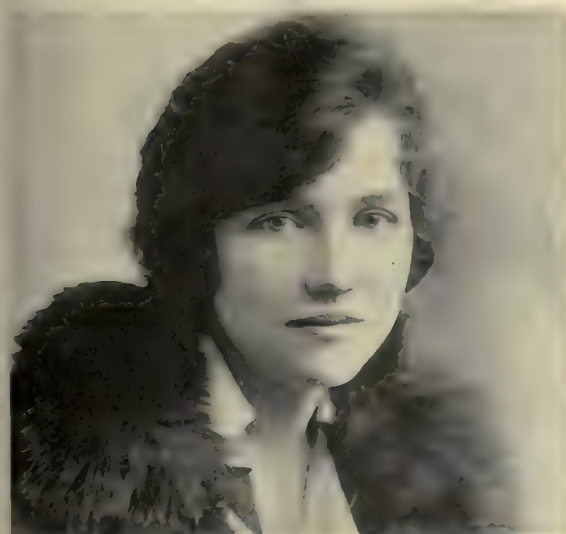
IT is Booth Tarkington's conviction that no one was ever born in New York City, but he quite forgot that is was the place of nativity of Leonore Harris, whose delightfully sincere portrayal of the expatriate and home sick American princess in "Our Betters," is the most fragrant memory of the peculiarly pungent Maugham play. "The New Clown" was the medium, the Madison Square Theatre the place, of her stage debut. A one-line part in "Ulysses," in which Rose Coghlan played the lorn Penelope, was her second essay upon the boards. She was the adventuress of "The Whip" and in "Life." In "The Girl From Kays" she had for companions, two ambitious young girls, to whom, as to herself, were allotted a few lines. They were Elsie Ferguson and Marie Doro. She went to London, where she appeared with Edna May in "The Girl From Up There." For four years she lived in France where she studied dramatic art.



© Hill

DOROTHY DICKSON

THE dizzying sensation of sudden success has been Dorothy Dickson's. Until last February, New York wotted not of her. But when sprightly "Oh, Boy" warmed the cockles of the metropolis's chilly heart a pretty girl who danced with a slender chap, whom the program identified as Carl Heisen, caused a vast whispering. "Who is she? It was F. Ray Comstock, who answered insistent inquiries. "She is from Chicago. I saw them dancing in the ball room of a Kansas City hotel and brought them here." After their dances in nightly "Oh, Boy," the pair hurried to the Ziegfeld Folies, afterward to the Coconut Grove, to aid in the midnight revelry. There is something more. She and her partner are married.



EILEEN HUBAN

TO play subtly the rôle of a girl dipsomaniac is a tax upon delicacy and cleverness. Since Maude Adams played deliciously her rôle of a tipsy young girl in "A Masked Ball," no one has so successfully portrayed so exacting a part, until, enter Eileen Huban. In Barrie's "Old Friends" she presented the study in the cravings and vagaries of the liquor cursed in one of the group of one-act plays. Earlier in the season she appeared in "Grasshopper." Previously, she had been known merely as a promising amateur. When the Gaelic Club gave its pageant it looked about for a little Irish girl and discovered Eileen Huban.



JUANITA FLETCHER

FROM Australia came Miss Juanita Fletcher. She is the girl with the ringing laugh, the captivating smile, the eloquent eyes and the abundant vivacity in "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Of Melbourne, she travelled half round the world to secure a musical education. That she achieved in France. She besieged managers' offices in London, but the managers were unaccountably indifferent. "Then I shall go to big America," she said. Fred C. Whitney gave her her first rôle as "Mascha" in "The Chocolate Soldier." For two years she coquetted with the sweet little man of the opera, then joined "My Little Friend"

WHEN PLAYWRIGHTS ARE THROUGH

By EDWARD VARIAN



OUR modern playwrights—some of them—who seem to the surprise of everybody interested, to come suddenly to the end and either cannot or will not write any more, have an illustrious example in the greatest in English literature who stopped at the age of forty-five to forty-six and never wrote another line. Why Shakespeare suddenly ceased producing is only another of the mysteries for which he refuses to “abide our question.” The rule is quite the contrary, for writers acquire a habit and rarely cease to write simply because they have nothing left to say.

The modern dramatists are apparently loath to accept the falling off of their powers. They go on trying to prove that the bottle is inexhaustible and only the harsh indifference of the cruel public can convince them (it does sometimes) that they are out of the running, and in spite of all their experience, all their stagecraft, all their literary cunning, their day is over. New men with everything to learn rush in and crudity and, faulty technic notwithstanding, capture the monster's ear. Very rarely, indeed, has it happened that any modern playwright lasts over the second generation.

Men whose age would scarcely relegate them to the army of the reserve remember when the author of “Iris” and “The Gay Lord Quex” seemed like one who, by his close touch with life, his deft mingling of idealism and realism, his clever but not too clever mechanics, and especially by his choice of theme would never be “finished.” “The Second Mrs. Tanqueray” does, indeed, keep a slight hold on the stage today, other plays of Pinero once deservedly popular, including the two named above, “The Money Spinners,” “The Cabinet Minister,” “His House in Order” *et al.* are hopelessly old fashioned. This seems strange to the old playgoers whose children are just beginning to go to the theatre and it not only seems, it is strange because Pinero offers a truer picture of manners than many of his contemporary writers. It is far stranger, however, that the author, himself, does not see that his day has reached the lovely, calm period of twilight that it is, to express the fact less poetically, over.

“Sit down,” says one of the characters to an after-dinner speechmaker in “Trelawney of the Wells.” “Sit down, you have finished long ago!”



PINERO did not take his own advice; years of success had dulled his ears to the voice of the critic and he went on writing desperately, as if he felt the change of public taste and wished to meet it. Desperately one may say, reciting the history of “A Wife Without a Smile,” “The Thunderbolt,” “Mid-Channel.” The last named play is modern, certainly, modern to the acid depths of morbidity but the fiat of the Monster had gone forth that its author was “finished” and this play, without deserving the fate of the other two, shared that fate. The public read into his newest production the musty Victorian “cackle” of his early successes and stay away. Verily, it may be said, that if a new name had been attached to the unpleasant “Mid-Channel” it might have met a better reception. “Sit down,” says the ungrateful public to this lively talker, “you finished in the nineties.”

A rival playwright, but one who never exhibited a tithe of the Pinero talent, Henry Arthur Jones,

after two or three disastrous meetings with ruthless submarine critics (who know not Jones) appears to be willing to settle down and talk about the drama. One can only fancy this settling down for the end of submarine warfare may inflict several Jones dramas of the sex order that he has warned us were on the stocks. This “finished” dramatist has a single stringed instrument but he has struck it successfully at long intervals, as in “Saints and Sinners” and “The Hypocrites” and (almost) in “Michael and His Lost Angel.” As a factor in dramatic progress he has been negligible for a generation but he was always unaware of the fact.

To realize that one has finished a life profession and must linger in idleness for another twenty years or more before one is called to one's fathers is not a fate that fosters resignation and playwrights, who are when all is said, only human, rarely bring resignation to meet it.



THAT gentle author and fine gentleman, Bronson Howard, after several years of well-earned rest, wrote in his leisurely way a piece for the theatre which had applauded nearly all his work. It seemed as good a play as he had ever made, it contained the same sweet and natural comedy, it touched the tragic note with artistic restraint. Why should not “Squire Kate” prove another “Saratoga”? Mr. Howard loved it as an old man loves, it is said, his child born to him in old age. What was his astonishment when the producers who had made fortunes out of the plays of his brain fobbed the script back to him with excuses.

With “Shenandoah,” which had shown senile traits, his work for the stage had been finished. In justice it should be added that this playwright accepted the dictum with philosophy. It is a proof of worldly wisdom to prepare for the time when any dealer in artistic “what not” will be shelved by the public and that however clever one is in manipulating old tricks until they look like new ones that stupid public is sure in time to penetrate the scheme.

No American playwright ever held his ear closer to the ground than the late Clyde Fitch. His aim, which he admitted, cynically enough, was to write pieces that would empty people's minds of thoughts of overshoes and suburban trains and from his first fluke, “The Moth and the Flame to the City,” he pursued this purpose with a few higher things like “Nathan Hale” and “The Truth” to please himself in between. His death at forty-seven saved him from the realization that the cleverest and the most adaptable talent will eventually drain itself and that the playgoer will know this sorry fact before the author does.

At one period of our dramatic life what seemed like a menace of forty-seven or forty-eight States, beginning with Alabama, threatened the American stage. Fortunately the spell broke long before the list gave out and when Texas appeared out of its regular order it was the conviction of many that Mr. Thomas had finished. The new Thomas play “The Copperhead,” which New York is to see shortly, will probably upset such snapshot judgment. It would indeed be a pity if this virile talent had nothing more to say, especially as the successes of “Alabama” and “Arizona,” based as they were on a truthful study of conditions that were changing,

must be ephemeral. Nor could other plays with a kind of primer of psychology—manna to the tribes in the wilderness, look for longevity.

A story told by Louis Nethersole has its pathetic value here as a case in point. His sister Olga Nethersole had advanced royalties to Oscar Wilde before the sorrowful quenching of that erratic intellect and while Wilde was living in Paris under an assumed name Mr. Nethersole sought him out to urge him to do the work on the accepted scenario. He found Wilde in a dingy little room on the Isle de France, sordid with uncleanness and reeking with cigarette smoke. Wilde, himself, at first scarcely comprehended Nethersole's errand. A flicker or two of the old fire sprung up when he took in his hands the scenario. It seemed to Nethersole that the dejected author would respond to the familiar appeal of situation and dénouement. The flame soon died away, with a sigh Wilde let the sheets of Ms. slip through his fingers, he seemed to withdraw a hundred miles from the room. “Is it understood,” asked Nethersole, “that you will go on with the play?” After a pause Wilde said:

“My dear sir, you ask an impossibility. For me ‘the night has come when no man can work.’”

Is it a sad short coming of our poor human brain that having worked and studied and sweat in certain fields to produce a certain kind of harvest one cannot plough it under, plant a new seed and produce a new fruit? Certainly the professors of the art of playwrighting find their hands ineffably stained with what they work in. The author who has dipped his hand in “rubber tired” melodrama, fails when he takes it out, wipes it dry and then dips it in high comedy. No playwright should be asked to try and the fault lies with the public when he desperately tries.



HE tells his story backwards!” shrieked the many headed in the joy of discovery that a new playwright had no technic. It is tired of discussions of things it doesn't understand, of technic, of construction and when a writer throws this to the storms it praises him to the sky and goes in mobs to see his first play. The young author of “On Trial” wrought more harm than he ever contemplated (if he contemplated any) for a thousand would-be playwrights were born into the profession simply on the allegation generally adopted that it had forever buried technic and everything else for years thought necessary to learn before one began to write. But by next season the unlicked play, offered by scores, was damned and the public taste veered back to complicated drama.

Our English-speaking stage is almost the only one where the dramatic author of acknowledged parts is shelved unreasonably or by a whim of fashion. It is almost the only stage where the performer finds his old-time popularity a feeble stay. In France the author who arrives without *chicane* finds the ground stable under him; whatever he does afterwards is sure of a respectful hearing, only by the natural method is he “finished.” Pleasant as this thought must be to the French playwright this loyalty does not always advance the drama; it retards it rather by the weight of so many ladders. Perhaps it is wisdom in the playwrights who use English to school themselves for the shelving process. Shakespeare knew when he had “finished,” Ben Jonson didn't.



White

Lyn Harding, Eileen Huban, H. Ashton Tonge in "Old Friends"

In "The New Word," Barrie plays deftly on the heartstrings, lingering always between gentle laughter and delicate tears. An English son and his father take great pains to lay aside for a brief moment their characteristic British reticence before the lad goes to the front as a Second Lieutenant. In "Old Friends" a father who has "conquered" the drink habit finds that it has merely deserted him in favor of his beloved daughter. In "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals" we have a Scotch charwoman who, yearning for her share in the war, invents a son—a Black Watch kiltie—at the front. She has found his name in a newspaper. When the real Highlander reaches London on leave, he unmercifully scores the "auld hypocrite," but before his return to "out there" she has won his heart, and he formally proposes a filial relationship—his feelings toward her having grown distinctly "sonnish." Eventually the old lady lays away the uniform of the son she has won and lost by war and sadly dons his insignia of bravery



Photos © Chas. Frohman, Inc.

Gareth Hughes and Norman Trevor in "The New Word"



Beryl Mercer, Alice Esden, Clara T. Bracy, Lillian Brennard in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals"

AN EVENING WITH BARRIE FOR THE STAGE WOMEN'S WAR RELIEF

THE ROAD

By HELEN WARE



THERE is a great Hinterland in the theatrical world known as The Road. It is the place of plays departed from Broadway, or those that have not yet reached it—a place of one-night stands, unhomelike hotels, of getting up early to catch trains, of small salaries for most of its habitués, but greater than all of these, it is a place where good actors are made, and a place of hopes.

If one were to be suddenly poetic it might be possible to say that The Road leads to Broadway. The player folk who travel there have Broadway always in their hearts. Some of them arrive, some of them fall by the wayside, but they never lose their vision. Broadway is the day-star that keeps them ever striving, ever working, ever hoping. When they are out of an engagement, when poverty comes to them, when there is little left to work for—the possible chance that they may land on the Street of Dreams and make a success buoys them up and gives them the courage to start afresh.

My experience on the road began three years before I had a chance to appear in New York City. Like most young people I had lived rather a narrow life, and what traveling I had done had been in my babyhood. When I found that I was to tour the United States for a long season I was more than delighted. We worked for several weeks rehearsing and I suppose that it was hard work, but all that I can remember was the thrilling possibility of getting away and seeing new places.

I think that it was two years before the road became the slightest bit monotonous to me. When we arrived in a new town I would rush to a hotel, throw my bag in my room and then find out the places in town that a stranger ought to see. I always took in all the churches, the river, if there was one, and then any point of interest—especially if it were the least bit historical.

One gets over such notions after a few seasons, however, and now I am like the rest of my profession, busy wishing that I could stay in my own home, and trying to make my road surroundings as homelike as possible.



THE first question of importance to an actor or actress going "on the road," is "what can I take with me?"

The baggage rules are very strict and only a limited amount of baggage can be carried. The theatre trunk, of course, has to come first. In this are packed all the articles that will be needed at the theatre. The various costumes, make-up, little dressing room comforts, and frequently a star who has numerous changes finds that she cannot find room for all her clothes, hats and shoes in one trunk.

The personal belongings are looked upon by the manager and transportation agent as being secondary considerations. A star can demand that she have two hotel trunks and so make sure that she has plenty of clothing and hotel comforts, but such comfort is not allowed to every member of the company. I wondered the first season why the members of the company wished for more than one hotel trunk. I soon found out. Hotels on the roads are apt to be far from homelike, and if one is fortunate to play a week, or more, there are many small comforts that make a room cheerful. Sofa cushions and extra bed

clothing are items of importance, while a chafing dish and a few pieces of china and silver allow one to enjoy an after the theatre bite to eat in *négligée*. I learned early to always carry my toilet articles in a small bag, also a change of clothing, for trunks have been known to go amiss, and have not been recovered for several days.

That is one of the tragedies of the road—trunks and scenery going to the wrong town, or as sometimes happens, being confused with the trunks and scenery of another company.



WE had finished playing a week's stand in a far Western city one Saturday and were to move about sixty miles for a two-night stay. The baggage car containing our trunks and scenery came on the train with us and our manager decided not to give any orders for unloading, thinking that the crew would enjoy a Sunday holiday. One of the women of the company, however, wished to have some repairing done to one of the costumes she wore on the stage and that afternoon asked the manager to get her trunk. They went to the siding together and got in our car. After some pulling and lifting the trunk was located. The manager had the key, but it would not work. He thought that the lock had been jammed, and worked for twenty minutes to get the trunk open. When he finally lifted the lid he stepped aside to let the actress find the dress she wanted, and the first thing the woman noticed was a blond wig, and then a pair of spangled tights.

In the half dark of the car neither the manager nor the actress had noticed any difference in the contents of the car—but a few hurried looks told them that there had been a serious mistake made by the railroad.

In the meantime, there was the wildest excitement in a city about fifty miles away. A company of vaudeville artists touring over the Orpheum circuit were to play a Sunday-night engagement—Sunday-night engagements are one of the requirements in many Western cities, and at one o'clock they discovered that they had no scenery or theatre trunks. We had their car, and our's was "somewhere on the road."

It cost the company a special trip to get the car from our siding to the town where it belonged, and their curtain rang up half an hour late that night. Our car turned up the next day.

There are, of course, a certain amount of inconveniences in the smaller theatres on the road that are not met with in the larger cities. The stages are smaller and frequently cause a rearrangement of properties. This means that the people playing have to be careful in their groupings. Frequently we have to think very quickly, and think in concert in order not to spoil a scene.

I remember one very laughable incident that happened in a small New England city, and which proved that after all the play counted more than the way in which it was acted. We arrived in the town for a one-night engagement and the manager reported that the house was sold out in advance, very cheerful news for the players. About five o'clock in the afternoon we were treated to one of the most severe thunder storms that I ever hope to encounter. The lightning caused considerable damage, and among other items it put the electric light plant out of commission. This accident occurred at the very end

of the storm, and when I arrived at the theatre, after wading in water above my ankles, there was not an electric light in the house. Some of the dressing rooms were equipped with gas, but there was no means of lighting the stage. The manager had word from the power house that the damage might be such that they could repair it in time for the performance, but a quarter to eight the first scene was unset, and the people were waiting in the lobby. The house manager went to the lobby, told the people that the house would be open in a few minutes, and then sent all the messengers he could find to buy lamps, lanterns and even candles, as well as a great quantity of kerosene oil. It was to the great credit of the house manager as well as to the company manager that the performance started only five minutes late. We used lamps for footlights, and no overhead lighting, and the only way to let the audience see our action and our faces was to play the entire performance way down-stage, never retreating more than three feet from the footlights. It was impossible to see the back of the stage, so, after a consultation, it was decided not to try to change the scenery.

The audience liked the play, however, and they entered into the spirit of the evening so well that I think we gave one of the finest performances given the entire season.

I have had two experiences unique in the history of an actress, for contrary to general opinion, there are very few theatrical people who can truthfully say that they have walked the railroad track to the next town.



DURING my first season on the road we had played a small town in upper Michigan, and to reach the next stand had to change trains at a small junction, and wait three hours. The junction boasted of a shed and nothing else. It was snowing, the thermometer was about zero, and the wind blew and blew. I waited a short time, and then decided that I would rather do almost anything than stand round for three hours. I asked one of the boys in the company if he would walk to the next town with me—a matter of some eight or nine miles. He was willing and we started out, preferring the storm to standing in the bitter cold. It was hard going, but we reached the town ahead of the rest of the company, who huddled together in the station shed, had opened their bags and wrapped themselves in every bit of clothing they possessed in their effort to keep warm. Incidentally that walk was one of the hardest undertakings in my life—but the two who walked were only tired next day, while the rest of the company suffered from colds.

My other walk was when I was playing "Within the Law." There was a slight accident just before we reached Detroit, and as it was late September, and a glorious day, I decided that it was my opportunity to walk—this time not from necessity—I felt proud to think I tramped when I might have hired an automobile, or even a special train if I had desired to be extravagant.

A great many city people have asked me since I first started my theatrical career, if I liked playing to audiences away from the big cities. That question always amuses me. Audiences are just the same whether one plays on Broadway, or in the Opera House at Wayback. Of course, there is a certain class of audience in a big city that is educated enough (Concluded on page 52)



Photos Sarony

PATRICIA COLLINGE
The charming "glad" girl who has been delighting theatre-goers as "Pollyanna"



IRENE FENWICK
A recent star in "Bosom Friends" and now conspicuous in "Mary's Ankle," a new play



PEGGY O'NEIL
This blue-eyed Irish beauty recently in "The Flame" is now playing her namesake "Peggy" in vaudeville



EDITH TALIAFERRO
Who helped discover the buried treasure in "Captain Kidd, Jr.," and incidentally contributed to the success of the play

FEMININE LEADERS AT THE THEATRICAL FRONT

WANTED: PEP FOR FIRST NIGHTS

By RANCHOLT WARSDEN



At a time when the quest of novelty is the passion of every theatrical producer will someone please tell me why none of that devoutly desired ingredient is ever introduced into our drab and monotonous New York first-nights?

What a brutelike bore the typical first-night is! The curtain is announced for eight-thirty, and so you arrive at nine. You find the foyer full of shirt-fronts, tortoise-shell goggles, and bare backs. They are grouped into little reunions, everybody busily asking everybody else how he has managed to survive the most recent first-night, which was probably night before last. In the midst of a regular Wednesday evening Sewing Circle babel you hear faint echoes from a three-piece orchestra apparently stationed in the alley at the rear of the theatre. At once your intuition tells you that that eight-thirty curtain is about to rise, since it is now nine-nineteen.

The congregation percolates reluctantly down the aisles and after much insulting of the patient ushers is seated. Surveying the gathering, you note that it consists mainly of our favorite but disengaged mummies and mummereesses. As if to be prepared for any emergency call, most of them are all made up ready to go on. Indeed, standing at the rear of the auditorium and not knowing the law on the subject, you might reasonably conclude that the feminine contingent were planning to Annette-Kellermann, but this mistake is due to the fact that the backs of the seats extend as high as the waist-line.



SPRINKLED among these humble (though not excessively so) disciples of Thespis are other famous denizens of Broadway. There are producers, real and would-be, song-writers and near song-writers, automobile agents and other millionaires, scene-painters and interior decorators of both kinds.

There are also representatives of Society. For instance in the left orchestra box sit two famous munitions makers with their munitions makeresses and a handful of overfed and underdressed *débutante* munitions makerines. In the first row centre behold four tango-mustached hobbledehoyes just in from New Haven, discussing how they will charge up the trip in their expense accounts to laundry and postage. Considerably farther back you observe the committee of the Drama League, dignified and duly sober as they reflect that their decision pronounced upon this performance may serve to make or break a playwright's career.

Seated hither and yon in unostentatious gloom are the well-known critics of the celebrated metropolitan press. Among them you note, crowded into RC1, Mr. J. Would Prune, who is equally at home in the sacred precincts of the Yard at Cambridge and in the less sacred but more exhilarating Brush Stadium. Noting his furrowed brow, you at once deduce that Mr. Prune is wondering how he can manage to write his review in the form of a box score.

Many rows behind him you discern Mr. George Green Hatem, painfully dragging the depths of his vitriolic mentality for words of revenge upon an incautious management that has dared to seat him so far in the rear. Nearby and wrapped in owlsh murk sits Mr. Layton Scrambleton, absorbed in big, if unappreciated, ideas. Of course, there are also present Mr. Floeey Surewind, considering how he can roast Mr. Prune in to-mor-

row's Home Edition; Mr. Oleander Bulgott, nervously apprehensive of ejection from the theatre; and a flock of other newspaper, magazine, news agency, and free lun—pardon me, free lance "crickets" whose chirpings concerning the evening's entertainment will presently be heard throughout the land.



AND then the miscellany. Mr. Chess K. Coughboy, racking his brain to recall the name of the man in the fifth row with the forked whiskers and the red-knitted necktie, who will probably be mentioned in tomorrow's *Earth* as John Whothelareyou Jones. Mr. Coughboy is certain that the gentleman is either a celebrated millionaire or a Greenwich Village ukalele maker—but not quite sure which. Three chairs away, seated accurately on his seventh vertebra, is P. D. Q., the high-salaried journalistic jester, conjuring up an archaic phrase anent the play to insert in the Diary of Our Own Samuel Pipped. If you are lucky, you may also catch a glimpse of X. Y. Z., the only newspaper humorist who uses one jape to fill a whole colyum and gets away with it.

The survey has been a dull one, but it has at least sufficed to kill the first act. Languidly we watch the old familiar race of the critics up the aisles in their zeal to find out what one another thinks of the play. Of course, the result of the discussion will be that Mr. Charles Dangville, the demon electric sign occupant, who had about decided that the piece was ripping, will conclude that it is irremediably rotten; that Mr. Goggles, of the *Cablegram*, who was sure that here was another masterpiece of realism, will return to R2A of the opinion that after all, it is a true specimen of the neo-poetic romance; and so on *ad lib*. The only exception is Mr. Hatem, who, having learned that the playwright is an American, has made his irrevocable decision long in advance.

Meanwhile, at the rear of the auditorium stand the corpulent manager in a dinner jacket, his cohorts, and the ticket speculators, all straining their prehensile ears to catch any sincere and unbiased comment the promenading audience may let fall.

And this is what he hears:

A Critic: Old stuff. Bronson Fitch pulled this dope during the Spanish-American War.

A Débutante: Gee, don't you think it's perfectly wonderful?

Her Escort: Delish!

Her Father: Rotten.

A Would-be Playwright: I tell you it's my idea. What I get for leaving the MS. with Jigsby.

His Friend: Sue him for a hundred thousand. You can make more money that way than you can writing plays.

A Professor of the Drama: I thought the exposition a bit tedious.

His Son: But that cutey in the kilts! Oh, boy!

A Rival Manager: I give the damthing two weeks.

A Soubrette: Ain't it a shame? They've rehearsed over a month.

A Tired Business Man: Let's go get a drink and try to forget it.

And that's about all there is to see or hear—except the applause. This, of course, has consisted chiefly of charity salvos at the entrance and usually at the exit of every player in the cast from the star, whose name is a household word

the same as Lydia Pinkham or Castoria, to the wardrobe mistress, who played Third Female Spectator in the courtroom scene.

As to this entrance applause, most of it seems highly absurd. But when it comes to applauding some of these people for getting off the stage, there's some sense to that. Involuntarily at each new explosion you look around to ascertain the exact location of the leaders of the clique, usually to find that they are standing at the rear ends of the aisles and wear uniforms.

If in spite of both play and playgoers you succeed in remaining awake until after Act II or III, as the case may be, you may be regaled by the one moment of the evening that contains a possibility of real amusement. That is the moment when one or two bolder spirits, duly suborned in advance by the management, raise the hue and cry of "Author! Author!" and the pathetic refrain is taken up and re-echoed by as many as half a dozen voices at once.

Then, if the biting is good—as it usually is, Lord help us!—forth from the wings is angled some unique specimen of the *genus* (if not *genius*) *homo* in an obvious state of mingled stage fright and Little-Jack-Hornerism. The game, as you know, is to determine accurately just how big a fool he makes of himself.

And that is all. The show, of course, is dull; the author, duller; and the audience, dullest. Is it right, I ask you, to charge folks five dollars a seat and then make them sit through an evening of such quintessential *ennui*? Isn't the weary first-nighter entitled to something more in the direction of actual entertainment? Oughtn't he to rise in defiance and vociferously demand that henceforward at *premieres* there shall be something doing?

As a matter of fact, the last *bona-fide*, value-received, dyed-in-the-wool first night Broadway has experienced was that Irish one at the Maxine Elliott five or six years ago, when the first act had to be played twice, and an actor never knew, when he opened his mouth whether his speech was going out or the wreck of a tomato was coming in. Since then all *premieres* within memory have been as dull as trench water.



IN England you are at least permitted to boo a bad play. In Italy you may hiss like the Mammoth Hot Springs. Here you can only applaud the star, gaze at the audience, and sleep. When they do let you throw anything at the actors, it is only a rubber ball or a paper orange. But have a care, Jack Dalton; a half-brick may be very cleverly made up. And then, oh, then, if only the author would come out!

I remember reading that when Macready was here, or somebody, they had corking riots down at Astor Place, or somewhere. Called out the militia, and all that sort of thing. Everybody knows about that jolly quarrel over the first performance of "Le Cid." And what a glorious afternoon and evening the long-haired, red-vested, loose-trousered young Romanticists had that day when "Hernani" ripped dear old Paris wide open! It must have been as good as the Pagan Rout.

And yet we poor twentieth century (very limited) first-nighters have to sit through for our sins these deadening hours of unrelieved monotony. Won't some kind manager spill the Tabasco into his next *première* and save us ere we go down for the third time in this sea of infestivity!



From a portrait by Alfred C. Johnston

L I L Y A N T A S C H M A N

Although dignified and stately, this is not one of Gainsborough's court ladies, but a frolicsome member of the 1917 edition of "Ziegfeld's Follies"

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PLAYGOER

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

PART III.



IT has often been pointed out that great actors rarely do anything for the drama of their own language in their own time, preferring to measure themselves with their mighty predecessors in the great parts of the great plays of the past.

It was said of John Kemble that he thought all the good parts had been written. Coquelin is the most obvious exception to this general rule. He created a host of characters in plays by his contemporaries, even if he won his major reputation by his performance of the characters Molière had composed for his own acting.

Neither Booth nor Jefferson was ever on the lookout for new plays; and although Irving brought out more novelties than either of the Americans, no one of these has established itself in the theatre now that it is no longer supported by his authority, not even the "Becket" of Tennyson or the "Charles I" of W. G. Wills.

It has even been suggested, and with not a little show of reason, that the contemporary drama is likely to languish when the stage is occupied by actors of commanding power and that it is only when the actor cannot domineer over the playwright that the contemporary drama has its chance to expand and to reveal the best of which it is capable.

But if Edwin Booth did nothing for the drama of his language, he did a great deal for his profession. He founded The Players, a club intended primarily for the actor, the dramatist and the manager, where they might mingle at ease with the practitioners of the allied arts of literature and music, painting, sculpture and architecture. Booth had long been considering a gift for the benefit of his calling. Edwin Forrest had left his house and his fortune to shelter superannuated members of the profession; but Booth preferred to make provision for the actors while they were still on the stage. He consulted his friends, Lawrence Barrett, E. C. Benedict and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. It was on Benedict's yacht that he finally decided to establish a club; and it was Aldrich who suggested its name. He communicated his intention to Daly and to Palmer; and early in 1888 Daly gave a luncheon to which he invited the organizers of the new club. On the back of my bill of fare I find the autographs of Lawrence Barrett, William Bispham, Edwin Booth, S. L. Clemens, Augustin Daly, Joseph F. Daly, John Drew, Harry Edwards, Laurence Hutton, Joseph Jefferson, John A. Lane, James Lewis, Brander Matthews, Stephen Henry Olin, A. M. Palmer, and William T. Sherman.

Thereupon Booth bought 16 Gramercy Park; and Stanford White altered it and decorated it, so skilfully and so tastefully that it looked friendly and homelike on the night of its opening—the last night of 1889, when the donor read his deed of gift and The Players took possession of their future abode. In view of this project Booth had long been gathering portraits of actors, and he had purchased a similar collection made by his brother-in-law, John S. Clarke. The histrionic gallery of The Players is now worthy of comparison with the collection of the Garrick Club in London, which possesses no finer portrait than the picture of Booth himself, painted by John S. Sargent, and presented by E. C. Benedict.

Among the paintings that Booth had acquired was a portrait of Washington and he hesitated to given us this with the others because it seemed out-of-place. He expressed this doubt to Aldrich, who instantly replied: "I see no objection to putting Washington by the side of the actors. He was our Leading Man!"

As a member of the committee on literature and art, I helped to arrange the books given to us by Booth and by Barrett; and I found wall-



EDWIN BOOTH
From a very early portrait

space in the hall for a long sequence of engraved portraits of the English kings which had served Booth in his performance of one or another of Shakespeare's historical plays. I told the man who was putting up the rails to accommodate these prints to arrange them in chronological order; and when I saw them on the walls I perceived that he had misinterpreted this direction. He had put them in alphabetical order, the four Georges preceding the eight Henrys, with the four Williams ending the procession.



FROM the very beginning the new club justified the hopes of its founder; and in it, amid congenial associations, Booth spent the last years of his life and in it he died, in the room which is kept just as it was when he was seized by his last attack. From the very beginning The Players had an atmosphere of its own which has endured for now a quarter of a century. It has its genial traditions and it has fulfilled its founder's purpose. Perhaps some part of its charm may be due to the gentle influence of Booth himself, surviving year after year. A British actor who had been a guest of The Players for a month once put this into words: "I don't see how it is here," he said, "but you seem to be different. On our side we talk about Irving or Henry Irving, but here you generally speak of the man who gave you this club as Mr. Booth." I had not before noted that this was our practise but I recognized it immediately as an instinctive tribute of involuntary respect.

It is sometimes asserted that actors are a curi-

ously self-centered race of beings, often unduly conceited and even vain-glorious; and William Archer has suggested as an explanation that the circumstances of his art compel the comedian and the tragedian to persistent thought about his own person, since he has to live in a room lined with mirrors. Whatever justice there may be in the charge against certain members of the profession, I should like to put on record here my firm conviction that it does not lie against the leaders of the craft whom I have had the privilege of knowing intimately.

Booth and Irving, Jefferson and Coquelin and Barnay were as little forth-putting or self-valuing or intolerant as any men I have ever met. I do not mean to suggest that they were not severally conscious of their respective positions at the head of their profession. That knowledge they could not fail to possess. But they were none of them grudgingly jealous, as Macready disclosed himself to be in his diary; they were not self-assertive, being preserved from this by their indisputable eminence. In their several ways they were all modest, with a modesty not frequently found among artists in whatever art.

With no lack of the self-confidence necessary to their achievement they seemed to be simple-minded and without pretence. Perhaps this simple-mindedness was a little less evident in Coquelin and in Irving than in Booth and in Jefferson. Nothing could be more modest than a remark by Jefferson once made to me after he had been praising his half-brother, Charles Burke, the original performer of Rip Van Winkle: "If my brother Charley had only lived the world would never have heard of me!"

This modesty did not prevent Jefferson from having the courage of his convictions. He knew what he liked and he knew why he liked it. I heard him say that the performance of Weber and Fields and Sam Bernard in the famous "skindicate" scene in one of their conglomerates of music and fun, was the finest piece of comic acting he had seen in New York that winter. On the other hand he did not relish the ultra-veracity of "Cavalleria Rusticana" as this was revealed by Duse and her excellent company on her first visit to America. He deplored the lack of a more poetic atmosphere for the tragic story.

"It's altogether too realistic," he declared. "Why, you could count the fleas in that Italian village!"

I ventured to suggest that if it had been a real Italian village, he could not have counted the fleas.

"What I mean is that there was no romance about it," he continued; "that girl wasn't seduced in the moonlight. She went into the barn."

I regret now that I could not have capped this with the witty remark of another friend to the effect that "Duse overacted her underacting." The quip had not then been uttered; but I have no doubt that Jefferson would have adopted it, if he could have heard it.

During one of Coquelin's engagements in New York a supper was given to him in the private dining-room of The Players; and I chanced to sit by the side of the leading man of the French company. The next time I saw Coquelin, he asked my opinion of this performer.

"Well," I responded, "he is a good enough actor, but I did not find him very intelligent."



White

Carl Formes, Percy Hemus, Thomas Chalmers, George Hamlin, Idelle Patterson, Kathleen Howard in "The Mock Doctor"

Along with the recent movement to present little plays in little theatres has come a similar venture in the operatic world. The Society of American Singers' season of short operas in the intimate auditorium of the Lyceum Theatre was highly successful. The whole audience saw everything that happened on the stage, and it heard every word that was sung, for everything was done in English. Mozart's "The Impresario" was one of the most delightful entertainments offered this season. Among other production were Pergolesi's "The Maid Mistress," the oldest opera bouffe in existence, a very diverting opera of Donizetti, "The Night Bell" which has many of the attractive features of the modern musical comedy, an amusing, but little-known work of Gounod, "The Mock Doctor," and a boyish effort of Mozart, the most famous of all musical child prodigies, "Bastien and Bastienne." The Society of American Singers was founded through the efforts of Albert Reiss whose characterization of Mime in Wagner's Ring Operas is famous the world over and who has for fifteen years been a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company. David Bispham, also, took an active part in the formation of the new organization. Mr. Reiss and his associates hope to carry on the activities of the Society on a larger scale next season.



David Bispham and Florence Easton-Maclennan in "The Maid Mistress"



Lucy Gates and Albert Reiss in "The Night Bell"

AMERICAN SINGERS ACHIEVE SUCCESS IN OPERA COMIQUE

And Coquelin instantly returned: "But he has the intelligence of his profession. That is all any artist really needs in his calling, whether he is actor or musician or painter. Take Meissonier, for example, our greatest painter. Well, he is an old chump!—*c'est une vieille ganache*."

This explains our frequent disappointment when we meet a practitioner of any one of the arts, whose work we have admired and who strikes us in conversation with him as less richly endowed than we had expected. We had looked for general intelligence, whereas all the artist had was the specific intelligence of his profession, the native gift for his own art. On the other hand the chiefs in any calling are likely also to possess a full share of general intelligence. Coquelin himself abounded in it, and so did Jefferson, as I had the privilege once of observing.

When Booth died we elected Jefferson as the President of The Players. I was then a member of the Board of Directors, and I soon observed that our new presiding officer was wholly inexperienced in parliamentary procedure. Unpractised as he was, his native shrewdness stood him in stead of experience. At one of our meetings we had to face a very awkward situation, complicated by the personal relation of two members of the Board with an absent member whose wilful negligence of duty called for discipline. The matter was brought before Jefferson who knew nothing at all about the facts; and it was a delight to see the clearness and the certainty with which his mind worked as he slowly possessed himself of all the details. When we adjourned, one of my associates as a director, who was one of the younger leaders of the bar, said to me: "Did you

see what the old man did? He deduced the governing principle and applied it unerringly to a set of facts wholly novel to him. That is the faculty we need in the members of the Supreme Court—and don't always get!"

Besides this keen intelligence, Jefferson also had a quick wit. In the last years of his life we gave him a reception at the Authors' Club. I asked him what had been his most unfortunate experience on the stage. The saddest, he said, was when he was put forward at the early age of five to sing the "*Star Spangled Banner*" and when the words of the second stanza escaped his memory. Another member inquired what had been the pleasantest experience of his life, where Jefferson smiled that winning smile of his and at once replied: "Why, this reception this evening of course!"

THE VAGABOND THEATRE

By WARREN WILMER BROWN



FANCY a tiny bit of a room done in the early Gothic manner, its walls covered with fanciful tapestry representations in softly modulated colors; add to the setting a few benches as sedate and as dignified as ancient church pews, wall brackets holding tall candles, and finally a stage hung with a bizarre patchwork curtain of more tints and far greater variety of pattern than Joseph's coat boasted at the height of its career—

Call up such a picture as this, and you will gain a very good idea of the physical aspect of Baltimore's Vagabond Theatre, said to be the smallest playhouse in the world.

This is among the latest, if not the very latest, of the little or "toy" theatres that, if they are doing nothing else, are at least contributing a great deal by way of novelty and interesting experimentation to dramaturgics in this country. It closed its first season a short time ago, not, as the I-told-you-so, critics had fully expected and freely predicted, in the stumbling, weak-kneed, enervated manner that spells failure, but in a glow of success so bright that even the staunchest supporters of the project were astonished.

The Vagabond Theatre came through the "swaddling clothes" period without suffering any of the ills to which infant ventures of its kind are heir to. It has, so to speak, cut all of its teeth, learned to walk with steady step and sure, and now actually threatens to become the pet of the community.

More remarkable still, it has "earned its keep," as the saying is, and plans are being made for its second year's activities, which, it is promised, will be more ambitious and mature than those of the first, with the comforting knowledge that there's money in bank—in other words, a surplus.

It was not through the "cute tricks" expected of theatrical as well as other tots, that the Vagabond Theatre, however, has won such hearty patronage. Its purpose from the very first has been serious and the young people of its *personnel*—for, of course, they are young—have been guided by high ideals. They have consistently avoided triviality and have, on the whole, maintained standards of far more than average excellence. Starting out as amateurs, they are rapidly developing professional proficiency and assurance.

While the Vagabondists do not go in for the "papa, potatoes, prunes and prisms" school of drama, they have wisely eschewed plays whose appeal is essentially salacious, whose atmosphere

is wholly unwholesome. But at the same time they avoid that which is trite, prudish and commonplace, making a special point of literary or dramatic merit, or individuality of theme and treatment, in their selection. The things they gave during their first season were designed and executed exclusively for an intimate entourage works which would never get a hearing in the ordinary playhouse or could not be heard if they did.

The repertoire was constructed in a way that indicated first-rate judgment, and the method of presentation showed equal appreciation of values. It is one of the chief factors of the success of the theatre that the productions were so skilfully keyed and so accurately built to scale, that they seemed actually to belong to their environment.

Five different groups of plays were given, each bill running a month with two performances a week. Seats were sold by subscription at the beginning of the season, and on certain nights single tickets were available. At every performance the house was crowded—if one may so speak of a place where only forty people can sit comfortably—and in a short time there was a waiting list.



THE first group of plays consisted of Henry L. Mencken's clever farce, "The Artist"; Nicolai Evrienov's harlequinade, "A Merry Death," and "Ryland," by Thomas Wood Stevens and Kenneth S. Goodman.

The second bill consisted of Eugene G. O'Neill's tragic "Bound East for Cardiff," Strindberg's "The Stronger" (thank Heaven it wasn't "Julia") and Maeterlinck's "Miracle of St. Anthony."

The third group comprised the Freudian farce, "Suppressed Desires," by Susan Glaspell and George Cram Cook; Wilbur Daniel Steele's "Contemporaries" and Padraic Colum's "The Betrayal."

The fourth month found the Vagabondists doing, and doing very well, too, an interesting interpretative pantomime, "The Song of Songs Which is Solomon's," by Adele Gutman Nathan, the producing director and chief guiding spirit of the theatre; "The Double Miracle," by Robert Garland, a well-written Sicilian melodrama, and Oliphant Downs' "Maker of Dreams."

The final group embraced Evrienov's strange

"Theatre of the Soul"; Shaw's "Overruled," and Philip Moeller's "Helena's Husband."

"The Song of Songs, Which is Solomon's," and "The Artist" were given for the first time on any stage; "The Double Miracle" had not before been presented in this country, though it had one performance abroad. The authors of these pieces are all Baltimoreans.

The idea of the Vagabond Theatre originated, I have been told, with John Oldmixon Lambdin, a prominent Baltimore newspaperman. He made the "motion," and it was enthusiastically seconded simultaneously by Mrs. Nathan, her husband, James Nathan, Carol M. Sax, head of the department of design at the Maryland Institute, Charles G. Kerr and several others.

Plans for launching the project were formulated early last fall, a definite organization was effected, a room in the old St. James Apartments was leased, repairs made and decorations completed, all within the period of a few weeks.

There are no paid employees, "hirelings" nor "mercenaries" in the entire group of players. The casts are made up of Baltimore men and women, some of whom have had abundant experience in amateur theatricals, and considerable new talent of real worth has been discovered. Occasionally a visiting artist is invited to take part, the best-known "guest" player of the season having been Mme. Dupont-Joyce, the Tagore interpreter. She appeared in "The Stronger."

Anybody, who being given a rôle in a Vagabond play, displays an inclination to take a loaf, is promptly ostracised, hurled into the outer darkness. It is no place for those given to siestas or who make a fad of *dolce far niente*. Every body connected with the theatre has to work and work hard, and, what is best, for the love of the thing.

Much attention is given to *mise en scene*, lighting and costumes and some splendid results have been accomplished, thanks largely to the aid of a co-operating corps of artists.

The Vagabond Theatre has the support of many of Baltimore's best-known and most fashionable people, though its effort is by no means directed toward winning the approval of the socially elect. This effort is pre-eminently intelligent.

The Baltimore press has taken the Vagabondists under its wing. The notices all along have been favorable and space allotments, precious as honor in these days of luxurious shortage—have been generous.



Photos Jeanne Bennett

AUDITORIUM OF THE VAGABOND THEATRE, BALTIMORE

SCENE IN EVRIENOV'S HARLEQUINADE, "A MERRY DEATH," A RECENT PRODUCTION AT THE VAGABOND THEATRE

THE SMALLEST PLAYHOUSE IN THE WORLD

STAGE DEGENERACY AN OLD CRY

By CHARLES BURNHAM



THE degeneracy of the stage in this city, is something appalling and should give those interested in the best in the theatre, cause for grave concern."

While words similar to the above sound quite modern these were penned some fifty years ago, when many people firmly believed that the stage was fast going to the dogs.

During the late sixties the lamenting Jeremiahs were in their glory, prophesying the utter demoralization of the drama and the speedy crumbling to pieces of the theatre as a social institution. This outburst was occasioned by the prodigious success attendant upon the production of "The Black Crook," which had taken place at Niblo's Garden, September 12, 1866. Press and pulpit became divided in their opinion as to the effect such an exhibition would have upon the theatre. Many there were who likened the city unto Sodom and Gomorrah for permitting it, while others praised it as "charming—a delight to the eye and really educational."

Divines in this and neighboring cities thundered forth from their pulpits denunciations upon the theatre, claiming the "utter disorganization of society if such extravagance in color, song and human form was permitted exposition before the public." Defenders answered back, "aged vestals clasp their attenuated hands over their thin breasts, and bless heaven that they are not within the gates of this wicked and accursed city of Sin! If a few deluded creatures, who can see beauty in nothing, and pass their lives in torturing themselves into what they conceive to be the 'odor of sanctity'—find a needed salve to their consciences in seeking to defame what their hard and sensual natures cannot understand as the realism of refinement, and the truest expression of the beautiful, it is to be hoped that time will teach them the utter fallacy of their foolish and vain-glorious predictions."



THE late Joseph Jefferson in speaking on the subject said: "The people went to see 'The Black Crook' not because it was bad, but because it had beautiful scenery and beautiful dancers and dancing. It was the beauty and not the vice that attracted them. It was its novelty and freshness, just as an epicure often prefers a clam-bake and an ear of green-corn to the most sumptuous dinner. People really like good better than evil; they would rather see a man who is walking a tight rope succeed than see him tumble. Besides after the 'Crook,' we had 'Julius Cæsar' for a hundred nights."

Scarcely had the excitement caused by the production of "The Black Crook" died away, when a new tempest in the tea-pot arose over the appearances of the Lydia Thompson Burlesque Company, or the "British Blondes," as they were familiarly called. The curiosity of the public had been aroused to an unusual degree by the advance publicity given to this organization and discussion pro and con as to the ultimate effect the appearance of this company would have upon the fortunes of the theatre, again occupied public attention. The first performance, which occurred on the evening of September 28, 1868, took place in the building then known as Wood's Museum and Metropolitan Theatre, at the corner of Thirtieth Street and Broadway, the theatre which afterwards became more famous as Daly's. Previous to the opening many stories had been cir-

culated that the women of the company were to appear upon the stage in costumes far more abbreviated than those seen in "The Black Crook."

Notwithstanding the dire predictions of the "uplifters of the drama," nothing dreadful happened, and instead of a demoralizing stage picture, there was witnessed a performance which received the hearty commendation of the assembled auditors, aptly described by a writer of the time as "an audience immense in size, immense in applause, immense in floral tribute, and a performance immense in success."



AGAIN there arose a wail from the Jeremiahs, and again press and public became divided in their opinions as to the good or evil of such an attraction. Some deprecated the new form of "leg drama" as it was termed, calling it an indecent invasion of the stage and an insult to the inhabitants of the city. Others looked upon it as a new form of entertainment of which the theatre stood in need, giving it welcome as a "performance of merit, both artistic and wholesome."

The play in which the company made their appearance, and which the lamenters decried as positive proof of the degeneracy of the drama, was Burnand's burlesque of "Ixion, the Man at the Wheel." The four leading women, Lydia Thompson, Ada Harland, Lisa Weber and Pauline Markham formed a quartette which for beauty, cleverness and grace, was a revelation to the theatre-goers of the city. Other members of the company equally proficient in their art, were Harry Beckett, William Mestayer, Sol Smith and the Logan sisters. Beckett afterwards joined Wallack's company and for many seasons was one of the most popular actors of the town. Pauline Markham who appeared in the burlesque as Venus, was considered the most beautifully formed woman who had ever appeared upon the stage, being hailed by many as the "legitimate successor of the original Lady Milo." The members of the company quickly established themselves as favorites, and while the male portion of the town were not slow in their admiration of the "Blondes," the female portion were not slow in casting disparaging remarks. Whenever the quartette appeared upon the streets they were followed by many admirers and by others not so favorably inclined. In a history of her life Miss Markham tells of an experience she had while walking on Broadway which showed how some people regarded them.

"The ladies stared hard at us, just as we, I presume, stared at them; and one tall young woman, in crimson silk, with point lace all over her, came up to me, and examining me from head to foot as if I was an animal in the Zoological Gardens, said to one of her companions loud enough to be heard by others: "That is one of those English actresses. Why, really, they look just like Americans, don't they?" To which her companion replied: "Yes—but what thick shoes she wears—and what a horrid bonnet—and I wonder where in England she got that hair."



THE young men with many of the elder ones were outspoken in their admiration, and helped fill the theatre at every performance, meanwhile besieging the stage door in crowds to bestow their attentions upon the women of the company. These admirers were not all "stage

door Johnnies," for many prominent members of the artistic and literary world were also worshippers at the shrine of the "Blondes."

The stage door of Wood's Museum in those days was located in an alley at the rear of the building on Sixth Avenue, and it frequently happened that previous to and at the conclusion of a performance the passageway became so blocked with adorers, it was necessary to send for the police to clear a way for the company in their efforts to get in and out of the building. These promiscuous attentions were not confined to the stage door alone, but were quite in evidence in the front of the house, at times reaching such a point that the press took a hand in an effort to squelch their ardor.

"While conceding," said one writer, "that the blonde quartette, now playing at Wood's, have some merit and deserve some token of approbation from their audiences, there is a custom in vogue there to an extent fearful to contemplate among a number of 'nice young fellows' of boring the patience of an audience solely by throwing innumerable bouquets to their favorites. A neat nosegay is always a neat mark of appreciation, but when two or three young ninnies in a private box undertake to bestow fifteen or twenty tributes of this description in one evening, in volleys of two or three at a time, it is accepted as an evidence that fortune has made up in money what nature failed to supply in brains and average taste."



WHILE there was no doubt as to the hold the company had upon the theatre-going public, the women of the organization found themselves frequently assailed in and out of the press by those who styled themselves the upholders of the morals of the theatre. The color of their hair which gave rise to the soubriquet "the blondes," was a favorite point of attack, the accusation being made that dye had been used to secure the color which they had made the rage and that "the beautiful blonde hair which portions of our public seem to admire upon our stage are nothing more or less than well gotten up wigs. Nature played no part in their preparation."

In a public letter Miss Thompson replied to these attacks as follows: "The assertion is made that my hair is made fair by the use of artificial means, and that some people knew me when my hair was dark. I beg to assure you this is a mistake. My hair is now the natural color it was when nature first allowed it to grow, and it seems to be my misfortune that the prevailing fashion causes the use of hair dye to give it the golden hue which I did not have when dark was the vogue." Some years afterwards when Miss Thompson and Miss Markham were not the best of friends the latter made the statement that none of the women of the company had originally possessed blonde hair.

One of the most prominent literary men of the time became greatly infatuated with one of the quartette and took up the cudgels in their defense. In one of his articles he wrote: "None can deny the beauty and accomplishment of these English women or the modesty with which they disport themselves. Miss Thompson is not only a beautiful woman, but an artist. Miss Markham might conquer by her loveliness alone. Like Miss Thompson, she is a blonde, gifted with a winning face and a (Concluded on page 52)



Levens-Smith

NORA BAYES

Who has been offering a novel entertainment to Broadway — two hours of song



White

PAUL SWAN

Well-known Greek dancer who appeared at the dedication of the National Sylvan Theatre in Washington



AND MRS. CHARLES GOODRICH'S

atures. One enters through a high iron are the gentlemen's smoking room and a eatre has a seating capacity of two hun ith overhanging cushions of hand-dyed ved to produce plays at regular intervals. The theatre was dedicated with a



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SIGNOR CARUSO

Sailing from New York to fill operatic engagements in South America

REGINA BADET

In "The Moonlight Dance," a scene in her latest photo play, "Atonement"



White

YVONNE GOURAUD

Daughter of a well-known first-nighter and now appearing in "The Passing Show of 1917"

INTERESTING PEOPLE IN THE MIMIC WORLD

NO CLOSED SEASON FOR VAUDEVILLE

By NELLIE REVELL



WHILE the shutters are up on most Broadway playhouses and producers for the legitimate theatre are busied with tryouts for the forthcoming season, vaudeville rolls along merrily with the portals of very few of its amusement temples closed. Each week for fifty-two weeks a year acts are being tried out "somewhere in the United States" for the two-a-day with the Palace as their objective point and the work of planning and preparing goes on continuously for there is no closed season to bring a lull.

It is a heterogeneous assortment of acts constituting the month's product of stellar features. Of course, vaudeville is variety and variety is vaudeville and one expects a dash of this, a touch of that and a sprinkling of something else with spices and seasoning *ad infinitum*, the whole combining to make a palatable dish even though not a heavy one. However, it is not a single vaudeville bill we are concerned with but rather a series of them and the diversified character of the important offerings of the period is impressive.

It may be true city folks now view their country cousins with more kindly eyes since the humble tillers of the soil have been heralded as the mighty saviors of the nation, still stage caricatures of rural residents are yet in favor as witness the shrieks of laughter which greeted Charles Withers' performance as the "op'ry" house manager in "For Pity's Sake," a travesty melodrama in four acts.

The setting depicted the stage of the town hall in the days of candle burning footlights. In the loft above repaired the manager to work the many effects to the thorough delight of the audience. On the stage below was presented the thrilling melodrama, "For Pity's Sake," which was so bad that when the many-sided manager announced that he had decided to run pictures in the future and abandon the drama to its fate the spectators readily appreciated the wisdom of his decision. At the intermission when this momentous announcement was made the impressario retailed important town gossip and then the performance resumed to meet an untimely conclusion when one of the characters on the stage inadvertently dismantled the stove pipe and threatened to flood the theatre with smoke. That accident provoked the "op'ry" house man to instant action and brought the curtain down upon a scene of great disorder.

A highly diverging entertainment was "For Pity's Sake," staged with due appreciation of comedy values and depending for most of its humor upon the splendid characterization of Mr. Withers as Sed Sarogins. The program was strangely silent as to the author and sponsor of the novelty.

The same bill presented Joseph Santley, matinee idol and musical comedy favorite, who with Ivy Sawyer and a company of seven consisting mostly of girls, sang and danced his way through a musical concoction labelled "The Girl on the Magazine," so called because it purports to lyrically relate the adventures of a young man who visits many climes seeking a girl whose face reproduced on a magazine cover has enchanted him.

There are several scenes and songs including melodies by Irving Berlin, Jean Schwartz, Buck and Stamper, Mr. Santley and others, and while "The Girl on the Magazine" will never be handed down to posterity it will suffice for the time Mr. Santley has set apart for himself in vaudeville.

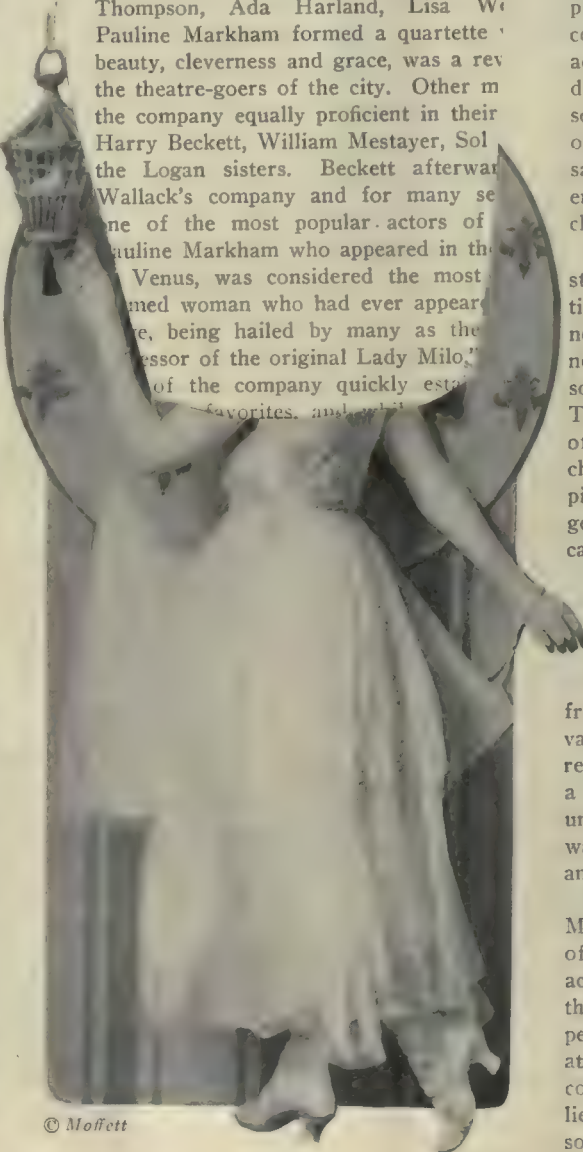
Even a music publisher's clique can't make Mr. Santley's agreeable personality any more agreeable than it really is.

Coming out of the Middle West just a few short years ago, Henry Lewis, who sings, dances, recites, monologues and "squidgulum" (definition known only to its creator, Mr. Lewis) has proved himself a most welcome surprise. If there are any more Henry Lewises where he came from, Broadway is waiting for them. Original and unique is this "squidgulumist" but his return to vaudeville is limited—~~for~~ the theatrical paragraphers have ~~not~~ he is to be featured in ~~the fall~~ after so ~~again~~ there arose a wail "Follow Me."

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JANUARY an attraction. Some deprecated by her of "leg drama" as it was termed, the dual decent invasion of the stage and artes her inhabitants of the city. Others looktship," a new form of entertainment of which the stood in need, giving it welcome as a "coronance of merit, both artistic and wholetern life."

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© Moffett

IVY SAWYER

Singing and dancing in vaudeville with Joseph Santley in "The Girl on the Magazine"

ages and classes of theatre-goers whether tea drinkers or not.

Versatile Louise Dresser, equally at home in the drama, musical comedy or vaudeville, may be forgiven for almost anything even for a war sketch that is not as well played as the dramatic playlet, "For Country." Miss Dresser apparently cannot make her ambition behave and it would not be surprising if she should essay Ophelia. However, that is comment outside the province of this paper which has to do with "For Country," which is, as is to be expected of playlets dealing with such a grewsome theme, sordid and has a tendency to be suggestive.

It tells the story of a Belgian peasant girl (Miss Dresser) who beguiles an enemy officer into remaining in her fascinating presence until it is too late to blow up a bridge over which the defending troops are approaching. The suspense is well sustained to the curtain when another officer appears and shoots his comrade dead after denouncing him as a traitor. Also it is well played by the prepossessing Miss Dresser, Roy Gordon and William Mason Wright, Jr.

From the first line of defense, the navy, came W. J. Reilly, a jackie from the U. S. S. *Michigan*, winning by the sheer strength of his merit as a pianologist rather than as a member of the U. S. N. A good voice, a surprisingly good stage presence and ability to play the piano carried conviction with the Palace audience, which is the acknowledged most critical of all vaudeville audiences. Reilly was introduced by G. P. Martinson, a quartermaster in the navy who seized the occasion to do a little recruiting. Then the sailor proceeded to prove that after his term of enlistment or the duration of the war, should he choose, he can make good on the vaudeville stage.

Of course, not a new figure in vaudeville but still commanding attention under the classification of new acts because she always invests her novel and unique form of entertainment with new features on every visit is Eva Tanguay, for some time heralded as "the evangelist of joy." The "don't care" comedienne gets into the spirit of the times with a sailor song done with a characteristic Tanguay costume and with a hornpipe. Other numbers are presented with gorgeous scenic investments in the way of garments carefully colored and attuned to the wearer's distinctive personality. Perhaps the most familiar with vandeville entertainers in New York, Miss Tanguay still manages to be a novelty.

That nimble and natty pair of dancers, Doyle and Dixon, who are always either just returning from musical comedy to vaudeville or leaving vaudeville for musical comedy, have made another return to their first love. Every time they leave, a vacancy is created which is never quite filled until they themselves appear in the offing. Any way, they are back again and great is rejoicing among their admirers.

For about three years Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler have been adding to the gaiety of the nation with Porter Emerson Browne's one-act play, "Married." Every time they reappear the spectator detects some new "business" in their performance and finds something more to laugh at in a sketch which is already crowded with comedy. As the inebriated gentleman who believes himself married to the aphasia-afflicted society girl, Mr. Mason has come to be regarded as a vaudeville classic while the graceful Miss Keeler contributes her charms to the act.



Photos Charlotte Fairchild

AUDITORIUM OF MR. AND MRS. CHARLES GOODRICH'S PRIVATE THEATRE

This unique little theatre presents many interesting features. One enters through a high iron gate into a garden-court and thence into a peacock-paved vestibule with many mirrored doors. Upstairs are the gentlemen's smoking room and a full-fledged kitchen to revive the jaded spirits of the cast during strenuous rehearsals. The body of the theatre has a seating capacity of two hundred but gives the impression of a very restrained, luxuriously furnished room. Small painted benches with overhanging cushions of hand-dyed velvet take the place of conventional chairs. A group of actors known as the Blythelea Players, has been formed to produce plays at regular intervals, and the productions of many of the best contemporary foreign and American dramatists will be presented. The theatre was dedicated with a Masque by Mr. Greenley and Mr. George Mitchell



SCENE IN THE MASQUE WHICH DEDICATED THE THEATRE

PRIVATE THEATRES IN MILLIONAIRE HOMES

No. 1—Playhouse on the Estate of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Goodrich, Llewellyn Park, N. J.

ACTORS WHO HAVE "COME ACROSS"



THE actors' profession may well be proud of the record its members are making in the present war. From its commencement it has been represented at the front and at this moment one actors' club has eleven members holding places of importance in the Allied forces. This is the Players' Club which is most gratified by the part its sons have taken in the war while the Lambs, with as many in the officers' training camps, looks forward prospectively to their attaining laurels.

At the first breaking of the hostilities Lionel Walsh (Players' Club) cancelled a professional engagement and sailed for England on August 7, 1914, enlisting with the Territorials. He became a Captain in the Dublin Fusiliers but was transferred to another regiment of which he was appointed a brevet major. So ardent was his desire for active service that when he heard the Dublin Fusiliers were ordered to the front he at once transferred back again. As a Captain of First Cavalry in that regiment he was killed on July 3, 1916.

Captain Allan Pollock was severely wounded six weeks ago in the face and jaw; he is recovering in the hospital. Three months after the war began Pollock quit his engagement in the Billie Burke company and got a commission in the Fifteenth Argyle and Southern Highlanders with whom he has seen service until the casualty.

Not a single member of either the Lambs' or the Players' has served with the German forces, rather a surprising statement when it is remembered how large a membership each club has, and of how many nationalities it is made up. Three Players' men have received official recognition for valor. They are Leslie Faber, now a lieutenant in the London Fusiliers, awarded the Military Cross, and Jacob Wendell and Charles Hoffbauer who have been decorated by France with the Croix de Guerre.

In the roster of brave men of whom their brother actors are so proud to-day are William Widdicombe, a Lieutenant of the Artists' Rifles; George Relph, London Rifles; Julien L'Estrange, Lieutenant Commander Aviation Corps; Evan Simpson, Lieutenant Artillery; Wilfred Draycott, London Home Guards; Harrison Carter in Munitions Department, England; Edward Fitzgerald and T. H. Robins.

Philip Merivale, who left the "Half of Life" company last winter, is now in France with a Canadian troop. Guy Standing served on a motor boat in the early days but has been transferred to a clerical position in London in the War Department.

At Plattsburg where the young army is being rushed and officers are being graduated there are many actors, some of them seen so lately on the metropolitan stage as last month. Among them are Major Reginald Barlow, Humphrey Turner Nichols, Paul McAllister, Wright Kramer, Earle Boothe, Evarts Tracy, Watson White, Wadsworth Camp, F. S. Green, Philip S. Curtis. The last named, however, is now an officer in a Connecticut regiment.

There was never a question that the men of the stage had among their stock of human qualities courage and the love of adventure. It is true that the profession of acting has settled down to a veritable hum drum walk in life, almost like any other; if a man has talent for it he trains for the parts he can most easily and naturally portray and there is no good reason so long as plays are produced and theatres kept open why he should not make a decent living by his so-called art. In other words the general acceptance of the neces-

sity of actors has taken whatever seemed, and probably was, the element of adventure out of the actor's life.

That it did not take it out of his character was demonstrated early in the present war. When England woke out of her dream and realized that, except for her fleet she was totally unprepared either to help Belgium or protect herself she sought, as an instant way and mean, to encourage



CAPTAIN ALLAN POLLOCK
Popular actor seen in "Seven Days"
and later with Billie Burke, who has
been severely wounded at the front

enlistment. However slack was the response from other professions and arts the actors came forward in such numbers that it seemed that for a time theatres would have to be closed for there were no actors to fill casts. A very satisfactory response came from the stage in its every department: actor, scene shifter, carpenter. Except for the bad moral effect a closed theatrical season might have been the result. A good many theatres were kept open in London during the first winter of the war only after great difficulties in the way of replacing actors who had volunteered had been overcome.



VERNON CASTLE, a dancer to be sure, who had evolved from musical comedy, was the first to go from here, and he did not hesitate. The call to arms had scarcely been sounded in Great Britain before he sailed to join his Aeronautic division and he was almost immediately followed by several young English actors who had already arrived in this country and were beginning rehearsals for the August productions. Instances where men of prominence in the profession were summoned or hastened voluntarily to the seat of war will be recalled, for at that time, when the drastic nature of the conflict was not appreciated at its fullest, the public had a feeling of indignation when it saw its legitimate entertainers depart. This was not wholly selfish, the common expression being that other men could more readily be spared.

The same eagerness to be in it "out there" is

being manifested by the actors now that our nation has issued the call, no longer seeing an honorable possibility of standing aloof. In the training camps already are numbered actors, and singers, representatives, indeed, of all the "artistic" professions.

Rupert Hughes of "Excuse Me" fame is hard at work on the staff of Governor Whitman at Albany and whatever literary work he had laid out for himself to do has necessarily to be postponed. The young son of the late Richard Mansfield has donned the khaki and longs for active service. Philip Coudert has abandoned all singing dates for summer and is training at Plattsburg; in every training camp there are representatives from every branch of the stage and actors will be among the first units to sail presumably in August.

Certain young actresses have announced their intention to train for the Flying Corps during the present summer and there is no doubt that they will keep their word, inspired by the novelty of "air work." Mrs. Castle broached the subject as a plan of her own to her husband when he was over on a furlough visit but it met with small encouragement. Ruth Rose, daughter of Edward E. Rose, playwright and herself a highly regarded actress, is already in France running an auto and taking care of two others in the Red Cross work. At the work rooms for Relief of the Wounded in the War which was organized by Rachel Crothers among stage women the talk is of no other subject but how to do their bit in various phases of army service. The musicians among professional woman are organizing a band for, strange to say, in the present war there has been a dearth of drum and fife players and the need has penetrated here. In England all the hum drum professors of counter point and composition are at the front, getting a new angle on their art by playing wind instruments in regimental bands.

Elsie Janis expects to go to Fontainebleau for a summer change but not for rest. At this centre of military hospitals for the section of Seine et Marne there is a pitiful need of nurses. Miss Janis has been sending comfort kits to this centre and now feels like doing her bit there.

In this connection arises the pathetic story of a very dear friend of Elsie Janis, who, as was rumored in theatrical circles would have been nearer to her, but he died at Fontainebleau. Basil Hallam is the name of the heroic young actor. At his first attempts to enlist he was rejected on account of a weakness of the heart. So he continued to fill his engagement as leading man at the St. James. The newspapers and particularly the so-called society sheets, ignorant of the circumstances, maliciously queried why this apparently robust young actor had not gone to the front and their insinuations so preyed on Hallam's mind that he induced an examining surgeon to put him through. He did get to the trenches but died in them, not from a gun shot wound, but from physical exhaustion.

Huntley Wright, a brother of Haidee, was to have come over last summer and again it was hoped that he would be here to rehearse in one of the early fall productions, but he has been in France in active service since a year ago this August and will continue in it. Kennerley Rumford, husband of Clara Butt and Campbell McInnis, a well-known actor, are in the same regiment, the Hertfordshire, as was also Charles Scott Gatty, a celebrated composer of light opera and a theatrical promotor. He was a son of Sir Alfred Scott Gatty (Concluded on page 52)



Photos Alfred C. Johnston

GLADYS SLATER



ALBERTA TURNER



ELEANOR
DELL



MURIEL MARTIN



DOROTHY KOFFE

JUST GIRLS—A GROUP OF "MIDNIGHT FROLIC" BEAUTIES

FAMOUS RELICS AT THE BELASCO



THE player's dressing room is always a place of fascination and mystery to the layman. There is one dressing room in particular that is full of interest—the star's dressing room in the Belasco.

When this theatre was being built, David Belasco determined to make all the dressing rooms and particularly that of the star, not only comfortable and inviting, but attractive to the eye as well, and to accomplish this end he spared neither time nor expense. That he succeeded well is attested by a visit to the star's room. It lacks nothing for the comfort or convenience of its occupant, which, at the present time, is Frances Starr, now appearing in "Little Lady in Blue." Miss Starr and Mr. Belasco's other star, David Warfield, both regard this room as a sort of "second home."

On the door leading to the dressing room is a large star enclosed in a glass case and bearing this inscription: "Worn by William Charles Macready and Edwin Booth as 'Hamlet,'" and underneath the words: "This star was originally the property of William Charles Macready. It passed into the possession of Edwin Booth, by whom it was given shortly before his death in 1893 to Percy Winter, who in turn presented it to David Belasco, June 16, 1907."

The room itself is all that an actor or actress, even with the most exacting tastes, could wish for. It is furnished luxuriously, yet simply. Its chairs are all easy and inviting and its couches are a boon to the player who may snatch a few moments' rest between waits or before a performance. Adjoining it, is a private bath, equipped with all the latest improvements.

A feature of extraordinary interest is the Green Room, adjoining the star's dressing room, which with its collection of valuable mementos is without doubt the most unique feature in any New York theatre.

Perhaps no more valuable collection ever has been housed outside a museum than the one-time possessions of Edwin Booth, John T. Raymond, Adelaide Neilson, Lucille Weston, Edwin Forrest, Tomasso Salvini and other celebrities that repose in this room. Among the first objects that attract attention are the several mementos of Edwin Booth that were used by him in his greatest parts. There is the spear he used



© Ira L. Hill
Star worn by Macready and Booth as Hamlet and now on the door of the star's dressing-room at the Belasco Theatre

as "Hamlet," the sword he wielded as "Brutus," the sceptres he carried as "King Lear" and "Richard the III," the knife and scales of his "Shylock," and the cap he donned in "The Taming of the Shrew."

Near these reposes his make-up box and his favorite reading lamp, an odd and attractive affair, that sheds a charming glow.

Several objects that belonged to Adelaide Neilson also occupy prominent positions, including a rosary she wore as Amy Robsart in the play of the same name, several unique buckles, and a

ring with an inscription presented by her to Mr. Belasco during her last engagement at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco.

Memories of the time when Mr. Belasco was an actor are revived by a sword hanging on the wall, which was presented to him by the late Mrs. D. B. Bowers at Virginia City, Nevada. This sword belonged to James C. McCollom, the husband of Mrs. Bowers, and was used by him in various characters. It was carried by Mr. Belasco when playing Malcolm in "Macbeth," while acting in support of Mrs. Bowers.

A dagger used by Tomasso Salvini and presented to Mr. Belasco by that notable Italian actor on April 26, 1885, at the Academy of Music where he was playing "Othello" is another interesting object. Close beside it hang other unique daggers that once were the property of Adelaide Neilson and Charles Kean.

Cuff-links worn by John T. Raymond as Colonel Seller, shoe buckles that belonged to Edmond Kean, a rosary used by Madame Ristori in "Mary Stuart," and which was brought direct from the Holy Land, and a patch box belonging to Mrs. Nesbit, who was the original Miss Totheringay in Thackeray's novel, "Pendennis," and who also created the rôle of Lady Gay Spanker in Boucicault's play, "London Assurance," are other pieces of this valuable collection.

There is also a unique clock presented to Mr. Belasco by Lady Meaux in London in 1900 and a letter written by P. T. Barnum concerning Tom Thumb, Commodore Nutt and Minnie Warren.

Sarah Bernhardt is represented by an odd bracelet, while a brooch and ring worn by Lucille Weston occupy other places of honor.

Not the least interesting is the carved wood top-piece of the billboard which stood in the lobby of Booth's Theatre at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, which has now long since passed into memory.

TOLD AT THE LAMBS CLUB

GEORGE GROSSMITH was once singing the Lord Chancellor's song in "Iolanthe," which has for its refrain, "Said I to myself, said I," when something caught fire at the back of the stage. Grossmith himself wasn't aware of the occurrence; but he suddenly saw the audience jump from their seats, and turn their backs to him.

At the same moment the stage manager from the wings shouted to Grossmith: "Don't stop singing! Go on, go on!"

Grossmith immediately grasped the situation, and sang fortissimo some words that came to him on the spur of the moment:

*I assure my friends who are ready to choke,
That the fire they fear is nothing but smoke;
It's only a sort of Gilbertian joke,
Says I to myself, says I.*

This gag, which at any other time would have been extremely reprehensible in a Gilbertian opera, calmed the panic, and the audience resumed their seats.

BERNARD SHAW was asked if a critic ought to tell the story of the play in his notice the next morning. The satirist answered as follows:

"If a critic does not tell the story of the play, how are those who have not seen it to know what he is talking about? The people who want surprises should cut out the notices, and not read them until after they have seen the play. My

own special grievance is the abject failure of the critics to tell the story of my plays. Only one critic mastered the last act of 'Lady Barbara.' He was not a professional critic, but a conspicuously able public man, and a student of ethics. It cost him four visits to master it. Critics should see my plays every night for a week at least before they attempt to divulge the story."

ARNOLD DALY says that once, when he was talking to Bernard Shaw, the latter admonished him, "If you wish to get on in the world, never take anybody's advice."

"This," said Daly, "resolved itself into a paradox; for, if I took Mr. Shaw's advice, I was taking somebody's advice, and, if I took somebody's advice, then I should never get on; yet, if I didn't take Mr. Shaw's advice, I shouldn't get on, and—well, I concluded that Bernard Shaw was one of those people, whom, as Lord Dunsyre says, 'No feller can understand.'"

G. P. HUNTLEY told of an incident that took place at an East End theatre in London. The "gods" were booing the piece and throwing chunks of bread at the performers.

At last the star came forward and said: "Now look here! We're trying out best to amuse you. Throw bread, if you like; but," he added, as he stopped and picked up a chunk, "thank heaven I'm not too proud to eat it!"

The gods were vanquished.

BEEERBOHM TREE was once afforded opportunity to exercise his wit at the expense of his distinguished colleague, Sir Charles Wyndham, when he made his first production of "David Garrick" in London.

"Charles," exclaimed Tree, with a suavity alarming in him, when "Garrick" had run for a week or two. "I must say that you grow more like Garrick every day."

"That's awfully good of you, old chap," returned Wyndham, with a gratified smile.

"And," proceeded Tree, after an ominous pause, "less like him every night."

A LITTLE later Tree himself was the victim of a witticism, and that from the lips of that true wit, William S. Gilbert. Tree, who was then struggling with "Hamlet," his most unsuccessful rôle, was for some reason or other anxious to learn Gilbert's views touching his performance. The author of "The Mikado" endeavored to evade the request but, in view of Tree's persistence, was finally obliged to accede.

"Tree," said he, blithely, "I don't mind telling you that in one respect your 'Hamlet' is really the most satisfying I've ever seen."

"Ah!" exclaimed Tree, pleased, "And in what respect?"

"It is funny without being vulgar," said the noted author.

MR. BEAUNASH ON MEN'S FASHIONS

By J. HARRY CONNOR

Mr. Beau Nash, the well-known sartorial authority, will hereafter give a monthly chat to THEATRE readers



RICHARD NASH, Grand Sachem of the Tribe of Fashion Tipters (known to his contemporaries as "Beau Nash") condensed a world of meaning into a word capsule, when he said: "Lax in your gaiters, laxer in your gait." Though his body is dust, his spirit goes marching on in spats.

Beau Nash, inheritor of the mantle of the historic Beau Nash, has come to be accepted as an authority on men's dress, though he would be the last one to assume the rôle of crystal-gazer into the Glass of Fashion.



A Beau Brummel of George II's period

Rather is it his contention that no "fashion authority" exists and that the most any writer can be is an understanding commentator upon contemporary modes and manners which Beau Nash maintains, are always a faithful interpreter of the times we live in.

Beau Nash has been taken for a woman, a syndicate, a fanatic, a haberdasher's clerk, a theatrical critic, a well-known first nighter, a French Count, a society lion, Mr. Carter de Haven and many other characters, real or imaginary. Few men know him by sight, as he prefers the wings to the limelight.

Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to hear somebody exclaim at the play, "I'd just like to see what that fellow Beau Nash looks like," while "that fellow" is sitting directly in front of him hiding his chin inside his collar and nibbling a program in the agony of his embarrassment.

Many people follow Beau Nash, many sneer at him, some get mad at him, but everybody reads him. He has the knack, at least, of being interesting and witty and he is, moreover, something of a literary stylist. He contrives, always to convey the impression that he is poking fun at his subject, his reader and himself.

Commissioned by THE THEATRE MAGAZINE to strip the mask and wig from Beau Nash, I ferreted him out in his private office in lower Fifth Avenue, New York.

I found him smoking a cigar in a gold-and-amber holder and gazing into space with the air of the Melancholy Dane.

"Have a cigar—no? Then, a cigarette"—he asked, rising and sliding an inlaid box of monogrammed ones toward me. I took it eagerly, thinking out loud that this cigarette must be, considering its source, super-superlative.

"I don't know," replied Beau Nash "for I don't smoke them. However, everyone expects a fashion writer to smoke monogrammed cigarettes, just as the provinces feign to believe that every chorus girl prefers gilded sin to cotton stockings, and ends it all by committing peroxide. So, to preserve the dramatic unities or plausibilities, or whatever play-writing chaps call it, I keep them about me."

"Now," I said, puffing away contentedly, "tell me—how did you come to take up writing about men's dress?"

"Well, you see, having been born without any clothes, the subject naturally interested me at a very early age, and—"

Perceiving that nothing was to be gained by following the lead, I interrupted hastily:



English gentlemen dressed in the fashionable mode of their day



"What are your favorite actors, your favorite hobbies, sports, diversions, and that sort o'thing?"

"Ahem!" steepling his fingers. "My favorite actor is John Drew, my favorite actress is Jane Cowl; my favorite ambition is to invent a self-starter on an opera hat that will make it open and shut at the press of a button; my favorite aversion is rings on men's fingers; my favorite reading is the food advertisements on the street cars; my favorite recreation is sleeping; my favorite indoor sport is to go about among New Yorkers and keep them 'guessing whether I'm a three-legged man or a two-headed calf; my favorite dish is a rum omelet without eggs; my favorite—"

"Thanks!" I cut him off, "Now would you mind letting the readers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE know where you get your fashions from?"

"Oh! I get them any old where, from out of the subway to out of my head. When the well of inspiration runs dry, I just fill it up by inventing a few things like overcoats for married men with pockets that automatically eject silk stockings and sleeves that don't show blonde hairs."

As this line of questioning seemed to bring me up against a blank wall, I shifted my point of attack.

"Really, you know," I said with my best drawing-room flourish, "I expected to find you a sort of combination of Norse, Viking, Greek, Mercury and the immortal Van Bibber. You haven't got the *blasé* air and leaden-lidded eyes that most men associate with the fashionable *fâneur*."

As a matter of fact, Beau Nash is smallish and thickset, with humorous Irish eyes, a pointed mustache, the high color of the English sportsman and a nervous habit of running his palm down the back of his abundant wavy hair, romantically flecked with gray.

"Well," he replied, "you remind me of that old, old story current about

be invisible, unless you looked straight down. It was etched with a deep monogram.

"Oh, that!" said Beau Nash, with a deprecatory wave of the hand, miraculously well-kept, "is one of my little inventions. I don't fancy a stick with a gold top that shows, so it occurred to me to have the gold monogram plate put down in a groove. Like a cramp in your tummy, you can't see it, but you know it's there."

Beau Nash contrives to give whatever he says about men's dress an



A well-dressed man of the time of George I

epigrammatic twist. Here are some of his *bon mots*!

"I have no use for hinge-kneed flunkies, whose bodies are here, but whose hearts are abroad.

"Ideas of fashion are pitched in as many keys as the snores on a Pullman sleeper. No one fashion is becoming to all men.

"In New York you may have the morals of a bushman, if only you have the modes and manners of a cosmopolitan.

"True fashion is like a window pane through which you look without being conscious it's there.

"Fashion is to Dress what mayonnaise is to salad or meringue to pudding—the spice.

"New York is the city of quick fashion changes just as to-night's brunette is to-morrow morning's blonde.

"A fellow once wrote me to ask if I prescribed riding breeches while drinking a pony of brandy.

"Some men in evening dress look like waiters, though many waiters would be ashamed to look like some men.

"I dislike Bohemia, its bathless vulgarity, its self-winding spaghetti, its grapeless wine.

"Englishmen are the best-dressed men in the world, but Americans are the best looking."

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

By MILE. MANHATTAN

COMÉDIE—SALONS—MODES

THE whir of the electric fan, the tinkle of ice in tall refreshing beakers of lemon squash and other signs of Summer accompany the appearance of the first warm weather fashions in New York and in those resorts whither New York betakes itself when the heated term is really "on."

And (low be it whispered) while mid-July coquettes in the very near distance, the smartest women are still seen here and there in distinctly demi-saison toilettes.

The fact that many of the smartest women of fashion have given husbands, brothers, sweethearts or sons to the Harbor Patrol in Newport has given a distinctly nautical touch to feminine fashions as designed for wear at our most exclusive Summer resort, and here as elsewhere the stamp of military severity contributes a smart and swagger touch to most of the new frocks; even evening dresses showing in cut or color some hint of the martial mood of the moment.

Even in the June weddings where the Summer fashions are always correctly presaged, the stamp of war-time sentiment showed itself distinctly. And as for the entertainments of the Summer, mere dancing and flirting are quite insufficient to lure our smartest girls and matrons into their newest frocks—Philanthropy and War Relief is the watchword of hostesses who capture the loveliest and most fashionable women these evenings of entertainment.

The Fund for War Foundlings has been the beneficiary of a number of really smart dances at Tuxedo during June and the report of their success has gone forth to Newport and the Long Island colonies with the result that similar causes will be benefitted by almost every fashionable ball of the Summer season. Mrs. Vincent Astor is one of a number of prominent hostesses who are arranging several fine entertainments for the Summer, each of which will enable the hostess and every one of the guests to "do her bit."

The prettiest of the June weddings (and June, 1917, will long be remembered as the month of an unusual number of smart nuptials) was without a doubt the beautifully simple ceremony by which Alice Huntington, sister of Mrs. Astor, became Mrs. Charles H. Marshall early in the month. It seems impossible that it is three years since we all flocked up to Hopeland House to Helen Huntington's wedding, and to no one does the flight of time seem more rapid than to the smiling young Astors, who looked even more bridal at the second wedding than at their own.

Mrs. Astor wore a peachy gown of

white and apricot which has been so fully described in society columns that I will add nothing except to mention the fact that it was designed by the new man in Paris who has created all of Mary Garden's loveliest frocks of recent weeks. I say weeks advisedly since Miss Garden only discovered the latest furor of fashionable New York late in April. Mrs. Marshall has captured several frocks by the same originator of exquisite gowns and each is stamped with a chic and cachet of its own, utterly distinct from any other creation of the consummate artist whom Miss Garden has christened "Jovi."

One of the gowns in her trousseau is an absurdly youthful creation in which are blended orange velvet and silver lace—two fabrics unutterably dowager when combined by any less masterly hand than "Jovi's." Jovi, by the way, received his name because (so Miss Garden writes me) he combines the dash and originality of Joffre with the tact and judgment of Viviani. Emphatically he has shown these qualities in the marvels he executed for Alice Huntington's trousseau. The arrangement in silver and orange shows a petticoat of silver lace with a draped tunic of softest orange chiffon velvet caught up by tiny silver oranges nestling in clusters of glossy leaves. The tunic shows a gleaming lining of white gauze shot with silver, and the pointed Castilian bodice of orange has shoulder straps and tiny sleeves of the same gleaming gauze. At the shoulder each bretelle meets a flat rosette of greeny blue satin from which depends two or three silver oranges swinging from tiny chains of gleaming rhinestones. An immense buckle of the same brilliant stones is posed at the left of the bodice well above the waist line and catches a fan of yellow plumes hanging from a rosette of the same greeny blue satin seen at the shoulder straps.

Another Jovi frock that finds a place in Mrs. Marshall's trousseau is inspired by the electric blue worn by certain grades of service in the navy. Cadet blue is the name given the odd, zinc-colored tint, and until an inspired Frenchman saw fit to combine it with the bright red of our own flag, I had no ideas of its sartorial possibilities. As developed by Jovi, the frock chosen by Miss Huntington for one of her smartest afternoon gowns is of clinging chiffon cloth of the blue with a smart fatigue jacket-shaped something like a rounded bolero of the same color but of taffeta smothered in silver braiding laid over a foundation of bright red. A sash, quite four yards in length is wound tightly about the chemisette waist under the jacket,

and is tied in deep loops with long ends of irregular length. The sash is of the soft red taffeta and it is braided on the reverse side, the silver gleaming from the folds with every movement of the wearer. Soft grey suede shoes with hose clocked in scarlet finish this costume which is of a chic unbelievable.

Miss Hope Colgate will step into distant relationship with the Duchess of Marlborough presently when she becomes the bride of William Travers Jerome, whose father is a nephew of the former Lady Randolph Churchill.

Mr. Jerome has captured one of the most smartly gowned girls in America in the person of Miss Colgate who dresses with originality, captivating and chic to a degree. Miss Colgate and her fiancé have not followed the absurd custom of avoiding each other in public and have been seen together at all the smart out-of-door events so popular with the Long Island set during the past month. At the last of the United Hunt meetings Miss Colgate wore a very novel sport costume of khaki-colored Bolivia with baggy "kit" pockets crossed with the red velvet of the Geneva convention. The same red cross gave a military air to her perky little hat of khaki-toned hemp and reappeared on the deep square collar of her coat. A large Summer scarf of golden fox exactly matching the tint of her costume and tan shoes and hosiery made this quite the most successful one-color creation at the meet.

Among recent brides Mrs. "Joe" Widener of Philadelphia has been much admired at the various out-of-door events which have brought society to Piping Rock, and other fashionable centres of sport. At a recent club house dinner after the races Mrs. Widener wore a very cracking frock of blue serge with accessories of black satin brightened with touches of military red. The one-piece gown showed a full bodice of black satin shirred to simulate a narrow belt at the well-defined waist line and continuing well below the hips. From mid-skirt down blue serge laid in shallow plaits was employed, a narrow decoration of black braid running up each of the plaits and terminating in arrow heads embroidered in red silk. A soft red silk sash finished with deep black fringe was knotted at the back, where it fell from just under the sleeves. Like nearly all the women who braved the changeable June weather, Mrs. Widener wore a stole of fur—her choice falling upon a velvety black seal.

Mrs. Tom Shevlin, whose engage-

ment has quite thrilled the Long Island set was doing a bit of trousseau hunting on the avenue a few days ago, and looked wonderfully well in a novel frock of old-fashioned plaid taffeta in shades of wine color. A smartly cut coat of black taffeta with a vest of wine-colored velvet embroidered in tarnished silver, and a smart toque of black satin with upstanding wings of black and gray brought out the admirable coloring of the wearer and constituted a smart finish for a delightfully youthful frock.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman has opened her big place, "Arden," for a number of "bees" where everybody has flocked to sew or knit for various war relief organizations. At one of these affairs I arrived at so unfashionably early an hour as to find my hostess still en négligée and as Mrs. Harriman's négligées are quite famed among her friends, I venture to describe the beautiful boudoir costume. It was of apricot satin very lustrous and heavy in quality, and the empire slip of satin was festooned with beautiful old white chantilly mellow with age. The lace was not desecrated by sewing, but was looped here and there by wreaths of embroidered golden wheat. A jacket of silver gauze shot with apricot showed similar semi-detached flounces of the same rare lace and a deep collar of apricot satin was caught in front in a fichu effect with an embroidered wheat motif. The sleeves were very long and frills of the lace fell over the hand. It was so charming, so graceful, so grande dame a confection that I felt quite low spirited when it was changed for a severe red cross costume which is the proper thing for relief-work wear at these busy gatherings.

I was favored a few days since with a private view of a number of frocks just completed for Newport wear, and as I followed the smartest of coutourieres into the shrined sanctum where the frocks of the four hundred pass in final review under her artistic eye, before being boxed up for delivery, I saw Jane Cowl in a graceful tailor frock showing to my amazement that Faibisy is employing the new sleeve introduced by Lady de Bathe on tailor frocks for out-door wear as well as on house gowns.

The new sleeve, as, of course, you have observed, simulates the old-fashioned mousquetaire glove and wrinkles loosely from three or four inches below the elbow quite down to the second knuckles of the fingers. Miss Cowl's frock was of biscuit broadcloth absolutely untrimmed except for some very beautiful old

(Concluded on page 46)



White net costume with bodice of silver cloth and silver leaves—
Posed by Miss St. Clair and worn by the chorus of "Hitchy-Koo"



Costume from Raymond Hitchcock's new play, "Hitchy-Koo,"
which opened Thursday night at the Cohan and Harris Theatre
—This is one of a set of fifteen dresses worn in the "Modern
School," Act II, Scene 1—Posed by Miss St. Claire



Photos Pack
"The Ghost Girl" costume worn by Miss Eleanor St. Claire in
Scene 4, Act II (The Haunted Bedroom Scene) of "Hitchy-Koo"



Duck costume from Act I, Scene 2, of "Hitchy-Koo"—worn by
the chorus in the song led by Miss Frances White, "Have You
Seen the Ducks Go By?"

Designed and executed by J. M. Gidding

FAIBISY POINTS OUT NEW FASHIONS

MIDSUMMER arrives with Summer colors, golden yellows, warm reds, cool blues and soft greens, with its light, sheer fabrics, its embroideries, its laces and its frills, and never were we more glad to welcome it.

The sombreness of our Spring, combining at the same time the most unheard of and constant inclemency in the weather and a certain oppression directly due to our entrance into the war were responsible for a certain dullness in the National life, a certain lack of interest in social events and an apathy toward everything not directly connected with the business of war.

This fact prolonged the style phases of the Winter and the usual brilliant interpretation of Spring in coloring and spirit has been more or less neglected. After all, dress, when rightly understood, must be appropriate, both to the epoch in which we live, to the season and to the weather. The latter has been very difficult this year because leaden skies are not compatible with the joyousness of Spring.

After the weather is considered, then it is the environment, the time of day and the occasion which dictate what should be worn by the woman of good taste.

The sense of appropriateness, which is only another name for good taste, is to my mind the essential quality necessary in meeting the demands of fashion. One may have ever so beautiful a gown but if it is worn on an occasion for which it is too ornate or on the other hand should it be too informal for a certain function, it loses its significance.

What fits one country and one era will be ridiculous in another. The great ladies of the eighteenth century possessed the ravishing art of beautifying themselves in powder and patches and brocades which would be out of the question in our practical 1917. Much later in the nineteenth century many of us can remember the exaggerated bustles and later the gigantic sleeves which make of old photographs a matter for uncontrolled mirth.

We return to what is the vital thing for the woman of to-day. As we have said, Spring this year, was neglected, we have passed through a moment of forced *tristesse* and now is the time for reaction.

This reaction comes, happily, in the full-fledged Summer time, the season of colors, the time when blue skies, golden beaches, green hillsides and dancing waters call to all those who have a spark of the joy of life to come and enjoy themselves. For this Summer time all should be of color and warmth and life, of birds

and flowers and perfumes. Gowns, blouses, wraps and hats should be developed in glowing shades and striking effects throwing their note of vivacity in answer to that of the landscape and the sunshine. To those who understand them, colors have life, they are like fairies, with magic wands, touching those who wear them and transforming their mood.

Sports clothes, while supposedly dedicated to the indulgence in outdoor games, seem to have been primarily introduced for the exploiting of the color sense.

ward personality, expressed in the manner of our raiment. The prestige of Fashion must not be shaken, it is too much a National institution and the arteries of its business spread into all the phases of life. The grande dame who must have her important gown in time for a certain social occasion is dependent on the salaried worker who carries out the instructions and designs of the great *couturière*.

This does not mean that the note of simplicity should be defied, its extreme is decidedly in rapport with

parent tissues in white or the more neutral colors, contrasting them with those which are more laughing and violent.

Lines will be supple and lend themselves to the inflections of the body so as to give as far as possible the idea of the corsetless figure. This normal silhouette, free and graceful, which gives ease of movement, assures at the same time a poise which permits of the wearing of all gowns with an equal success.

Femininity again prevails in the styles and the spirit of triumphant freshness as well as simplicity is expressed in gingham, voiles of cotton and silk, crêpe de chine, georgettes, shantung, linens and organdies, in which laces are introduced, ruffles and flounces appear, embroideries embellish and everything combines to attain the definite and alluring effect desired for the hot days of mid-Summer.

Jersey, alone, of woolen fabrics continues to rival the sheer muslins and lighter silks by the sea and the mountains, because of its lightness, its suppleness and its natural weave, which permits the air to pass through it. Yet it has a certain soft warmth which renders it invaluable against the surprises of temperature. It, too, better than anything else, expresses the ease and comfort of the sports idea and nothing is too brilliant for it in the way of color.

In sympathy with the gay effect of costume, flowers have appeared on the Summer's hats, they are symbols of hope and happiness and should be welcomed as another expression of the triumphant mood. Let them blossom in all their charm and may they give a hint of the joy of life to the head and heart beneath.

Two sports costumes are shown, one is of gray-green Jersey, a coat suit informally tailored, with little cape effect, surplined at the back. The skirt, slim and narrow, has a bias seam.

The other, a one-piece frock, rather serious for a sports costume, but made on these lines, brilliantly features a red, white and blue scheme, but it is not an effort to be military, nor yet an appeal to patriotism, it is merely an instance of how charming and suitable it is possible for this combination to be made.

Navy blue faille forms the body of the frock, blouse and skirt are quite full, with belt, applied side panels, cuffs and scarf collar of white satin on which appear braid loops and button trimmings of red, the collar being also lined with red.



Two sport costumes—one a coat suit informally tailored—the other a one piece frock, both by Faibisy

Flamboyant colors are out of place, walking sedately down Fifth Ave., they are incompatible with city life and the thought of serious things, but for vacation days they meet the mood of everyone.

There has been some prediction that styles would be sombre to be in sympathy with the seriousness of National affairs. To me this is preparing for defeat. Let us express the spirit of the flags, waving on Fifth Avenue, the confidence of victory, the triumph of peace, not only in our secret hearts but in our out-

ward personality, expressed in the manner of our raiment. The greatness of the preoccupations of the country and the sacrifices which will confront so many. But simplicity does not imply the renunciation of elegance nor incompatibility with the signature of an artist.

The chemise frock expresses this idea, it is extreme simplicity in line and yet in its combination of fabric, color and ornament, it may be the successful gown. It is particularly adopted to the less heavy fabrics of the warm season and to the use of laces, chiffons and charming trans-

Faibisy



The Exquisite Finale of Milady's Art de Toilette

The last essential detail of the rejuvenating process that weaves about the beauty bath—at home, seaside or mountain—

BABCOCK'S CORYLOPSIS OF JAPAN TALC POWDER

A perfect blending of pure, cooling talc and alluring fragrance. Meeting every requirement of physical nicety in its suave smoothness and impalpable fineness. And emphasizing the cool comfort of sheer summer lingerie.

Look for the name BABCOCK and luxuriate in the inimitable fragrance that distinguishes the original and only genuine Corylopsis of Japan Talcum from all imitations.

Annette Kellerman, the "Diving Venus" and star of the great New York Hippodrome Spectacle, writes:

"I find BABCOCK'S Corylopsis of Japan invaluable for keeping the skin soft and smooth, despite the frequent baths that are a part of my professional work. The Hippodrome 'Mermaids consider their cosmetic equipment incomplete without BABCOCK'S'."

Ten cents in stamps brings sample assortment of BABCOCK'S Corylopsis of Japan Talcum, Face Powder and Perfume. Also trial sizes of two new BABCOCK odor-achievements—"Violet Elice" and "Cut Roses" Talcums, and a diminutive phial of "Cut Roses" Perfume.

A. P. BABCOCK CO., 111 West 14th St., New York

Posed by
Annette Kellerman
Famous Diving Venus

Mermaids
posed by
Hazel Hupp
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Summer Styles

On beach or pier, the sleeveless bathing costume—at dance or dinner, the décolleté with shoulder straps or lacey quarter sleeves—both suggest the need of using

Evans's Depilatory

This powder frees the skin temporarily from superfluous hair—and does it without risk. There is no safe way to remove hair permanently.

50c for complete, convenient outfit for application. Money back if you want it, without question. At drug- or department-stores—or send us 50c with your dealer's name and address.

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Lift Corns Out with Fingers



A few drops of Freezone applied directly upon a tender, aching corn stops the soreness at once and soon the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off with the fingers without even a twinge of pain.

Freezone

Removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Does not irritate or inflame the surrounding skin or tissue. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a small bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the U. S. or Canada

THE EDWARD WESLEY CO., Cincinnati, Ohio

THE EMPIRE STATE ENGRAVING COMPANY

165 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK

TELEPHONE 3880 BEEKMAN

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(Continued from page 42)

ivory buttons that closed the front and weighted the deep sailor collar at the edge of the waist in the back. A very beautiful silver fox pelt covered Miss Cowl's shoulders and completed an effect only to be described as devastating.

And now for the Newport frocks. For Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont pre-eminent among a dozen others, was a semi-tailored creation as smart as mustard and of that lively color subdued to a soft, becoming golden tan by a discreet use of black net. Mustard-colored Yosan was chosen for the foundation of this handsome frock, and great slenderness was achieved in the arrangements of a panelled tunic of black net braided in long lines done in narrow black soutache. A full-length fitted coat that was cut with artistic cunning was also of the net and was closely braided all over the front and back with the net left plain on the hips giving a look of amazing slenderness to the wearer. A lovely maize parasol with braiding to match that of the costume goes with this frock which has clasps of jet and topaz to close the front of the braided coat.

Another frock for Mrs. Belmont was of handkerchief lawn in a beautiful tone of the vapor blue that is so gracious to coloring like hers. A narrow design of hand-embroidered knots and dashes formed squares of white to a depth of ten or twelve inches from the hem, of the full round skirt and touches of the same embroidery showed upon the sleeves and the smart sailor collar, severe little bows of vapor blue ribbon with white picots were set stiffly down the front of the bodice and were lost under a wide crushed belt of soft white suède.

What with the shark scare of last season and this year's hints of mines and submarines in the bathing zones, it is surprising to note the smartness of the swimming costumes that are part of all Summer wardrobes.

Gay stripes and bold plaid designs are seen in the newest models which invariably show skirts—no matter if brief ones, still skirts. The mannish one-piece effects which startled Bailey's Beach at the end of last year will be rigorously taboo as fatally lacking in smartness this Summer. Heavy silk—khaki kool in a waterproofed quality, and the ever popular variants of natural and dyed habitui are strong favorites although the heavier weaves of taffetas and satin still hold their own.

A very pretty swimming costume designed for the younger Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt shows a tunic and

bodice in one-piece effect of dark blue silk with geometric designs in a clear lighter shade. A sailor collar of the figured silk has a knotted tie of plain turquoise blue, and the coquettish hat—a wide-brimmed "flat" of turquoise blue has ties of the same color. Tights of dark blue and turquoise-laced boots finish this model. Numbers of smart young women are going in for bathing suits of white this Summer—heavy taffeta braided in the new woolen soutaches that are guaranteed not to shrink or change color, and give one the mild excitement of proving whether or not the handsome but frightfully expensive costumes are really going to retain their shape and color or whether they will pucker and fade as have braid-trimmed water frocks of other years.

And, of course, no Summer outfit is complete without at least one aviation costume. These vary in



Photo Sarony

Miss Jane Cowl, star and co-author of "Lilac Time" chooses silver fox—costliest of furs—for summer wear.

fabric according to the ideas of the wearer.

Very chic effects similar in cut and material to the cross-saddle riding habit show breeches and jacket of homespun or cheviot with a heavy sweater and knitted leggings and cap with ear protectors.

Without doubt, the leather aviation suit is the choice of most fair flyers and all the smart shops are showing these in wonderful combinations. I cannot contemplate the effect Eleanor Sears is likely to have upon the inhabitants of Mars or any other planet to which she may fly in a suit shown here before being sent to her in California. Khaki-colored buckskin and blue-glazed leather form the coat and breeches of this flying suit.

HOTEL LENOX BOSTON

BOSTON'S SMARTEST HOSTELRY

Reflecting in every phase of its distinctive service your idea of what a good hotel should be.

Convenient to everywhere

Single Room with bath \$2.50 up
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"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

keeps you fresh and dainty

and free from embarrassment because it takes all the odor out of perspiration. "Mum" won't harm your skin or stain your clothes.

25c—at drug- and department-stores.

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THIS scientific treatment removes the craving for liquor and drugs and renews health and earning power. Administered by specially trained physicians without confinement or nausea. Thousands of successful cases during 36 years. Endorsement of leading Americans is your assurance. Both sexes treated.

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MISS GRACE VALENTINE in her Georgette Crepe "BLACKSHIRE" GOWN made by THE HOUSE OF BLACK. The Georgette Crepe is TATELEC TREATED for water and spot proofing. Gowns made of Tatelec Treated Fabrics may be seen at GIDDINGS, Fifth Avenue, New York. Miss Valentine reports on Tatelec as follows:

Gentlemen:

You have asked my opinion and here it is:

The Tatelec process is wonderful—more wonderful than you say. My dress made from the Georgette Crêpe which you treated is apparently like all other Georgette Crêpe in every respect, yet it sheds water like glass and is positively spot-proof.

If anything could be more wonderful than making water run off Georgette instead of running through, without in any degree closing up its mesh, I want to know what it is.

Believe me

Sincerely yours,

GRACE VALENTINE.

*She doesn't care if it rains
-or if the waiter overturns the carafe!*

TATELEC

TRADE MARK

WATERPROOFING TREATMENT

IT may sound impossible to waterproof so delicate and open a fabric as Georgette Crêpe without filling up its pores—but you can see it for yourself at Giddings or any other shop that sells apparel made of Tatelec Treated fabrics.

Tatelec Treatment suspends the force of capillary attraction in a fabric—makes it non-absorbent and causes it to shed water as if it were so much mercury. You can blow smoke through Tatelec treated Georgette as freely as through untreated Georgette—yet water will not pass through.

But most marvelous thing of all—Tatelec Treatment makes no visible change in the

fabric. In color, feel, weight, softness and porosity, Tatelec Treated fabrics are indistinguishable from untreated fabrics.

Tatelec Treatment adds to the wearing quality of a fabric, prevents spotting and staining, makes the gown perspiration proof and is the only waterproofing treatment that permits dry cleaning.

Write for names of stores showing Dress and Sport Clothes made of Tatelec Treated fabrics.

Manufacturers and merchants interested should obtain full particulars at once from Apparel Manager.

TATE ELECTRO WATERPROOFING CORPORATION
318 West 39th Street, New York City

TATE ELECTROLYTIC WATER-PROOFING PROCESSES, Ltd.
Jacobs Building, Montreal, Canada



PLACE a sample of Tatelec Treated Georgette over a glass and pour some water over it. The water will not pass through. Samples of Tatelec Treated Georgette and other fabrics will be sent upon request.



Photo Campbell Studios

MRS. VERNON CASTLE,

America's best dressed woman has selected Faibisy, the well known New York Couturi`re, to solve her clothes problems for Spring and Summer

♦ **Faibisy** ♦
IMPORTER
GOWNS
665 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

WHY ANGELINA SMILED



BUT ANGELINA," said Edwin, offering that old moth-eaten argument, "never mind if you don't love me enough yet. Marry me and that will come after." Men are confident aren't they?

"Don't bother me now," said Angelina impatiently. "The *hors d'oeuvres* are too delicious."

"But I must bother you. If I go to France...."

Edwin made an intense, sweeping gesture. Crash went the water bottle! Drenchingly—all over Angelina's new Georgette frock, a wonderful frock of chiffon and velvet and a bit of fur trimming, a frock that had gone to Edwin's head the minute Angelina came into the restaurant.

What a start to a happy evening! What ruin spelled not only to a lovely frock, but to capturing "the loveliest girl" inside it!

"I've ruined your frock," moaned Edwin, springing to Angelina's assistance. Really he meant, "I've ruined my life." The waiter rushed up with an extra napkin.

* * *

Yet extraordinary! Angelina smiled. Not the forced smile of politeness, as if someone were pulling it back by the lobes of the ears, but a real honest-to-goodness smile.

"You poor dear," said Angelina. "Don't look so downcast. We'll pretend it's a beach party and I'm having supper after my dip."

"But your lovely frock. It's ruined," Edwin kept on repeating distressfully.

"No it isn't," said Angelina. "If you'll only stop dancing around in that excited manner and use your eyes a minute you can see for yourself that it isn't."

Edwin stared. Sure enough! Miracle! No trace of the water was visible on Angelina's frock. Not even a spot! She sat there as crisp and fresh as before the dreadful accident.

"Do go and sit down," she said, "and I'll tell you the secret. Why I am able to smile instead of wanting to put a dagger through your heart." Dramatic pause. "Well, then, the dress is made of the new waterproofed Georgette!"

"Waterproofed?" said Edwin suspiciously. "I didn't know they could waterproof anything so delicate as chiffon."

"Lots of people don't," explained Angelina. "It's a new process. Done by electricity and chemicals. Promise to eat your dinner like a good child and I'll tell you all about it."

"Promise," said Edwin.

* * *

"In the first place, then," began Angelina, "it's called the Tatelec Treatment. Tate, you see, because of the clever Canadian who invented it. Men are really most useful sometimes," she added teasingly.

"Father took mother and me to see the Tatelec plant last month. You know it's not only Georgette they treat but practically everything, silk,

woolen, cotton, corduroy, canvas. Father went to see about sails for his boat. One of the Tatelec specialties is waterproofing canvas for sails and tents, and making it proof against mildew as well. We saw some cloth put on the big rollers and come off with the chemical solution, that makes it impervious to water, punched into by the electricity. It's all done so quickly that none of the gloss on the material is lost in the operation.

* * *

"Mr. Tate showed us some untreated corduroy that became soaking wet in an instant when water was poured on it. And then alongside of that the Tatelec waterproofed corduroy from which the water ran off like drops of mercury, just as it does from my dress. We saw bags of waterproofed material in which water had been standing for weeks without going through. But what was really perfectly marvellous was the way very open-meshed stuffs such as cotton and even bobinette—that's like an extremely coarse cheesecloth—would actually hold the water. Mother and I say we don't see why after this women should wear any clothes that haven't been treated with the Tatelec waterproofing.

"Oh, yes! And it makes a garment not only proof against spotting by water, but by grease. That is, though the grease may make a slight stain on the surface temporarily it can't get into the fibres: so that either the dry cleaner or you yourself can take the spot out in a jiffy and the garment will look just like new again. Next time you can have the waiter pour a plate of soup into my lap and I'll show you. Really, isn't it wonderful? Wouldn't your Mr. H. G. Wells, who is searching for progressive things, *just love* the process?"

* * *

And so he would. And so did Edwin, entirely impressed, and swearing solemnly to have his golf-suit waterproofed at once. As who wouldn't? Thanks to the genius that had invented the waterproofing treatment it had turned out after all to be "the end of a perfect day."

And in case you don't "believe in fairies," and don't think this is a perfectly true story, J. M. Gidding have at this very minute on exhibition just such a waterproofed chiffon frock—made by the House of Black—as the one Angelina was wearing, a wonderful frock of Georgette and velvet and a bit of fur trimming, which is later to adorn the lovely little Miss Grace Valentine. And you can go to the Gidding Shop and see it with your very own eyes.

After which your next chiffon or silk frock, I warrant, will be Tatelec waterproofed, proof against the clumsiness of your own particular Edwin, or a soulless waiter, or a dinner-hour downpour with not a taxicab to be had anywhere.

ANNE ARCHBALD.

Kitty Gordon says:

"The sea breeze
and my Romelink
Hammock make
life worth while."

Kitty Gordon



ROMELINK Swinging Couches

THE foremost celebrities of theatrical life endorse the Romelink Swinging Couch—not in the capacity of famous actresses—but as women whose homes are the reflection of their own artistic taste and refinement.

In the *Romelink*, they have found a new and luxurious piece of Summer furniture—a couch hammock of perfect comfort and of colorful charm and beauty.

NEW YORK COUCH BED COMPANY

Richly upholstered in flowered cretonnes and in solid tone materials, its thick soft mattress and deep cushions strike the same decorative note as the other furnishings of charming summer homes.

Ask today—to see the Romelinks now being displayed at the leading department, housefurnishing and sporting goods stores of your city.

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The Roof Garden

(for Dinner)

and

Japanese Garden

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RITZ-CARLTON

New York

are the accepted meeting places of
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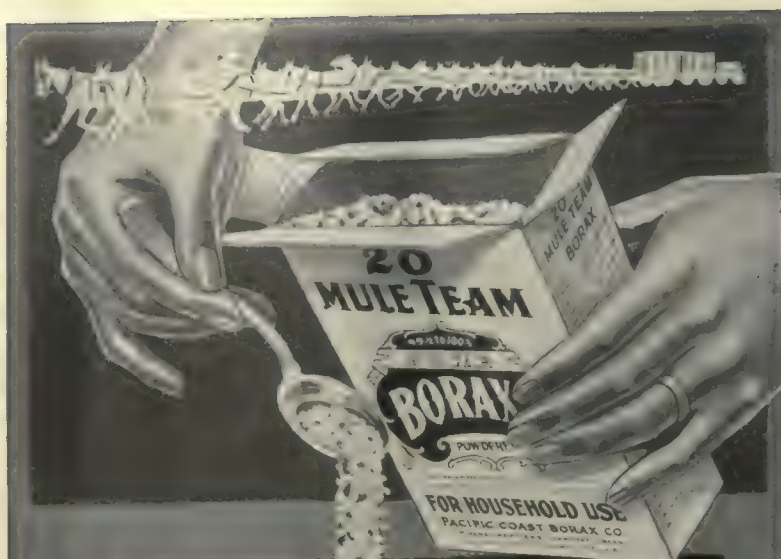
THE VALUE OF PRACTICALLY EVERY ARTICLE
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For the Toilette

SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But

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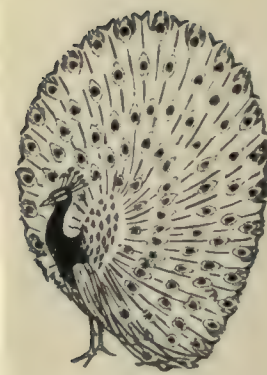
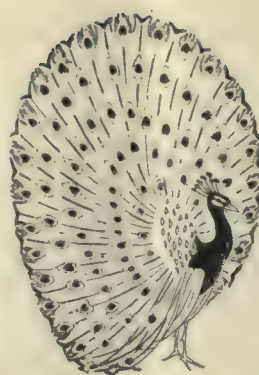
is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.

You will find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.

All Dealers sell
20 MULE TEAM BORAX

For the
Bath



FEATHERS FROM PEACOCK ALLEY

IN former years a woman's first gray hair was supposed to be the initial downward step on the path to old age. A tragedy! And as such even thought worthy of immortalization by a famous French author in a short story which perhaps you may remember. To-day we either don't bother about the gray hair, plenty of young and lovely women having whole heads of them, or we doctor them and skilfully cover them up. It means nothing in our young lives. What we do or should regard seriously as the first real indication of growing old is the terribly tell-tale double chin and sagging cheek muscles. They are as indicative of age as the rings on the trunk of a tree. All else about you may be fresh and fair, eyes, skin, hair, but if your under-chin is stringy or is super-plump you are betrayed. That is something that can't be covered up. It can only be eradicated, or, far better yet, taken in time and prevented. For it can be. How often do you see the actress, that living exponent of youth, with a double chin?

Madame Rubinstein, the beauty specialist, is one of the few in this profession who realize the importance of preserving the contours of the face. She has given it special attention and worked out in her laboratory several preparations for taking care of this particular tragedy of the years. For toning up the skin, making and keeping it firm, for preventative treatment in short, Madame Rubinstein has the Valaze Roman Jelly, a fragrant pinkish substance, to be patted into the skin, which "irons" out the face. If your under chin is in a bad way, if there are lines around your mouth and ears, and you want to obtain really excellent results, you should use with the Roman Jelly, the Valaze Georgine Lactée. And if you are still further steeped in sin, there is a stronger lotion yet with more astringent properties for reducing a double chin.



"Behind the beyond" in the dressing-room of a well-known actress I saw a new corset lately, which appealed to me very much. It evidently appealed quite as much to the actress who was wearing it and who told me how she came to be doing so. The Lily of France people, she

said, had designed the corset originally for actresses for sport wear, giving it the name of "the theatrical sport corset." Actresses took it up and having found that it gave them such freedom of movement, combined, of course, with enough support and retention of the figure, are now adopting it enthusiastically for their stage work, and indeed wearing it right along.

The corset in question is made of an openwork fabric that, though firm, is very cool and light. It comes just to the waist line in front and is so constructed as to be a little higher in the back than in the front, which takes care of any of the extra flesh that sometimes likes to assert its independence over the top of a straight waist line corset. A rubber waist band hugs the figure tightly in front and an interval of the fabric between that and the back rubber gives an added firmness. The corset comes in two lengths and naturally in pink or flesh color. The day of the white corset, if not past, is temporarily in eclipse.



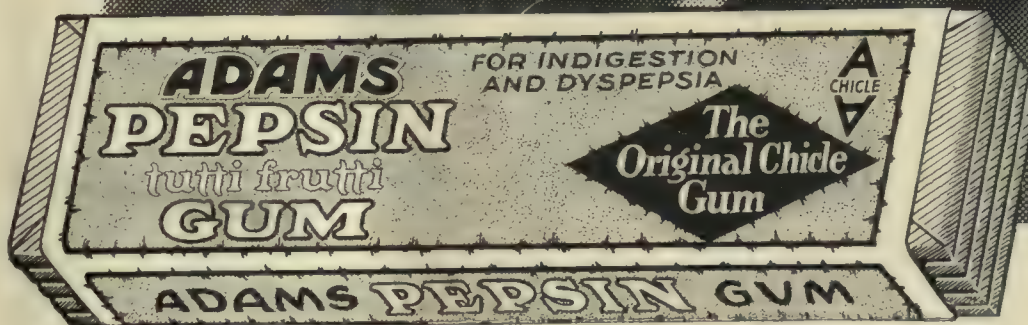
Whatever else the smart New York woman foregoes these days there is one accessory to a costume that she finds indispensable, and that is a rain-or-shine umbrella. With the transplanted and uncertain climate that we have been having, shine at one end of the day, rain at the other, the *entout cas* is artistically necessary. You can't spoil the picture of your light frock by carrying a dark umbrella and yet you must have with you protection for a sudden shower.

A well-known firm have made up for this season some extraordinarily effective styles in these parasol umbrellas which they call "the Ascot rain-or-shine," and if you inquire for these when shopping you can be sure of getting something smart and of splendid make and value.

Particularly good are their plaid silk "rain-or-shines" (an actress I know chose a black and white one that it might go with many costumes), or the plain colors with a contrasting border of fine lines, a feature of both being the white bone or amber-tipped ribs, the handles and the bottoms of the sticks.

A. A.

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SCOTMINTS

THE ROAD

(Continued from page 26)

to understand a very subtle play, and this class does not exist in numbers outside of the cities. However, when one considers that the large majority of city audiences is made up of out-of-town visitors one will realize the audiences are just the same the country over.

There is one element of the road that is always a surprise to the confirmed city dweller and that is the very clever people who act there, and never get a chance to play before metropolitan audiences. Why these people do not become recognized outside of the small cities has always been a question. Lack of courage is often the stumbling block, while often those who have the courage to try to get work from one of the big producers have not the money to wait till their chance arrives.

I CAN remember going into a Toledo theatre over five years ago and watching a Tuesday matinee of the stock company. There was a girl in the case who was wonderfully talented. After I left the city I wondered why she had not gone beyond stock work, and wished that I had visited her. I thought of that girl many times in five years, and this season she arrived on Broadway—arrived to be hailed as a great actress.

When I met Miss Fay Bainter—she is the girl to whom I refer—I asked her why she had been so slow in getting into New York.

"Slow?" Miss Bainter answered me. "Well the only reason I was not here years ago is because they would not have me."

After all is said and done it is the road that gives an actor or actress the greatest inspiration for work. On the road one has to work hard, and one has to develop character or else lose out. Hardships are not infrequent, luxury, especially for the younger actor, is almost unknown. Playing always in a fine theatre in a big city one gets softened, and a season or two on the road makes one realize more keenly that success is something to be worked for—something to appreciate—something that only comes after one has made the stupendous effort.

The road is one of the biggest things in the life of the theatre profession.

ACTORS WHO HAVE "COME ACROSS"

(Continued from page 38)

and nephew of Albert Vickers, inventor of the Vickers gun. News of his death came with a shock to a great number of musical friends in America.

Like the actors the musicians have been prompt to obey the call to arms. The slight limp which Fritz Kreisler brought back with him from the field won him even louder salvos of applause than did his exquisite playing, and there are left in camp many musicians of almost equal note. In connection with one of these, Julius Harrison, a particularly modern story is told adaptable only to war time. It is this: he flew over in a biplane last October from his station in France, reached London in time to conduct a grand opera in Covent Garden and after the performance flew back again.

Canada has given even more of her theatrical quota to the war. It would have been impossible for an acknowledged favorite to have kept on playing up there, so tremendous was the martial spirit and so unencouraging was the feeling towards those men who fell under the denomination of slackers. But it had no weight with the Canadian actor

who put off the grease paint as soon as ever he could be enlisted. In Toronto, which is a good summer town, there has been no stock company since the beginning of the war. A reason for this was the lack of leading men who had transformed themselves into fighting men.

In our own United States there will be no distinction made in the Army of Conscription between legitimate and vaudeville actor just as there has been none when enlistment was still voluntary. All the arts connected with the stage have produced volunteers; singers, pianists as well as actors have shown eagerness for the adventure and the ships that have taken men over were provided with entertainment by enlisted men who were professional actors, although perhaps not as yet very widely known. They will be better actors when they return, as we pray they all may, for the experience cannot fail to broaden their art.



STAGE DEGENERACY

(Continued from page 34)

mass of hair that ripples down between her shoulders like a golden waterfall. Miss Weber is a fair-haired little actress at once a joy and a delight. The contrasting dark hair and eyes and angelic figure of Miss Harland complete the charms of a group of artists."

Perhaps the bitterest attack made upon the "blondes" was from the pen of a woman, Olive Logan, herself an actress, writer and playwright. In an article in one of the magazines of the time she wrote: "After 'The Crook,' came the burlesquers, whose chief piquancy was derived from the fact that the women who performed in it talked slang and sang coarse songs. At first they were modest, in some degree, but as time passed on they grew brazen and saucy, leered at the men in the boxes, and generally exhibited a disrespectful regard for the audience, or what it might think of them. The echo of their success reached English shores and an army of burlesque women took ship for America, and presently the New York stage presented one disgraceful spectacle of padded legs jiggling and wriggling in the insensate follies and indecencies of the hour."

It was not alone in this city that they were thus attacked. When they went upon tour they were assailed by a hostile press in other cities.

NOTWITHSTANDING these attacks, Miss Thompson and her company became favorites and for some years were welcome visitors. Miss Harland withdrew from the company shortly after their first appearance, and later on, dissensions arising, both the Misses Weber and Markham withdrew. Beckett formed a company of his own in an endeavor to rival Miss Thompson's, but met with failure. An entire new organization with Miss Thompson still at its head came into existence and toured the country with varying fortunes until this style of entertainment ceased to attract. Among the people Miss Thompson introduced here were Eliza Weathersby, Rose Massey, Lina Edwin, Alice Atherton and Willie Edouin. Of the original company that appeared in New York in '68, but one I believe is still alive. Miss Harland after her retirement from the company married a well-known writer and authority on the stage, and is residing in New York. The others have long since joined the great majority and the good fortune that smiled upon them on their first appearance here failed to remain with them when it came time for them to make their final appearance upon the world's stage.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

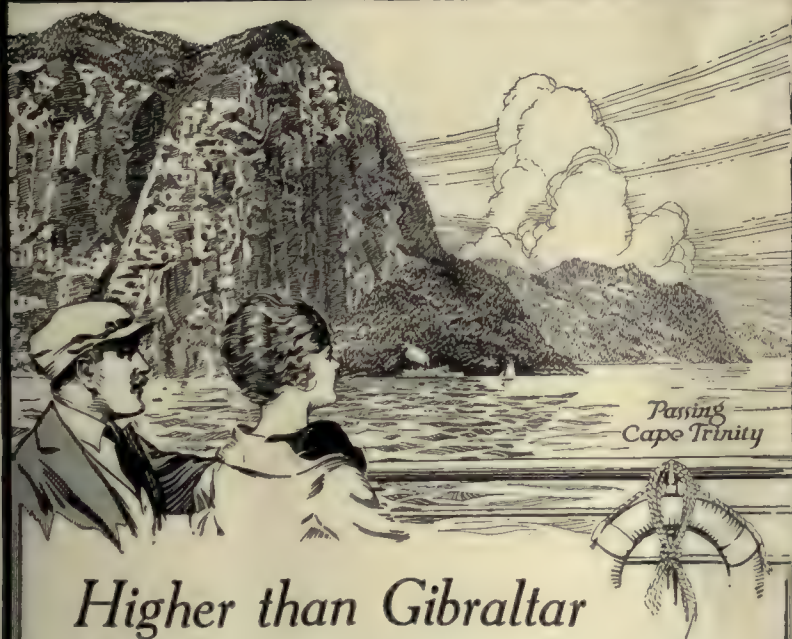
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TAKING CHARLIE SERIOUSLY

(Continued from page 12)

when he made up like a Hobo Romeo, drawing a line between the absurd and the tragic so delicately that you laugh at him with tears in your eyes. A romantic clown! A tramp with a tragic past! The thing is excruciating; it is Cyrano de Bergerac wrong side about. Charlie borrowed heavily from Pierrot. He can be languishing; he can be stricken, love-sick, dumbly forlorn. He is an artist because he can lead an audience unerringly from hoots of laughter into silence and to tears. He accomplished it in "The Tramp," one of his most uproarious comedies. In the last "fade-out" he stood at the top of a hill. Behind him lay a tramp's short dream of love and home, before him lay the long, white road. He did not show his face, but by the droop of his shoulders, his dumb immobility, his whole, discouraged and disheartened, sagging head, hands and knees, he gave the tramp's little tragedy. He stood a moment—and it was as daring a moment as any of Mrs. Fiske's back-stage expedients—forlorn and pitiful. Then courage came again; he straightened, swung his absurd cane, flourished his elbows, kicked up his sore heels and trotted briskly away into the face of the setting sun.

IT was not a chance effect, for he squeezed tears out of the mad hilarity of "At the Bank" and "Easy Street." He has a trick of looking morose; his eyes are heavy, he sighs, and does the most side-splitting things lugubriously. Who could ever forget his weariness when he plodded down the moving staircase in "The Floor Walker"? Unlike Max Linder, who sparkles all the time, Charlie's smiles are rare. It breaks up the settled sadness of his face only once or twice during a picture, but it always "gets" you, as he intends it to do. He is wistful—if Barrie will pardon me—I shall spare you "whimsical" for him; he is too vulgar for that.

NO end, vulgar—you are right. A little bounder. Personally I prefer downright little bounders to male vampires, but that is a matter of taste. He would have made Queen Elizabeth slap her royal knees with glee. Ben Jonson would have hiccupped with laughter. Shakespeare would have immortalized him. Vulgar? I should say! He gorges his wine and sits on pins; he kisses largely and loudly; he is kicked in the seat of his pants and kicks other people in the seat of theirs; he falls through doors and up stairs; he puts his thumb to the tip of his nose and wiggles his fingers (but so did the nymphs in "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune"). He wallows in dough and slithers in custard pies and is half-drowned at the nozzle of a hose; he holds babies on his knee and looks uneasy; he scratches fleas, slaps policemen, gets drunk, falls into sewers and embraces cooks; he is as agile as a fly and as supple as an octopus; he is an artist and some day he will be a legend.

Queen Bess would have had no scruples, "horse the tape that binds my girth," she would have said, "I must laugh my fill. Charlie is a rare rogue!"

They were all vulgar in those days, and we teach their vulgarity in our public schools. Remember that....

Mrs. Nexdore: "My daughter plays the piano. Perhaps you've heard her?"

Mrs. Newcome (with great self-restraint): "I've heard the piano."

Mrs. Nexdore: "Yes, my daughter Mary is very musical."

Mrs. Newcome: "Ah! You have two daughters then?"

Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

W. L. G., Buffalo, N. Y.—Q.—Have pictures of any of the following players appeared in THE THEATRE: Laura Cowie, W. Lawson Butt, Elsie MacKay (other than the June issue)? State prices of numbers.

A.—A small picture of Laura Cowie appeared in our May, 1915, issue (price 40c.). We have never published an individual picture of Lawson Butt. There is a full-page of Elsie MacKay in our February, 1915, number (40c.), and a small picture in January, 1916 (35c.).

E. K., New York.—Q.—Where can I obtain the dramatized version of "Peter Ibbetson"? 2.—When was THE THEATRE MAGAZINE first published?

A.—Communicate with Messrs. Shubert, 225 West 44th Street, New York City. 2. May, 1901.

M. S. Moore, Columbia, S. C.—Q.—Kindly publish the casts of "Erstwhile Susan," "Major Barbara" and "The Great Lover."

A.—The cast of "Erstwhile Susan" was: Barnaby Dreary, John Cope; Jacob Dreary, Robert Stowe Gill; Emanuel Dreary, Owen Meech; Abel Buchter, John Daly Murphy; David Jordan, Edward Robins; Robert Marsh, Hugh Chilvers; Ansalom Puntz, Harry Cowley; Juliet Miller, Mrs. Fiske; Barnabette, Madeline Delmar; Ramah Schwenkfelders, Wylda Millison; Mrs. Winthrop, Anite Clarendon; Alice Meredith, Anna Faystone; Helen Meredith, Julia Chippendale; Joseph Yoder, Samuel Aidenfelder; Abraham Wackernagel, Henry B. Fogler; Em. Wackernagel, Maude Longnecker; Jennie Getz, Marie Sasee. 2. The following is the cast of "Major Barbara": Stephen Undershaft, Clarence Derwent; Lady Britomart, Charlotte Granville; Morrison, G. Guthrie McClintic; Barbara, Grace George; Sarah, Norah Lamson; Adolphus Cusins, Ernest Lawford; Charles Lomax, John Cromwell; Andrew Undershaft, Louis Calvert; Rummy, Mitchens; Margaret Calvert; Snobby Price, Arthur Eldred; Jenny Hill, Mary Nash; Peter Shirley, Richmond Clarke; Bill Walker, Conway Tearle; Mrs. Baines, Josephine Lovett; Bilton, Paul Bliss. 3. The cast of "The Great Lover" was: Mr. Stapleton, Lee Millar; Maestra Cereale, William Ricciardi; Dr. Mueller, M. D. Shatts; Farnald, Julian Little; Ward, Frederick Macklyn; Kartag, George E. Romain; Carl Losseck, Alfred Kappler; Sparapani, Antonio Salerno; Jean Paurel, Leo Ditrichstein; Carlo Sonino, Malcolm Fassett; Posansky, Alexis H. Polianov; Mme. Treller Beinbrich, Anna McNaughton; Giulia Sabittini, Beverly Sitgreaves; Ethel Warren, Virginia Fox Brooks; Bianca Sonino, Camilla Dalberg; Mrs. Peter Van Ness, Cora Witherspoon; Mrs. Fred Schuyler, Madeleine Durand; Bertie Barnes, Leslie Ryecroft; Dr. Stetson, Arthur Lewis.

M. C., Philadelphia.—Q.—Kindly give some account of Maude Adams' career.

A.—Maude Adams was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. She made her first appearance on the stage as a baby in arms at the age of nine months in "The Lost Child." Made her first New York appearance at the Star Theatre, September 17, 1888, in "The Paymaster," later appearing at the Grand Opera House in "The Highest Bidder." On March 5, 1889, she played in "A Midnight Bell" at the Bijou, and after appearing in "All the Comforts of Home," "Men and Women," and "The Lost Paradise," she was engaged as leading lady with John Drew at Palmer's Theatre. In 1892, she made a great hit in "The Masked Ball," and she continued under the management of Charles Frohman until 1897, when she was promoted to stardom, making her first appearance in that capacity in "The Little Minister."

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES
TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 22)

was not without merit. Of course, as the dog days creep upon us no one expects a masterpiece. Even the tired business man ceases to be exacting.

There's plenty of fun making. The unconventional spectacle of Raymond Hitchcock seated in the front row of the orchestra, greeting many of the first nighters by their first names, was alone enough to put everyone in good humor.

"Hitchy-Koo," according to the program, is an intimate revue in two acts and nineteen scenes. The program further informs us that as the United States is now at war and lavish expenditures are not only in bad taste but contrary to public policy, Messrs. Hitchcock and Goetz are striving after artistic simplicity instead of the extravagance which usually characterizes Broadway musical entertainments. All of which, I opine, is most commendable.

I did not note, however, any great economy in the way artists have been selected for this new revue. As a matter of fact, the list of entertainers contains some of the highest salaried people of the local stage. But as Mr. Hitchcock elegantly puts it, "economy in the direction of the help is as much to be condemned as needless extravagance for costumes and scenery."

The first act is by far the best, and no doubt after some pruning the second act can be made just as effective. Raymond Hitchcock had one good song, "Since I Became a Manager," and assisted by Leon Errol caused gales of laughter in an extremely funny scene called "A Photograph Gallery."

Those warm local favorites, William Rock and Frances White have again proved that they are entitled to their popularity. They have a manner of dancing and singing which is entirely unique and full of charm.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES." Revue in two acts. Book and lyrics by Gene Buck and George V. Hobart; music by Raymond Hubbell and Dave Stamper; patriotic finale by Victor Herbert. Produced on June 12th with this cast:

Shahrazad	Allyn King
Linozad	Peggy Hopkins
Dick Burton	Irving Fisher
John Vanburen	Gus Minton
Grand Vizier	Tom Richards
Joe Doakes	Clay Hill
Patrolman	Malcolm Hicks
Traffic "Cop"	Russell Vokes
A Pedestrian	Peter Ostrander
Rufus Racket	William C. Fields
Willie Love	Walter L. Catlett
Mr. Pelham	Fred Heider
Miss Mamaroneck	May Carmen
Murgatoyd Jones	Bert Williams
Miss Passaturney	Helen Barnes
Teenie	Marion Fairbanks
Weenie	Madeline Fairbanks
Bob	Don Barclay
Abner Jones	Eddie Cantor
Will Rogers	Fanny Brice
Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson	

There are two events that New York always looks forward to—in winter, the reopening of the Metropolitan Opera House; in summer, the "Ziegfeld Follies," and of the two I am not so sure that the "Follies" is not the most appreciated. As long as Flo is on the job, also Joseph Urban, not to mention George V. Hobart, Raymond Hubbell, etc., we need not worry. As to the bevy of pretty girls they live up to the reputation of their predecessors.

This year's "Follies" is as usual a series of tableaux, each one a feast for the eye. Do not ask me to describe what I saw. Go and judge for yourself. But you will enjoy Will Rogers, Bert Williams, Eddie Cantor (a newcomer from the roof to the street), and William C. Fields. Fanny Brice is a scream, and Allyn King is very pretty.

ECHOES OF THE PAST



JOSIE ORTON

LIVING in New York is the last surviving member of the Boston Museum Stock Company of the early 60's—Josie Orton, comedienne par excellence. The late Kate Reynolds, then leading woman, in her "Yesterday with Actors," published in 1887, said of Josie Orton: "Young as she was there was a passion, life and fire in her that filled the stage. Her comedy was pure fun, frank and rollicking, with no artificial touch, while in more serious parts her magnificent black eyes glowed with an expression like that of Rachel." She was versatile, popular with all and possessed a buoyancy of temperament which was infectious, and beloved by the old Lady Vincent, William Warren and even by the supers. When young she married the late Ben Woolf, critic and musician, but kept up her stage work until late in middle life. Josie Orton is pictured here in "Rosedale," one of the popular successes at the Boston Museum and revived there frequently. She joined the stock company in 1860 and associated with her besides those already mentioned were Maggie and Mary Mitchell, Frank Hardenburgh, Sol Smith, William Mestayer, John Wilson, Kate Dunn, and others who rose rapidly to fame. All have passed on with the exception of Maggie Mitchell who played in the company occasionally.

MARION HOWARD.



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"My Own United States" sung by Raymond Dixon and Male Quartet is a welcome return of the most popular number in the light opera, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"; the words are brimming over with love of country. The splendid patriotic song, "We'll Never Let Our Old Flag Fall" is finely sung by Edward Hamilton and Male Quartet. *Adv.*

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WE HAVE BEEN ASKED

so frequently in what issues of The Theatre certain articles, reviews and photographs have appeared, that we give you below contents and covers of the first six issues of 1916, in which you will find many items of interest.

JANUARY. Portraits: of Yvette Guilbert, Leo Ditrichstein, Julia Arthur, Charlotte Walker, Robert B. Mantell, Kitty Gordon and her daughter, Otis Skinner, Antonio Scotti, etc.

Scenes: from "Major Barbara," "His Majesty Bunker Bean," "Son Homme," "Fair and Warmer," "The Great Lover," "The Unchastened Woman," etc.

Articles: Yvette Guilbert in Old Songs, Leo Ditrichstein—Player and Playwright, Is the Stage a Perilous Place for the Young Girl?, by Edith Wynne Matthison and Lillian Russell, Julia Arthur's Return to the Stage, The Woman Who Influenced Wagner, by Archie Bell, etc.



Eleanor Painter

FEBRUARY. Portraits: of Billie Burke, Irene Franklin, Burt Green and their children, Molly Pearson, Ethel Barrymore, Nat Wills, Nazimova, Alice Nielsen, etc.

Scenes: from "Stop, Look, Listen!," "David Garrick," "The Weavers," "Very Good Eddie," "Katinka," "Twin Beds," "Van Der Decken," "Prince Igor," etc.

Articles: The Humor of the Theatrical Interview, by Alan Dale, Trying Out for the Movies, Sixty Years On the Stage, The Painted Heart of an Actress, by William de Wagstaffe, Smartness in Stage Settings, etc.



Billie Burke

MARCH. Portraits: of James K. Hackett, the Russian Ballet, Salvini, Yvonne Garrick, Leo Ornstein, John Philip Sousa, Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, Jane Cowl, Laurette Taylor, etc.

Scenes: from "Any House," "Just a Woman," "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic," "Sybil," "The Cinderella Man," "The Little Minister," "Overtones," "The Pride of Race," "Erstwhile Susan," etc.

Articles: Memories of Salvini, by Robert Underwood Johnson, American Versus English Actors, How Sousa Wrote His Marches, The One Act Play, Is the Stage Emotion Real?, by Jane Cowl, Where Do Dramatists Find Ideas?, by Willis Steel, etc.



Margaret Leslie

APRIL. (Special Shakespeare Number.) Portraits: of Grace George, Frieda Hempel, Gustav Mahler, Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Globe Theatre, Ben Jonson, Swinburne, Forbes-Robertson, Henry Irving, Frank R. Benson, and all the leading portrayals of "Hamlet."

Scenes: from "Macbeth," "Henry VIII," "The Heart of Wexona," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night," "Measure for Measure," "As You Like It," "Much Ado About Nothing," etc.

Articles: William Shakespeare—The Man and the Poet, At Shakespeare's Shrine, by William Winter, The Theatre in Shakespeare's Day, Shakespeare and His Friends, by Otis Skinner, What Did Shakespeare Really Look Like?, by Montrose J. Moses, Composers Whom Shakespeare Inspired, The Enemies of Shakespeare, The Women of Shakespeare, by Ada Patterson, etc.



Edith Wynne Matthison

MAY. Portraits: of Thomas A. Wise, Amelie Rives, Adelaide and Hughes, Frederic and Fanny Hatton, Sir Herbert Tree, Alice Dovey, John Galsworthy, Elsie Ferguson, Emily Stevens, etc.

Scenes: from "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," "The Magical City," "King Henry VIII," "Rio Grande," "Justice," "The Blue Envelope," etc.

Articles: Profanity on the Stage, by Alan Dale, What I Think Is a Good Play, by George C. Tyler, Interviewing a Princess-Playwright, Sir Herbert Tree—England's Actor Knight, What They Would Have Been If They Weren't What They Are, "Justice," A Seer of the Stage, etc.



Ruth St Denis

JUNE. Portraits: of Grace George, Margaret Anglin, Emma Nevada, Robert Edeson's Home, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Arnold Daly, Joseph Urban, Pasquale Amato and his wife, Lyn Harding, Bertha Kalich, etc.

Scenes: from "If I Were King," "A Woman of No Importance," "Grotesques," "The Tempest," "The Boomerang," "Treasure Island," etc.

Articles: My Stage Life and Why It Is Worth While, by Grace George, When Emma Nevada Played Home, by her former manager, Dramatic Critics and Photo Plays, Lyn Harding—a Versatile Actor, What's Wrong With the Movies?, by Bernard Sohl, Manufacturing Stage Laughter, etc.



Kitty Gordon

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NEW DRAMATIC BOOKS

GOOD FRIDAY AND OTHER POEMS. By John Masefield. Macmillan: New York. The short drama of the Crucifixion is written with poetic reverence. It is simply a poetic drama without marked fitness for the stage and perhaps not designed for it. The "other poems" are sonnets with the theme of beauty or the secret held by nature, that which can be found by him who seeks it.

A DAY DREAM IN JAPAN. By Percy Burton. John W. Luce: Boston.

A little play in verse of sixty-three pages. The idea is poetic and harmless, the story recounting how a husband is lured away from a true wife (in a dream) and finds true happiness (on awaking) on his return to her.

MASTER WILL OF STRATFORD. A midwinter night's dream in three acts, with a prologue and an epilogue. By Louise Ayres Garnett. The Macmillan Company: New York.

The play is written with distinct charm, for, while, for the most part, it is a fancy and a dream, with many figures borrowed from Titania's own court and her own subject fairies, the author has caught the trick of a light touch, and her own story of the boy Shakespeare, at twelve, his mother and little Bess, his playmate is of engaging simplicity and a kind of veracity. The Warwickshire dialect of the period of Shakespeare runs throughout and pleases with its quaint intelligibility. The boy, whose kindly nature prompts him to care for wounded dumb things, has found a wounded pheasant on the estate of Sir Thomas Lucy and is charged with poaching. Taken before Queen Elizabeth he is freed because of his courteous wit. That night, by the comforting fireside at home he dreams of Titania—her people, witches, too (the dream acted out), and the little changing that was wanted by both Oberon and Titania. When he wakes he finds the pheasant quill with which he is to write "all the dreams that lap him 'round with shining witchery." The characters that are Louise Garnett's own are as alive as any others in the play.

PLAYS OF THE NATURAL AND THE SUPERNATURAL. By Theodore Dreiser. John Lane: New York. There are seven short plays in the volume, of which two may be described as natural. The author is a man of force. He has a firm grip of everything he has in hand, down to the last detail. When he treats of purely human things he compels admiration. "The Girl in the Coffin" is the secret victim of a labor leader who comes to the home, where in the scene the coffin is always in full view, to have the father go to a meeting which can be controlled by the local leader. The father would kill the betrayer if he knew him. The audience only knows the truth. The last little play is "Old Ragpicker." It concerns a halfwitted creature whose failure in life has driven him mad. The other plays are not supernatural, but unnatural, mixed with science and mysticism, artificial and superficial. They are interesting or at least curious in that the method of the moving picture play is applied. It would be impossible to act them on the stage proper. A bit of a scene or a voice, detached and in widely separated places, are mingled with other scenes the quickness of which only the imagination or the facilities of the camera are capable. Wraiths of the murdered walk through walls, the spirits of the dead and all sorts of mysterious forces participate in human affairs. It is curious, but for

the most part it is piffle—piffle, however, of a very capable mind.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FIVE PLAYS. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

TAUGHT BY MAIL. By Hollis Clark. Published by the author, Bozeman, Mont.

HOW TO PRODUCE AMATEUR PLAYS. By Barrett H. Clark. Illustrated. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

FIFTY-ONE TALES. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company.

COMEDIES OF WORDS AND OTHER PLAYS. By Arthur Schnitzler. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

PORTMANTEAU PLAYS. By Stuart Walker. Illustrated. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

A PATRIOTIC LUNCH

THE McAlpin Hotel is nothing if not patriotic. Not only have the employee's organized as a fighting unit, but in the pleasant grill room downstairs, the resourceful chef serves what he calls an Army Ration lunch. An excellent lunch it is, too, consisting of fresh vegetable soup; baked beans, fried salt pork, American cheese, crackers, apple rolls, tea or coffee. This is a real army bill of fare prepared as nearly as possible as it would be by a good army cook.

Mrs. M. J. Simmons, food chemist of the Boomer hotels, has created a new department among hotels of this country, and perhaps stands alone among women in this useful field. Mrs. Simmons graduated as a food analyst and chemist before her appointment to the hotel staff several years ago, but her work was confined to the sanitation of the McAlpin and her daily work took her on many rounds of the kitchens and servants' living quarters where she was invaluable in preserving the high standard sought by the management.

With the increasing advance in cost of all kinds of foods, Mrs. Simmons asked to be allowed to extend her work to include the branch for which she was scientifically trained. This idea found favor at once with Mr. Boomer and he has had fitted up a very complete testing laboratory on the top floor of the hotel.

Here each morning Mrs. Simmons makes tests of the many articles purchased by the stewards before they find their way to the kitchens.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

THE July announcement of the Columbia Graphophone Company is a remarkable expression of Independence Day patriotism. Morton Adkins sings "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and "Marching Through Georgia," while the members of the Columbia Stellar Quartette blend their voices in a rousing patriotic eulogy, "My Own United States," and a song of heart-throbs, "Just Before the Battle, Mother." Two popular patriotic songs, "If the Tango Should Change to a March, Little Girl" and "It's Time for Every Boy to be a Soldier" are also listed.

The instrumental patriotic numbers include a recording of U. S. Army and Navy Calls, contributed by Vincent Buono, bugler, and Harry E. Humphrey, announcer, and two selections by Prince's Band, "American Patrol" and "Medley of Patriotic Airs," introducing "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Johnny Comes Marching Home," "Marching Through Georgia," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Battle Cry of Freedom," and "Dixie." Adm.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

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ANGELINA CHANGES HER LUCK

BEGIN with us in this number, the Fashion Adventures of Angelina. Angelina is The Young Person, alluring, progressive—but always good form—demanding that her family and her entire milieu as well shall come up to modern requirements. She is in short, the embodiment of the American Girl, conceded by experts to be the most Fascinating Feminine in the world. ¶ Following her tip-tilted nose, Angelina scours New York, discovering with unerring scent, not only the up-to-date, but the ahead-of-date, the original, and the daring

ANGELINA came out of the Ritz, balanced a moment undecidedly on the steps, and then departed down Madison Avenue. Her habitual line of march on leaving the hotel was up Forty-sixth and turn right into Fifth. Just why she chose Madison on this particular day she couldn't say. Unless it was because it had been an off-day all round. Mother, whom she was companioning for the week-middles in town, had snubbed her inexperience that morning when she had essayed to help with the Red Cross work. Mother was so frightfully efficient that she always made you feel yourself a perfectly useless person. Then Edwin and the nicest men Angelina knew were either at Madison Barracks or Plattsburg, and the Ritz had been of a dullness at lunch time. She hadn't seen a soul she could speak to. Going down Madison might change her luck, thought Angelina half-consciously.

* * *

But as nothing out of the ordinary had happened by the time she arrived at Thirty-ninth Street, she decided to return to her first love, Fifth Avenue. Mid-way down the block, however, she came to a stop in front of a little shop window filled with gay-colored materials, silks and cottons stamped with the new Batik work, a bit of lustre ware to set them off. Though it was barely three o'clock a grey misty rain had darkened the afternoon and an orange lantern glowed enticingly from the interior. "Flambeau Weavers" said the quaint sign hanging above the door, and "Why have I never seen this place before?" said Angelina. "Here's where I change my luck," and marched in.

Just beyond the threshold a surprised voice greeted her.

* * *

"Angelina, my lamb! Where did you come from?"

And, "Mary, my angel! What are you doing here?" responded Angelina in the same key.

"For one thing I'm choosing some hand-woven curtains and upholstery for the country," answered Mary. "And for another I'm going to purchase myself a 'butterfly waist' to wear with my tailored suits. Aren't they lovely? Dyed different shades on the front and back and another on the wings, I mean the cuffs! Or would you call these little fluttering tails, the ends of the surplice, the wings? Oh, do try on this house gown, Angelina, a copy of a Fortuny model. You would look supremely lovely in it. You must have one. I'm going to later on, but I can't get everything to-day."

* * *

Angelina, nothing loth, donned the robe made of two straight strips of silk, early Italian fashion, which went on over the head and snapped to-

gether on the shoulder. Long tight-fitting sleeves that came down over the hand, though not cut in one with the shoulder were put in with a slight kimono outline. The stuff was a soft silk, dyed a grape blue, its only ornament a choice Batik pattern in pale yellowish greens and pinks winding up the hem. As Angelina turned and twisted to see herself in the mirror, the gown, like a perfect dancing partner, followed every move of her slender figure, taking on the most alluring lines and curves.

"The reason for that," explained Mary, "is that each of the seams running up the arms and down the sides of the gown is cunningly weighted along its whole length."

"Now come and see the curtains and upholstery I've picked out. We're going to stay in the country till November, this year, you know. They're hand-woven of linen with a silk filler. Here's the sample I gave the order from. Isn't it an unusual and soft shade of red? When the stuff is finished it has a bright red border and a narrow red fringe."

* * *

"But I'm quite puzzled," said Angelina, who, shown one thing after another in rapid succession had hardly had time to gather breath. "Just what is this shop? Who are 'The Flambeau Weavers'? How long have they been here?"

"They've been here," responded Mary, answering the questions backwards, Looking-Glass fashion, "since last Fall. 'The Flambeau Weavers' are some intelligent and artistic people who are making an American art of textile weaving. Everything is hand-woven, of course. They are interested besides in simplified and artistic clothing for women and in the use of Batik work, tie-dyes, and unusual hand-woven fabrics for this clothing—house gowns, tunics, scarves, wraps. You can purchase your house dresses and the floor coverings, portières, pillows, with which to give them the proper atmospheric surroundings at one and the same time. It's the best little place in town, by the way, to pick up a rare old sampler for a fire screen, or a chair covering, or a pillow. Did you know that they're even using bits of cross-stitch samplers on blouses? . . . But I must run along. I've been invited to a private exhibition of jewelry arranged by the Bureau of Jewelry Fashions, to show the new things for the coming Fall-Christmas season. No lack of preparedness in business there, anyway! Do come too, my lamb! I'm sure you'd enjoy it and you can have it all over the other girls in knowing ahead of time what's going to be worn."

* * *

"I should love to come," said Angelina enthusiastically, "if you'll just stop a minute with me at Franklin Simon's, so that I can purchase

one of the new imported veils. Betty was wearing one at the Ritz last week and they're the most fetching things I've seen in a long time. They're shaped like a round centrepiece, of mesh veiling, with a pattern border. You put them right over the top of your hat and they fall in the most becoming waves just to the shoulder. I can't rest till I own one myself."

So Mary stopped with Angelina and liked the new veils as much as she did. Each purchased one in white and one in black and then Mary added a blue to her selection and Angelina a taupe. After which, with empty purses, they proceeded to the Jewelry Fashion Exhibit and opened round eyes over the beauty of the new jewelry.

"Do you notice how much of this combination jewelry there is," said Mary. "An economy note, I suppose. Look at this stunning bracelet, so-called, of diamonds and cabochon emeralds! Isn't it a beauty, with its wide irregular shape? The catalog says it can be worn as a corsage ornament, or a necklet, or a hair bandeau. See, there are clasp pins underneath at the ends, to fasten it to your dress, or a velvet ribbon, I suppose, if you're wearing it round the neck, or across your forehead."

"And then you can take out the centre part with the largest cabochon emerald," finished up Angelina, "and set it in that little silver frame, and wear it as a brooch. Isn't it marvelous? I'd call it 'the Cleopatra-infinite-variety piece,' if I were the jewelers."

* * *

"Do you notice also," chanted Mary, "how much green gold is used, especially for men's jewelry and for mesh bags? I think those tiny white leaves that seem to have strayed in among the gold leaves in the mounting of the jade and seed pearl set are of white gold. I'm glad they're going to use that in settings as it's much less expensive than platinum and not so cold-looking."

"Yes, and see how many semi-precious stones there are," from Angelina, "a lot of tourmaline and aquamarine rings and several cameo brooches. And several of the settings look as if the manufacturers had taken a tip from the hand-wrought jewelry and were going to give us more individuality."

Angelina and Mary bobbed over the cases in excited chatter. And after having exhausted every possible piece of jewelry down to its smallest stone, and having been served tea by a charming hostess from "mirror" lustre cups finally tore themselves away.

"What a heavenly afternoon," exclaimed Angelina. "I'm so glad to have something to put over on Mother. I knew my luck would change if I walked down Madison," she finished irrelevantly.

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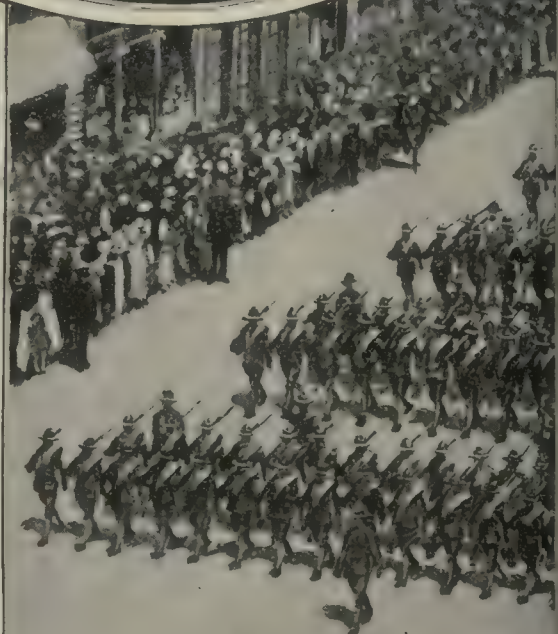
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THEATRE MAGAZINE



AUGUST, 1917

SEPTEMBER!

The month—not the morn—that opens the theatres with new plays, new stars, new dramatists.

Be wide awake! After the ease and idleness of the summer, join the band of happy know-it-alls!

Read the THEATRE MAGAZINE and glean from its pages a knowledge of that most interesting of the arts—the drama!



IF you are an inveterate playgoer, or a newcomer to the theatrical fold, one possessed of a taste merely for musical flavors, or a devotee of the heavy "dramma"—in a word, if the theatre holds a thrill for you at all—you'll want to read the forecast for next season.

What surprises have for the managers in store for us?

What stars will shine and who will be the supporting satellites?

All questions cheerfully answered. See article, September THEATRE MAGAZINE.



THERE are some fellows—and their names are few—who have something interesting to say no matter when, how, or where they write.

Louis Sherwin is one of them. (We hate to make him conceited, but we'll take a chance on his not seeing this.) A brilliant young critic, and a habitual first-nighter, Mr. Sherwin's article, "The Plague of Dramatized Novels," in the September number will strike a sympathetic note in many a playgoer's breast.

If you like mutual troubles related in a bright, entertaining fashion, Mr. Sherwin's article is the one for you.



DO you know the Mark Twain of American music?

Henry F. Gilbert is his name and his bal-

let, "The Dance in Place Congo," will be produced by Gatti-Casazza at the Metropolitan Opera House this coming season.

Gilbert is the most American in spirit, composition and personality of any of our native composers. His ballet is bound to

They formed themselves into an organization under the name Morgan Art Dancers and created a furore from the start.

They became features of Broadway productions, vaudeville quickly claimed them and they were asked to give their symbolic dances at colleges and social gatherings.

In our next issue, Helen Ten Broeck has an interesting story to tell of how this unique group of artists achieved success.



THERE'S nothing new under the sun."

So said a wise man—and in our vernacular, he said a forkful.

Charles Burnham—he of the unfailing theatrical memory—proves this in his article, "Theatres in War Time." He'll tell you what happened in the playhouses of another day when this country was in the throes of war.

So if you are one of those who believe that the theatrical situation to-day is a new one—read Mr. Burnham's article and get wise.



YOU'RE a picture fan, of course, We all are. You like to keep posted on what's worth seeing on the screen.

Then you must not miss each issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, beginning with the September number.

From now on we shall have a regular department devoted to the movies, conducted by MIRILO, a well-known expert in the silent drama.

The department will be fully illustrated.

crisply and entertainingly written. Above all, it will tell the truth.

If MIRILO praises a picture, you need not hesitate in devoting time and money in going to see it.

The THEATRE MAGAZINE hopes to promote a better understanding between the public and motion-picture producers, and to give the layman a clearer insight into doings of the screen world.

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create a sensation for it is something new.

Read all about the man and his work in the September issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.



A GROUP of schoolgirls who danced exceptionally well thought they saw an opportunity on the stage.



From a portrait by Charlotte Fairchild

I N A C L A I R E

Who has forsaken the musical comedy stage to join David Belasco.
She will be seen next season in a comedy called "Polly With a Past"

THEATRE MAGAZINE

THE DRAMA'S FALSE FRIENDS

By LOUIS V. DE FOE



NOTHING is quite so dead or quite so ineligible to a green spot in memory as a dramatic season, once the final curtain has fallen on its last play. As an evanescent experience in the life of New York the recent year of the theatre to pass the vanishing point would be as little worth a reflective glance as any of the rest except for one interesting and, to those who are inclined seriously to regard the stage's relation to the public, very significant paradox that it supplied.

In no other previous year was the energy of theatre managers so great or the material profit which they reaped from their activities so satisfactory. Yet, on the other hand, in no previous year was the fund of the stage's substantial artistic accomplishment quite so small.

In the summaries of the season's endeavor which were made by the professional dramatic critics conclusions were practically unanimous that it did not afford even one work of distinguished dramatic or literary quality which understandingly dealt with the problems of contemporary life. Yet at the first performances of the new plays the theatres were always crowded and the audiences usually seemed satisfied with the quality of the plays.

The critics' estimate of the season would seem, therefore, to be captious, considering the demeanor of the first audiences. Nevertheless it was endorsed by another competent critical body whose opinion ought to be entitled to respect. Augustus Thomas, Richard Burton and Hamlin Garland composed the jury appointed by the Trustees of Columbia University to award the annual prize of \$1,000 provided by the will of the late Joseph Pulitzer "for the original American play performed in New York which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners." Although in the course of the season one hundred and nineteen new plays, including forty one-act plays, seventy of the total by American authors, were acted for the first time in New York's forty-three first-class theatres, the award was withheld. In all this great accumulation not one play was found which met the conditions for bestowing the prize. Yet a majority of them were received by the first audiences with noisy acclaim and, in the aggregate, they made the year the most prosperous in the history of the New York stage.



A NATURAL impulse would be to charge responsibility for the theatre's indifferent standard in New York to the dramatists. It would seem plausible to argue that in a year of golden opportunity when, owing to the stagnating influence of the war upon all creative effort in the theatre abroad they have been relieved of the discouraging competition of European authors, the American playwrights failed. But the native dramatists will answer just as plausibly that the sanction and acceptance of their work lies primarily with the theatre managers. They will ask what can be the incentive to write plays of

serious purpose which they think he is not likely to produce.

For a good many years, in common with other critics whose professional duty is to comment on matters of the theatre in New York, I have blamed both dramatic authors and dramatic producers for the indifferent standard above which it seems so difficult for the stage to lift itself. One group creates the plays, the other provides the means by which they are brought before the public. Neither is entirely without responsibility. But there is another influence more directly at fault for holding down the standard of the theatre's accomplishment. It is the comparatively small class of habitual playgoers whose routine practice is to attend every first trial of a drama in New York, and whose approval the theatre manager thinks he must win in order to establish his play's success. These unofficial, unprofessional and unrepresentative critics are invariably the theatre's most generous and constant patrons. Yet it is their misconception of the theatre's purpose, which they think is to provide idle and unprofitable amusement, that has raised the barrier between it and the great general public which it should strive first to satisfy.



AS water will not rise above its own level, so the stage will not rise above the level of taste of the people upon whom it depends for its most generous support. The theatre manager cannot be blamed for supplying the plays that his most dependable patrons want. He knows that in New York after a first rebuff a play cannot survive long enough to seek the public to which ultimately it might appeal. Sir Henry Irving could not be charged with commercialism in the theatre. He set his ideals high and spared no effort to attain them. Yet he once admitted to me that there was nothing he feared so much as the indiscriminating attitude of a New York first-night audience, for, he said, "When the drama does not prosper as a commercial business, it cannot succeed as an art."

The harmful influence of the habitual first-nighter in the theatre has kept pace with New York's rapid metropolitan growth and with the consequent steady increase of its idle and prodigal class. Thirty years ago, when the announcement of a new play at Wallack's or the appearance of a popular celebrity from abroad on the stage of the old Union Square was hailed as an event of unusual importance in the artistic life of the city, the verdict of the first-night audience it attracted could safely be accepted as an expression of the people's best taste. A dozen years later, when a première at the now dingy Daly's or at Daniel Frohman's long disappeared Lyceum in Fourth Avenue was an incident which appealed to intelligent interest rather than to the passing curiosity of Broadway's sensation-seeking night life, there was still reason to record the presence of the "brilliant and distinguished assemblage" which, according to the chronicles of the stage of that time, was always on hand.

In the intervening twenty years the stage has

not been moving backward, despite the prevailing fiction that its golden age is always the one that has gone just before. The first performance of a new play, now no less than before, should promise its night of interesting uncertainties and new experiences. But such events, either by their greater frequency or in consequence of the competition of the multiplying interests of New York life, have lost to a very great extent their special audience representing cultured taste and clear artistic perception. They are monopolized now by an always recurring and never changing throng which has only the slightest appreciation of the drama as an art if, in fact, it is conscious that art is in any way involved. It was James Huneker who first aptly characterized these habitual first-nighters. He called them the "death watch"—willing attendants whose congenial task is to keep watch over the victim on the stage in its hour of distress. They search indefatigably for something they define as "entertainment." They applaud trivialities vociferously. But they seem to find little in any play that actually entertains them. The pleasant mission of the first-nighter at the theatre, when it is not to laugh, is to be bored.

To write plays that will pass this difficult barrier must be discouraging to the dramatist. He knows that the theatrical producer must largely depend upon them to give his play its impetus toward a Broadway success. On the other hand, the dramatic critic, who has no material interest at stake, long ago learned to accept the opinion of the routine theatregoer at its true valuation. That is why he avoids discussing with his neighbors in the orchestra seats the play he is about to review. It is not always possible, though, to avoid the vagaries of the habitual first-nighters and almost any experienced critic might write a volume of anecdotes of what he overhears.



AS an example of the kind of opinion which any thoughtful play at its opening performance on Broadway must overcome I might give the view which one of the most constant of the first-nighters—he has probably not missed a dozen first performances in as many years—expressed to me of John Galsworthy's "Justice" on the evening of its initial hearing. It will be recalled that this drama of exceptional literary quality and persuasive force was an argument for the reform of the English penal law and prison regulations as applied to the first offender.

"Awful, isn't it?" said he.

"Why?" I asked.

"It isn't entertainment. There hasn't been a chance to laugh to-night."

I ventured that the play had been vastly entertaining to me.

"Besides," he added, "it isn't sensible for it isn't true. I have served on the grand jury three terms and I have always advocated treating first offenders with the greatest severity, so they won't come back."

Another first-nighter whom I invariably meet at the opening takes pride in his knowledge of

stage tradition. His theatrical library is a shelf of scrapbooks filled with playbills, with cancelled reserve seat coupons attached. Managers must value his opinions for I find them frequently quoted in the advertisements. When Alla Nazimova had finished her first English performance in "A Doll's House" this reliable patron of the theatre's artistic endeavor acknowledged to me his bitter disappointment.

"Nazimova doesn't grasp the character," he complained. "She doesn't even know the 'business' of the play—that is, not as Ibsen intended."

I replied that I thought her acting had been fairly in keeping with the Scandinavian precedent.

"You are wrong," he retorted. "When Nora walked out of her husband's house she didn't slam the door."

He had probably read somewhere what the Danish critic, George Brandes, observed of Nora's emancipation—that "the slam of the door behind Nora Helmer reverberated around the world."

Within my hearing two of the inevitable regulars of the theatre's first nights were discussing "The Money Makers," the last play written by Charles Klein, which was produced in the autumn following his death in the *Lusitania*. Its plot dealt with a millionaire who had piled up his fortune by questionable manipulation of railroad securities. When he found that great wealth had become a demoralizing influence in his family he determined to get rid of it and to die poor.

The spectacle of a hero deliberately impoverishing himself proved too distressing for these arbiters of the stage's well being.

"It's ridiculous," said one.

"Of course," replied the other. "It isn't en-

tertainment and it isn't life! Why should a man give away his money?"

"The Money Makers" failed, but for reasons other than those advanced by these first-nighters.



WHEN Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson dedicated the Shubert with his beautiful interpretation of Hamlet, the most conspicuous and inveterate of all New York's first-nighters sat in the front row. I left the performance after the third act and took a car uptown. He, with a companion, boarded the same car and sat directly in front of me.

Presently he turned to his friend and remarked, "That show always did get my goat! Let's go to see something good!"

They alighted at the Winter Garden.

These are not unusual examples of the standard of opinion to which every play now produced in New York is subjected at its fateful first performance. A few—a very few—producers are not influenced by it. In consequence the stages which they control always contribute substantially to the aesthetic results of our dramatic seasons.

At the Belasco Theatre the subscription lists are so large that Mr. Belasco is able to avoid the regulars and court a more representative opinion of his plays. Winthrop Ames, at the Little Theatre, more effectively bars the first-nighters without risk of giving offense. He precedes his public openings, which always take place on Tuesday nights, with performances which he calls rehearsals, on the preceding Saturday and Monday nights. To these he invites people on whose finer

taste and judgment he can depend. They are there as his guests. He can afford this luxury of a competent jury since his theatre holds only two hundred and ninety-nine seats.

Of these two methods of shielding the first performances of plays from the people whose presence at the theatres on opening nights is as perfunctory as their opinions, the one adopted by Mr. Belasco is obviously the best. Granting that the two audiences are equally representative, the judgment of the one that pays for its seats is invariably the more reliable. Its verdict is also less open to the suspicion of the more general public on which the theatre must afterward depend, for it is reasonable to assume that, in choosing his jury of invited guests, a manager will discriminate, unconsciously perhaps, in an effort to have present only those people with whom his work will be most likely to find sympathy.

One theatre in New York invariably secures a favorable popular verdict for its plays. Its orchestra seats are assigned to their probable purchasers according to the intended appeal of the production and they are notified before the public announcement of the play is made. If the play be a musical comedy the proprietor of the theatre sits in the balcony, not to observe the attitude of the patrons of his upper tiers as was Charles Frohman's invariable custom, but to operate a signal to the conductor of his orchestra and thus control the repetition of the songs. In this way he circumvents the music publishers who always manage to get in. Among the first-nighters at the musical plays they are at once the least reliable and the greatest nuisances of all.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE DRAMATISTS

By HUBERT SAVILE



SCENE:—The studio of Mrs. Gwendolen Galloway Gabb, in the "Greenwich Village" section of New York City. There are autograph photographs on the walls of John Drew and Eva Tanguay, Sir Herbert Tree and Valeska Suratt. Candles are lighted. Incense is burning. Twelve persons are present, four men and eight women.

Mrs. Gabb is long and lanky. She wears a costume made out of a portière and an automobile veil. She made it herself.

MRS. GABB: Ladies and gentlemen, members of the Washington Square Dramatists' Association, this being the last Saturday in the month, we are gathered together, for the thirteenth time, to discuss the Drama! On previous occasions we have discussed The Drama as a Form of Entertainment, The Drama as a Means of Education, The Drama as an Expression of the Artistic Temperament, and The Drama as a Relaxation for the Tired Business Man, but this evening we will discuss The Drama in Connection with the War, the terrible war in which the whole world has become involved, the war that was started by Germany but that will be ended by America! (Applause.) The hideous conflict has paralyzed the normal activities of Europe. The British and continental dramatists have all been called to the colors, to serve in one way or another. But in the United States the situation is fortunately somewhat different. For in this country of a hundred million inhabitants it will not be necessary for the playwrights to become soldiers. At least, I hope it will not be necessary! We have work to do, you and I, valuable work, although it is mental and not physical! (More applause.)

And I do not see why the Washington Square Dramatists' Association, with its twelve brilliant members, should not produce twelve brilliant plays! Furthermore, I do not see why these plays should not be typically American in matter and in manner. Now is the time to break away from the conventions and limitations of the past, and manifest the freedom and individuality of the present! Let us hear from Mr. Buzz! (Most applause.)

Mr. Bartholomew Burlington Buzz is short and stout. He wears a dress-suit that was made for him when he weighed thirty pounds less than at present.

MR. BUZZ: I heartily agree with everything that Mrs. Gabb has said, and I merely wish to state that I shall take immediate advantage of the suggestion, and start to work on a patriotic American drama! I shall adopt as a theme Paul Revere's Ride! That ought to prove a dark horse! In order to secure local color, I shall go for a visit to Lexington, Massachusetts, this very week! (Applause.)

MRS. GABB: Paul Revere! Isn't that splendid! Let us now hear from Miss Gush!

Miss Geraldine Gallagher Gush is forty-eight years of age. She wears a white dimity frock, with a pink ribbon in her hair and a pink sash around her waist.

MISS GUSH: As an American girl, the daughter of American parents, descended from American ancestors, I heartily approve of these noble sentiments! The thought now comes to me to write a play about Betsy Ross, using Old Glory as a background, to an accompaniment of "The Star Spangled Banner!" The scheme has distinct

dramatic possibilities, as Mr. George M. Cohan has proved so successfully for so many years in so many ways! (Applause.)

MRS. GABB: Paul Revere and Betsy Ross! Inspirations, both of them! Let us now hear from Mr. Nutt!

Nicholas Nottingham Nutt is white and willowy. He wears an orchid in his buttonhole and many rings on his fingers. His perfume is sandalwood.

MR. NUTT: I think the war is perfectly disgusting, but, since we are in it, we must make the best of it! But, at the same time, if we must have realistic drama, let us make it as romantic as possible! It is true that Clyde Fitch made a dramatic version of the story of Nathan Hale for Nat Goodwin, but I would now make another version for Paul Swan! It is needless to say that my treatment of the historic character will be entirely different from Mr. Fitch's, just as Mr. Swan's interpretation will be entirely different from Mr. Goodwin's. I will give the hero an opportunity to perform a classic dance! Don't you think that would be delightful? (Applause.)

MRS. GABB: Paul Revere, Betsy Ross and Nathan Hale! That only leaves Barbara Frietchie, Molly Pitcher and Major André! But let me take this opportunity to tell you what idea I myself have in view for elaborating into a patriotic play! I intend to dramatize the Declaration of Independence! George Washington, the Fourth of July, and all the rest of it! If that is not a representative American idea for a representative American drama, I don't know what is! (Frenzied applause, mingled with cries of "Marvelous! Magnificent! Monumental!" etc., etc.)

(Curtain.)



Press Ill.



Emma Dunn as a mother in real life. The actress frolicking with her children at the beach at Milford, Conn.

A theatrical trio. Flo Ziegfeld, Jr.—the manager; Billie Burke—the actress; Florenz Patricia Burke-Ziegfeld—the baby. As usual, baby holds the centre of the stage

FAR FROM THE FOOTLIGHTS' GLARE

Stage Favorites in Domestic Roles

THE "FOLLIES" GIRL TALKS

By LLEWELLYN BRONSON



OUCH! Look out for the geezer, Mabelle," shrilled one of a group of girls at the Follies, back of the wings where I was about to stand around and look smaller and more wooden than ever, if it were possible, for the sole purpose of eavesdropping.

The girl rubbed her knee. Mabelle looked at her and glared around.

"What old geezer pinched you?" she demanded, limbering up her pink fingers ready to claw him.

"No, I don't mean that kind of a geezer, but this geezer here," and she pointed to a tiny leak in a hose pipe which had spurted a thread-like stream against her knee.

"Oh, you mean a water geyser," giggled Mabelle. "They called it a geezer when I went to school," insisted the girl.

"Aw, the geysers weren't made then," was the retort, and the girls huddled together awaiting various cues. Then they began to chatter, in subdued, but lively tones. That was exactly what I was there for, to listen, remember their chatter and set it down as record of what the girlies at the Follies talk about while awaiting their turn to amaze, delight, thrill or excite the audience, as the case may be.

"Did you risk one eye on the ice-man's daughter in the lower box, right?" asked one of the girls.

"We did," came a chorus.

"Ice-man's wife you mean, and the whole wagon full pinned on her—"

"They're real. No glass in them, I guess I know regular diamonds when I see them—"

"Perhaps, but if we wore a dress cut like that we'd all be pinched for posin' as September Morns—"

"They get away with it all right, some women are built so funny that no clothes at all wouldn't be immodest."

"—at least forty times. No man could wink like that unless he had a St. Vitus eye."

"You mean that ivory dome down front with the white ba-a-a-a on his chin, Jess?"

"Yes, he—"

"He's near sighted, they all look good to him, why he even winked at me. Gee, this heat is somethin' fierce. I wish I was doin' a tank act this week."

"So long's you're not hitting tank towns you can stand the heat. Who's the—"



THEN came the call and this particular bunch of girlies floated on, to be met by an equally charming bunch from the other side. At the same time another group had tripped merrily off and rushed away to change. Still others drifted on back of the wings from their dressing rooms, to be in readiness.

"You're a writer, I'll bet," said one to me.

"Er—not much of a one. How did you know?"

"You look sort of a freak, you know, all writers do. I'm a nut myself. Betty Black, honest-to-goodness name. Did you come to interview me? Yes, thanks, I'm the only girl who can keep in step, everyone of the others keep step together but not with me. I like beer, save my money and got a car I paid for out of my salary, that's why they call me a nut—"

"To tell the truth—" I started.

"Don't josh," she said.

"I'm not out for interview just now. I'm—er—just looking on."

"Well," sighed Betty, as she turned away, "looking won't hurt you—or do you any good."

"If I had a brick I'd have soaked—pardon my slang, I detest it—I mean I'd a beaned that chump with it," declared Lilyan.

"What did he do to you?" asked the girls about her.

"Listen, now that I've got my first real speaking lines this slo—I mean this poor fish gets up and walks right out in the middle of my sentence."

"Poo pooh twice and a couple of pshaws," giggled Diana, "you ought to have someone do that when you're singing your best and the house is as quiet as a Yiddish restaurant on St. Patrick's day."



AND that human piccolo out there, did you get him?" asked an exceedingly stout girl.

"The chap who laughs ten octaves above high C? Nope, I didn't get him. If I had him I'd hire him out as a steam whistle on a saw mill—"

"Everybody out front's got paralytic arms from th' elbows down—"

"Not much like last ni—"

A sudden hush fell over them. There seemed to be no reason for it until I glanced up and saw Ned Wayburn, that combined monster and demigod of all show girls. Ned didn't say a word, but he favored them with one look which meant "shut up" more plainly than any words. A sort of Maxim Silencer seemed to fall across the ruby lips of every girl in the bunch.

But neither time nor tide nor any mortal power, nor cataclysm, nor even Ned Wayburn, himself, can silence a woman for long, and they were soon chattering again, although in somewhat subdued tones. Then it came time for them to go on and another crowd came into the wings in readiness. Thus far I hadn't heard them talk of their conquests and diamond tiaras and limousines and dates and swell apartments and such things as the "O Slush" magazines describe in their denatured naughty stories. I was disappointed and listened closely, hoping this new bunch would let loose some such conversation.

"The dear, how was he last night?" one girl asked of another, "did he keep you awake much?"

"Better, he only whooped once."

Ah, ha! This was getting exciting.

"If they knew it here they'd lay you off—"

"No danger, the doctor said so."

"I don't care what your doctor said, when my kid had whooping cough it was contagious all right. He was four—"

"My kid's six and—"

I sauntered back and around to the wings on the other side, considerably disappointed. There's nothing particularly spicy in the chronicle of a conversation about one's croupy babies.



I NEVER went with a show that wasn't a hit." It was Margaret talking—where does Ned Wayburn find girls with such charming names?—and she was serious about it.

"Do you mean they were such good shows that—"

"I'd give exactly nine dollars for a dish of—"

"Bah, I detest ice cream," put in Mary.

"—corned beef hash and a claret lemonade," finished the girl.

"Look, can you see from here?" and they

peeked diagonally to the far corner down front by the bass fiddler.

"He's crazy about us, what?" laughed one of the girls.

They were looking at a rotund, first-row gentleman who was taking twenty winks of sleep.

"Can you imagine so many women coming out on a hot night like this?" panted one of the girls.

"When they might be at home in a kimono or less, under an electric fan, eating fudge and reading that new story Robert Louis Dickens or some of those writers has just started—"

"What story?"

"Why—er—I think it's called the 'Sexless Wrecks'—"

"Oh," tittered Miss Mary, "you mean What's-his-name's 'Restless Sex'—"

"Well, I got it near enough—"

"—and I told them I wouldn't throw Mr. Ziegfeld down, not even for a thousand a week. If it wasn't for that I'd go in pictures in a minute. They say I look just like Marguerite Clarke."

Several of the girls giggled at this assertion from a blonde damsel.

"Don't you mind what people say, Stell," put in one of the girls, winking at the others, "you look all right. Who wanted you in the movies?"

"Who? Four directors have talked with me—"

"And each one said he'd put you on the list, eh? I know. I've been—s-s-s-st!"

And these girls marched on, singing.



BACK again to the wings at "R"—oh, I'm a shark for stage technique—I found some of the Follies girlies deep in important discussion. I edged closer and listened—

"They're cooler than silk, and only ninety-eight cents—"

"The new silk ones couldn't be any cooler or thinner, and so much prettier."

"They come in one piece now, pink or blue, and the loveliest ribbon rosebuds around the neck and clear down the—"

I edged away as rapidly as possible.

"I like it with tomato in it—"

"So do I."

"When we get the cheese we'll get a can of tomato soup and—"

"Oh, I'm all out of wood alcohol."

"We'll get that at the drug store. How many are there?"

"Five, I've only got two chairs in my room, but there's the bed and my trunk. And how about—"

The girl paused and looked at me.

"For a little chafing dish party like that," I said, "you can go into the family entrance and get it in those containers."

"If it wasn't to be a strictly bachelor girl spread in my room after the show I'd invite you," said the girl.

And those are the things one hears back of the wings at the Follies.

Leave it to the women of the sewing circles and the woman's auxiliaries to gossip about moralities and immoralities, but the girlies back of the wings at the Follies are so utterly human that they chatter of dress and silk underthings and their babies and chafing dish eats and the human freaks out front, and kindred topics.

Human? Yes, indeed, much more so than most of those in the audience.



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A M E L I T A G A L L I - C U R C I

This singer, concerning whose voice the most enthusiastic reports have reached New York, will begin a concert tour in October, thus giving every one an opportunity to hear her. It is much to be regretted that the Metropolis has not yet been able to form its own judgment of this artist's capabilities. An opportunity will, it is believed, present itself this coming winter when she is announced to appear at the Lexington Avenue Opera House with the Chicago Opera Company

THE BILL OF THE PLAY

By CHARLES BURNHAM



WHEN the drama was first introduced in England, the strolling players, as they wandered from place to place, were preceded by their "couriers," with their trumpets, announcing in public when and where the performance would be given. It was their duty not alone to proclaim the coming of the players, but they were called upon to give some idea of the proposed entertainment, as to whether it was a comedy or tragedy, likewise some description of its plot and the merits of the performers. When the audience had assembled, it then devolved upon the manager of the company to furnish any further information in the form of a speech preceding the performance, known as the "prologue."

Thus the courier's announcement and the manager's speech were the only "bills of the play" furnished the audiences. No mention was made of the actor's name, for the public took little or no interest in the individuality of the player save as to his ability to entertain. The "play" was the thing, while the mummings were looked upon as "rascals, vagabonds and good-for-nothings." It was not until they came to be a recognized class, with special privileges, that their names were announced.



THE first attempt to introduce women on the stage in England met with such an outburst of public indignation, that all further efforts in that direction were abandoned for many years. It was some fifty years after the death of Shakespeare that the first English speaking woman made her debut on the stage, and there is no "bill of the play" on record to give us the name of the courageous woman who essayed the leading rôle. She appeared in London, in 1860, in a performance of "Othello," in an out-of-the-way playhouse. Instead of a bill announcing the "First appearance in this City, of the Gifted Artist, Mrs. ———, as Desdemona," the audience on that memorable occasion, were informed by the manager in his "prologue" that,

"I come, unknown to any of the rest,
To tell the news: I saw the lady dres't—
The woman plays to-day: mistake me not,
No man in gown, or page in petticoat."

In this fashion women were first introduced to the auditors, with a further plea from the manager,
"Not to run to give her visits when the play is done."

Joseph Ames, the antiquary, in his, "History of Printing," states that "James Roberts, a printer of Shakespeare's time, printed bills for the players." He describes these bills as "very crude specimens of the black letter art, and were pasted on the interior and exterior walls of the theatre, and on the posts in the street. For the sake of distinction, when a tragedy was played the title was printed in red ink, and a mere comedy in purple, blue or black.

In the introduction to an old play published in 1599, in which Tragedy is supposed to whip Comedy from the stage, this custom of placing bills on the posts was thus referred to:

"'Tis you have kept the theatre so long
Painted in playbills upon every post
While I am scorned of the multitude."

Payne Collier, says that "the practice of printing information as to the time, place, and nature

of the performance to be given by the players, was not common prior to the year 1563."

Originally the right to print play-bills was monopolized by the Stationer's Company of London; later on the privilege was assumed by the Crown. In the books of this company there is an entry of a license granted to John Charlewoode, for the "onlye ymprinting of all manner of billes for players, provided that if any trouble aryse thereby then Charlewoode to bear the charges." James I. granted a patent in 1620 to Roger Wood and Thomas Symcocke for the absolute right of printing, among other things, "of all bills for plays, pastimes, shewes, prizes, or sports whatsoever." The first bills issued of which there

One of the most important officials of the early theatre, was a "bill writer," whose duty it was to prepare a copy not alone for the printer but also a bill that could be read to the audience in case of a sudden change of programme or of some other mishap of which the manager desired to notify the assembly. In the records of the Drury Lane Theatre mention is made of this office being filled by Robert Wilks, who, besides being a person of literary attainments, was a noted actor of his time. For his services he was paid fifty pounds a year in addition to his salary as an actor.

From the only available sources it is fairly well established that the first "bills" in use were printed on a sheet of paper some eight inches long and six inches wide containing the name of the theatre and the name of the play. When the cast was given it was printed on the reverse side. These sheets were known as "announcement bills" and were the forerunners of the larger ones used by managers of to-day upon the walls and fences.

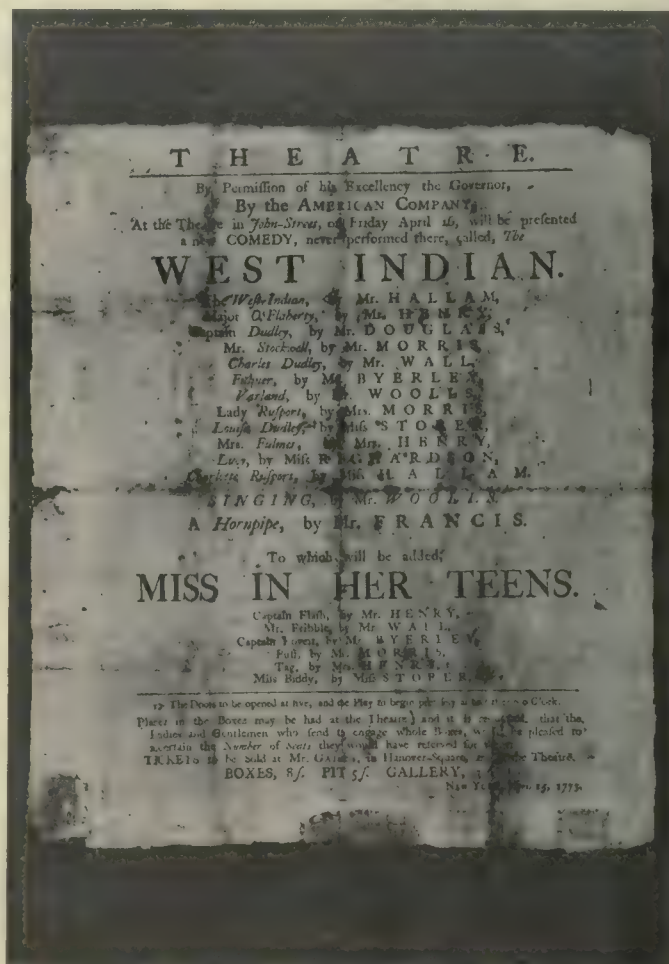
In the early days it was the privilege of the author to have his play printed and sold for his personal benefit, probably in lieu of royalties. They were issued in pamphlet form, furnishing besides the play a cast of characters, the manager's prologue, the epilogue and the author's apology. It was the custom for every author to offer an apology for his play, which may be accounted for, that, in this manner, he anticipated his critics. In many instances these "books of the play" comprise the only authentic record of the stage of that early period.



FOR the theatregoer to obtain full information regarding the performance he purposed witnessing it was essential to secure one of these pamphlets. Pepys in his diary writes: "I bought the play of Henry the Fourth, and so to the theatre and saw it acted; but, my expectations being too great, it did not please me, as otherwise I believe it would; and my having a book, I believe did spoil it a little." English theatregoers began early the practice of purchasing their programmes, a fashion still in vogue.

The manager depended in a great measure upon the papers of the day, to give the public information of his plays. It was the custom at one time in those early days, for publishers to pay for any information they might receive concerning the theatre. In Andrew's "History of British Journals," it is stated in the records of one of the publishers that, "The theatres are a great expense to the papers. The papers paid two hundred pounds a year to each theatre for the accounts of new plays, and would reward the messenger with a shilling or half-crown who brought them the first copy of a play bill."

With the innovation of printing the name of the actor the surname only was given, with the added prefix of Mr. or Mrs. as the case might be. Baker in his "History of the British Stage," says, "Actresses were styled 'Mrs.' in the play bills until late in the eighteenth century, 'Miss' being a term of reproach in those days for any but very young girls." As the actor grew in importance he insisted ((Concluded on page 112)



Rare playbill of the old John Street Theatre, New York, dated April 15, 1773

is any record, merely announced the theatre, the play, the day and the hour of the intended entertainment, and as far as can be ascertained it was not until after the Restoration that a cast of characters was printed.

Tradition has it that a bill was found in front of a place of amusement in Pompeii with the scenes of a play presumed to have been enacted on the day the city was destroyed, but the earliest "bill of the play," of which there is reliable record is in the British Museum. It reads as follows:

By His Majestie's Company of Comedians
at the
New Theatre in Drury Lane
This day being Thursday, April 8, 1663,
will be acted a comedy called,
THE HUMOUROUS LIEUTENANT
by Beaumont and Fletcher

The King	Mr. Winterset
Demetrius	Mr. Hart
Selvius	Mr. Byrt
Leontius	Major Mohun
Lieutenant	Mr. Cly
Celia	Mrs. Marshall

Play begins at 8 exactly.
Boxes 4s Pit 2s & 6d. Gallery 1s & 6d Upper Gallery 1s.



HAZEL DAWN AND HER SISTER



Photos The Mutual Weekly
GERTRUDE MCCOY

Beauty enhances the attractions of the Actors' Fund Automobile Fashion Show at Sheepshead Bay while the stern sex does its duty at the front



ANN PENNINGTON



Charlotte Fairchild

MAURICE

The well-known dancer who left his work on the American stage and returned to his native country to do relief work and give tea dances in Paris to raise funds for the French hospitals



Basil, London

GUY STANDING

Popular actor on the New York stage who was one of the first to volunteer and has just been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Commander in the Royal Volunteer Reserve

FAIR WOMEN AND BRAVE MEN

IS LOVE BANISHED FROM THE STAGE?

By PAUL MORRIS



IS love losing its hold on the world of plays and players? There was a time when a drama without a strong love theme had about as great a chance of being accepted by a theatrical manager as a musical comedy without a "beauty" chorus. But times have taken a slight turn for the better (or worse—all depending upon your own sentimental or worldly wise point of view). Perhaps it is the war that has hardened men's souls and extracted some of the sentiment which they once contained or perhaps just a bit of the point of view of Japan, India, and the Far East generally, which discounts love as the prime basis of art, has crept into our minds, saturated with sex dramas, spring poetry and magazine love stories. At all events some of the most striking productions of the last season of dramatic entertainments have contained little or no love interest.

Of course there have been glad "Pollyanna" plays, and kindly sentimental "Stubborn Cinderellas," in sufficient numbers to give rise to many barrels of tears—but bleary-eyed matinée girls and middle-aged reminiscent weeping women have been fewer than usual this season. Crying at the theatre at love's young dream shattered and patched together again, is not altogether out of fashion but it is fast being superseded by gasps and shivers and cold intellectual impulses (if there are any such impulses). Sentiment and affection have not been entirely gleaned from the plays even of the most cold-blooded authors. Mother love, sisterly affection, and platonic love, all of which, I suppose, the most modern schools of philosophy would classify in the same category with old-fashioned "first love" and other inventions of fiction writers and spring poets.



THE best examples of plays without love, though few of them are without hate, can be found in the works of the soldier dramatist, Lord Dunsany. The finest specimens of plays without sex attraction of the season were the three little Barrie plays done at the Empire Theatre in the spring, "The New Word," "Old Friends," and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals."

In the first a father's affection for his son is shown, in "Old Friends" as in "Old Lady 31" it is the sentimental relation of mother and daughter that draws the attention of the listener, and in "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," it is a case of an old woman feeling the need of some one to make a fuss over, adopting a young soldier, at first without his consent and later with it.

Naturally some producers and authors hesitated to put on entertainments without a background of young lovers. "The 13th Chair" which has had such a long run at the 48th Street Theatre, for instance, was devoid of love in its original form, but just to be sure that everybody would go home satisfied, an engagement was interpolated though the action of the play would have got on just as well without it. "The Wanderer" and "Pierrot the Prodigal," both being merely versions of the Biblical story of the Prodigal son, a purely filial love story, a lesson in forgiveness, appended amazingly realistic love plots in their stage dress. Prominent among the Shakespearean productions was "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Now, this play was written because Queen Elizabeth wanted to see Falstaff in love and did not hesitate to let Shakespeare know her wishes. What really was written was

a burlesque on love. Falstaff was temperamentally unfitted to love anyone violently. Love not only has been neglected in certain quarters this season but it has been ridiculed in William Somerset Maugham's "Caroline," presented early in the season. A heroine fleeing from love was the theme.



BUT to go on to the plays without even a suggestion of the divine passion, the Washington Square Players who had presented Maeterlinck's "The Miracle of Saint Anthony" and other loveless things in the past, staged Strindberg's "Pariah" in which there are only two characters, both men. There was only hate and fear in Dunsany's "The Queen's Enemies." In the same author's "The Gods of the Mountain," and in "A Night at an Inn" there is mystery, suspense, perhaps even humor, but not love. The greedy beggars of the former, seek food, riches, and power, but not love. The pessimism of "The Glittering Gate," a play of which the title scarcely suggests the darkness of the fatal ending is without a gleam of sentiment, unless, the desire of two criminals to get into Heaven can be called sentiment. Most of these little plays of Dunsany deal with a world of unreality where human love is lacking.

The same might be said of many productions of the Serge di Diaghileff Ballet Russe, which finished its second American tour last spring. Its fanciful, ballets and pantomimes might be described as "fairy tales for grown-ups." When they treated of love it was in some unusual sprite-like way, as for instance in "The Spectre of the Rose," in which a young woman falling asleep with a rose in her hand dreams that it comes to life in the form of a lover who springs from its falling petals to dance with her. Then there was the clown love of the Harlequin and Pierrot of "Carnaval." The two most striking productions of the Ballet Russe, Stravinsky's "Petrouchka" and Strauss' "Till Eulenspiegel" barely touched upon love unless the puppet-love of the former can be classed as love. True a puppet Moor and a puppet clown were in love with a puppet ballerina, apparently, but after all it hardly suggested human passion though the characters were mimed by Nijinsky, Bolm and Lopokova. There has been a movement among composers to discard the human element from musical compositions. Music descriptive of the sounds of nature, of mystical scenes, of mythological beings is replacing music inspired by love after the example of Schumann and Chopin. Stravinsky, Ravel, and several of the most important French composers are in this class.



IN "Till Eulenspiegel" there was just a suggestion, flippant and unreal, of love when a fair lady crossed the stage to repulse Till's clownish love overtures. Otherwise, it was an exposition of the character of a roguish sprite, battling with an unsympathetic and cruel world devoid of love.

At the Metropolitan Opera House the most important addition to the repertoire was Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris." Though over a century old it had never before been performed in America. The reason, in part at least, was that it had no love-music, no passionate tenor singing high notes fortissimo to his beloved soprano. An opera

without a lovelorn tenor was not considered by the Italian and German operatic impresarios who have had control of the operatic interests here, as likely to attract the public. But though it dealt only with love of country, of reverence for the Greek gods and love of brother for sister, it aroused more favorable comment than any other production of the season. "Boris Godounoff" is another opera in which there is little love interest.

In all the season's offerings nothing more entertaining or more artistic was heard in New York than Mme. Yvette Guilbert's series of informal song recitals sung partly in French, partly in English at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. Of old, Mme. Guilbert was known as a music-hall singer who always could be relied upon to present something naughty, and suggestive, with some appeal to the sex instinct. But this year she has devoted much of her programs to religious songs such as "Noel," and "C'est le Mai." To be sure she could not refrain from giving now and then a flavor of Montmartre and the underworld of Paris to her entertainments, but the greater part of her energies were spent in presenting things of a religious nature or character studies of eccentric human beings. If Mme. Guilbert can dispense with love in her theatrical wares and still hold her public, it would seem that the rest of the dramatic world could not unprofitably spare a little sentimentality.



WITHOUT two or three pairs of lovers an English play would hardly be an English play. Affairs of the heart to which the whole world is more or less subject are, according to a popular theory, more violent among Latin races than the peoples of Northern Europe. But, strangely, the dramatic literature of France contains much that is almost devoid of sex interest. There has been a tendency among French writers to get away from reality and to write of fanciful things, though, of course, nothing is quite so farcical as a French farce dealing with domestic complications. In Italy, however, love still rules the stage. A rare example of an Italian opera in which the love story is subordinated to things less sentimental is Leoni's "L'Oracolo," revived at the Metropolitan Opera House. The libretto, however, is taken from an American play, "The Cat and the Cherub," which, no doubt, accounts for the fact that a murderous Chinaman is permitted to hold the centre of the stage to the exclusion of a pair of youthful lovers. No doubt, too, this weak love interest accounts for the fact that "L'Oracolo" is more popular in America than in Italy.

But to revert to the English, imagine a Shaw play without a few jibes at married life, without long discussions of problems arising from unfortunate love affairs.

Shaw now and then pokes fun at the frailties of human love, but he always gives love a prominent place in his dramas.

Gilbert K. Chesterton in his fantastical comedy, "Magic," at the point where the lowly conjurer proposes marriage to the high-born heroine, instead of making specific remarks as to how the conjurer is to act, has merely inserted the following brief stage directions: "Do whatever passionate things people do on the stage." He knew that the actor would know just what to do.

ANDREAS PAVLEY and Serge Oukrainsky, two of Pavlova's best dancers, have in conjunction with George Barrère, organized a miniature Ballet Russe and chamber music orchestra. They were recently seen at a special performance at the Sleepy Hollow Country Club, Scarborough, L. I., and they will give public performances shortly in New York. Andreas Pavley resembles a young Greek god in point of classic and poetic beauty, and Serge Oukrainsky, is considered the supreme technical dancer of the day. He is the only male dancer to do toe dancing unaided by sandals or other support—and in his bare



feet. These two artists have planned many of the most famous ballets and divertissements of the modern ballet, and since leaving Pavlova have been among the artistic personnel of the Chicago Opera Co., where they presented the ballet "Cleopatre." The little company of artists which they have trained and recruited is the perfect complement of the miniature orchestra which has made a reputation as being the most perfect and interesting attraction on the concert stage. The orchestra is conducted by George Barrère, the greatest of the present-day players upon the flute



camera study by Maurice Goldberg

CLARA

A striking
beauty

Photos Charlotte Fairchild

SOMETHING NEW IN THE BALLET

Andreas Pavley and Serge Oukrainsky, famous Russian dancers in miniature divertissements, each member of which is a feature, and the ensemble a perfect whole

DIARY OF A FAMOUS ACTOR



AN autograph diary kept by England's greatest actor, David Garrick, during a journey of himself and Mrs. Garrick to Paris in 1751 is indeed a treasure for the collectors to bargain for. And as it expresses in plain and sincere language Garrick's impressions of French theatres and actors of his time, as well as of other notable persons whose acquaintance he made, the autograph attains even wider interest. It is a small quarto of about thirty pages written in his own hand throughout and dated 1752 which would indicate that he had compiled it after his return from hasty notes made at the moment. The actor kept the diary by him and added notes on extraneous subjects to the main one as late as 1755.

This extraordinary autograph has led a vanishing existence, proving elusive to many of the countless biographers of the famous tragic-comedian, some of whom have doubted its existence, while others regretted that they had not had access to it. It is referred to by Fitzgerald who wrote the fullest and liveliest "Life of Garrick" (unhappily marred by inaccuracy) as the "Hill Ms.," it forming part of the "Hill" collection. And this may account for its elusiveness. Dr. or Sir John Hill who made the collection had no love for Garrick, whom he pestered for money and the production of his plays; and it is surmised that this man wilfully belittled the Ms. after gaining possession of it.



AN author of a "Life of Garrick," which he presented to the University of Paris as a thesis for the *doctorat ès Lettres*, so explained his non success in rediscovering the journal, and regretting that so interesting a document should disappear and "leave no trace behind." The truth most likely is that Garrick's personal interest was in his second visit to France, made in the fall of 1763, when he was fêted on all occasions and his triumphs as the acknowledged Roscius of England dulled the recollection of that first simple tour. Then he was nearly a private individual, knowing and known hardly at all, and his opinions in consequence may be more sincere than those he gave expression to later.

It is strange, however, that Garrick on this first visit developed so little sympathy for the French since he was himself of French descent, his grandfather—no farther back than that—having sought exile in England after the Edict of Nantes. The son of this old Huguenot, Peter Garrick, married an Irish lady and his second son became the celebrated actor. Nothing could have been more disagreeable to the Garrick family than a stage connection, for although very poor it was proud. Garrick, as is well known, for a long time after he went on the stage, kept up a pretense of anonymity. He was the "gentleman who had appeared only twice, etc.," and in this nameless way he made his glorious "hit" as Richard III at Goodman's Fields. These youthful poses had been laid aside and Garrick had enjoyed an enormous success for ten years before this trip to Paris was undertaken, in which he had surpassed the memory of Betterton and stood unrivalled at the top. His Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, Romeo, were so great that they could be compared to each

other only and not to any predecessors' rendering of these rôles. But although so pre-eminent at home he was not the famous cosmopolite that he became after this journey. It is possible that he afterwards changed his views on matters French or politely concealed his real views of people who received him so politely and this change makes the autograph under examination even the more interesting. The manuscript is now one of the gems of the fine collection of Mr. Harry Houdini, the "handcuff king," to whose kindness we are indebted for the opportunity to quote from it.

But let us read the actor's notes.

"My wife, Mr. Denis and myself set out from London the 19th of May, Sunday, and we got to Paris the Thursday after (the 23rd). We made our passage from Dover to Boulogne in three hours and a half."

Mr. Denis was a celebrated surgeon of London. Another fellow traveler was Sir George Lewis who was afterwards murdered for money which he had on him in the forest of Bondy. This tragic event occurred towards the close of Garrick's stay in Paris. The actor suspected an Italian Count who was arrested but about to be released when Garrick dressed himself in the

*Moliere's comedies scarcely bring a house
as are generally acted by inferior actors.
Novelty is the greatest incentive
to the success of a house.*

EXCERPT FROM THE GATE

The famous English actor found that much the same as they are in our day. "Moliere scarcely bring a house and are generally actors. Novelty is the greatest incentive to the success of a house."

murdered man's clothes and so naturally to the prisoner and confessed.

On landing in France so happened to ruffle the English for he writes:

ALL the French writers about England complain of our common people, but let 'em say they will, I never yet saw so much imposition and impertinence as I did. The Custom House officers (notwithstanding just a suggestion of freedom of the port) were very uncivil and the Collector whom we went before Till's clown-things (though my wife was with us) is an exposure of the passage of his house and showed the least politeness to her or us—as to the cruel world passed at this place is of very little consequence. We could hardly get post horses and even the most was as disagreeable as it could possibly be.

"N.B.—I made an observation that the nearer we approached to Paris the post boys were less religious. All through Picardy and further the boys pulled off their hats to the Crucifixes which are set up at the ends of all the towns and villages, but within forty miles of Paris they showed

not the least regard to them but cocked up their hats and whistled on."

The party reached the French capital May 23rd, the coach journey from the coast taking four days.

"We got to Paris, the 23rd, Thursday, between six and seven in the evening and did nothing that night but clean ourselves and stare out of the window of our Hotel d'Entraques which looks on the Palais Luxembourg."

The next day the visitors went to the Comedie Française. Garrick writes:

"The play was Moliere's 'L'Ecole des Maris,' very ill acted but as a new tragedy called 'Zares' (Voltaire's 'Zaire'? Ed.) was acted for the first time the night before, and by the best actors, we saw none but the inferior ones in this play. The petite piece was 'Le Magnifique' (by Le Motte as they told me), taken from La Fontaine, an indifferent farce, and worse acted."

"Saturday, May 25th, I left my name at the Ambassador's (Lord Albemarle) and called upon Mr. Boyle. We went this evening to the Comedie Italienne and saw Marivaux's 'Fausse Suivante' with an entertainment of dancing called 'Le May.' The first was acted much better than 'L'Ecole des Maris,' but the dancing which has great success and was much approved of, would have been hissed off the English stage. The valet in the 'Fausse Suivante' had merit, but was at times very inattentive, which indeed seems to be almost a general fault."



WITHOUT two or three conditions on the English play would have been different from the world is more or less subject to the same popular theory, more violent than the peoples of Northern Europe. The dramatic literature of France is almost devoid of sentiment. There has been a tendency among French actors to get away from reality and to write farcical things, though, of course, nothing is so farcical as a French farce dealing with complications. In Italy, however, love is the stage. A rare example of an Italian play which the love story is subordinated to is Leon's "L'Oracolo," the per-the Metropolitan Opera House. The acting however, is taken from an American play, and I Cat and the Cherub," which, no doubt, is for the fact that a murderous Chinaman that mitted to hold the centre of the stage, which clusion of a pair of youthful lovers. to sixteen too, this weak love interest accounts few days." that "L'Oracolo" is more popular than in Italy.

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Shaw now and then pokes fun human love, but he always gives at to the opera place in his dramas. now is great but

Gilbert K. Chesterton in his as spirit and ex- "Magic," at the point where dancing very well. proposes marriage to the hitherto is Chassée, the bass singer."

"May 29th. We went to the French Comedy and saw 'Rodogune' and 'Usurier Gentilhomme,' etc. Le Kain, the new actor seemed to me to have feeling and spirit. Dumesnil, the celebrated actress, has not (Concluded on page 100)



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

A striking personality of the films whose beauty has lent her considerable aid in her climb up the ladder of success

SEEING OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



*"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."*

SO sang Bobbie Burns many years ago, never dreaming that a marvelous invention would some day gratify the desire that he expressed in verse. The motion picture camera is the power that has enabled many human beings, particularly actors, to see themselves as others have seen them. All of the mannerisms, all of the petty little peculiarities on which many a complacent actor had prided himself or herself, are mercilessly displayed in the clear white light of the "movie" camera. Tricks with the hands, facial gymnastics and other weird effects that the actor thinks are heaven-born gifts of genius, are shown to be absurdly ridiculous on the screen.

The actor cannot "four-flush" on the screen. He may be able to fool some of the people part of the time, and part of the people all the time, but he can't fool the lens of the camera at any time. That impartial critic shows him up just as he is "without one plea." It registers facts. He cannot appeal to a worshipful court with that constant whine about being misrepresented by the critics. He stands or falls on his own merits alone. The motion picture camera plays no favorites. It is as relentless and implacable as fate itself, and they who posture before its bright eye must, in the Broadway vernacular, "have the goods."



FOR this service to mankind the movies should be tendered a large and enthusiastic vote of thanks. Actors are, as a rule, the most egotistical folk atop the earth. If they once make a hit in some show, they are immune from criticism and must be treated as gods. The "eccentricities of genius" and that sort of thing, don't you know? In days gone by these eccentricities were considered valuable stage assets, but with the debut of the motion pictures they became excess baggage.

How things have changed since those "good old days!" The prominent star who saw himself or herself for the first time on the screen probably had a disagreeable shock. They were not the invincible heroes or heroines that they had hitherto imagined. In fact, they were merely common clay, and, in some instances, pretty poor clay at that. For the first time in their lives they stood face to face with themselves, and a few of us can see ourselves as we *actually are* and be conceited about it.

Many persons who saw Mme. Nazimova in her new play, "Ception Shoals" commented upon her unusual naturalness. Here was a new Nazimova—simple, unaffected, real. She had shed her mannerisms like a last year's gown. Why? What? It is all very simple. Mme. Nazimova has been in the movies. She has seen herself as others saw her for many years and the discovery has transformed her into an actress of simplicity and force. Those who saw her hysterical impersonation of the neurotic heroine of Ibsen's "Little Eyolf" a few years ago, would scarcely recognize her to-day as the same actress.

In "Our Mrs. McChesney," the play based on the Edna Ferber stories, Ethel Barrymore showed an improvement in her acting that was

commented upon by all of the critics. There was a reason. She had been in the movies. In returning to this form of acting she may have builded better than she knew. Miss Barrymore, as is well known, has as many mannerisms as a fish has scales. Will the camera do for her what it has done for Mme. Nazimova? Judging from the benefits she has already derived from her previous visit, it is not improbable that we shall some day see a new and far greater Barrymore.



THERE is no more conspicuous example of what the movies can do for an actress than Pauline Frederick. A few years ago when she was acting in "Joseph and His Brethren" she was chiefly admired by theatre-goers for her rare beauty, but her acting ability was obscured by her physical charm. In subsequent plays she had few opportunities to prove that she possessed brains as well as beauty. So, being an ambitious young person, Miss Frederick decided that she had had quite enough of this cloak-model style of acting and became a screen star. She has never regretted this important step. The movie camera disclosed her early limitations without prejudice and she learned things about herself from her first five-reel film that only arduous years of experience on the legitimate stage could have revealed.

Those who have seen Miss Frederick's amateurish acting in the screen version of "Zaza" and then watched her masterly impersonation of Donna Roma in "The Eternal City" must admit that no young actress on our stage has advanced more rapidly in her art. In "The Spider" and in other photoplays, Miss Frederick has proved herself to be an actress of exceptional merit. Her pantomime work in expressing emotions is particularly effective, and her ability to convey facially to an audience the thoughts that are passing through her mind is extraordinary. It is surely no exaggeration to say that five years of the hardest sort of work on the legitimate stage could not have done for Miss Frederick what the motion picture camera has accomplished for her in less than three.

If actors are earnestly striving for success on the legitimate stage there is no question that an apprenticeship served in a motion picture studio will greatly facilitate their chances, provided, of course, that they do not allow the movie virus to inoculate their entire system and poison them.



BUT while it is true that many actors have travelled from the legitimate stage to the screen and achieved success in this new field, it is equally true that few motion picture stars whose experience has been confined entirely to acting before the camera, ever make their mark on the legitimate stage. Their methods are invariably artificial and melodramatic. This has been proved by numerous instances on the New York stage where popular screen actors have demonstrated their utter inability to act naturally in plays of quiet emotional appeal. Their work was marked by over-emphasis and lack of restraint. They had no artistic background.

On the other hand, we could cite numerous instances where actors of mediocre ability on

the legitimate stage have become stars of the first magnitude in the movies. Some of the biggest names on photoplayhouse programs to-day belong to men and women who have failed to achieve distinction in the spoken drama. But many of these actors who were dumb in the spoken drama have talked eloquently to tens of thousands in the silent language of the screen.

Then there is the actor who succeeds in the legitimate profession, becomes a motion picture star for a while and then returns to the spoken drama and wins additional laurels. Nazimova is not the only one to accomplish this feat. There are Nance O'Neil and Florence Reed, whose acting in "The Wanderer" won high praise from all the New York critics. Both of these actresses have been starring in photoplays because they could not obtain suitable vehicles on the legitimate stage, and both found that the opportunities to study their own acting before the screen has greatly enhanced their value in the spoken drama.

Another actor who seems to have permanently abandoned the spoken drama in favor of the camera is Theodore Roberts, whose recent work in photoplays has been more artistic than anything he ever did while appearing in the flesh. We have never forgotten his wonderful visualization of Joe Portugais in the dramatization of "The Right of Way" when he and Guy Standing were co-stars. But marvelous as was his acting in that memorable production, it did not possess the ripeness and finish that mark his work as a motion picture star.



BUT the most remarkable example of all is Marguerite Clark, who was transformed by the magic glance of the movie camera into a full-fledged star almost over night. This little Dresden china actress was an ornamental piece of musical comedy bric-a-brac for many years. Then she deserted this form of entertainment and went into farce. It was a long jump from "Baby Mine" to "Prunella" but she made it successfully. Then came "Snow White," but even her success in this whimsical fairy play did not materially change her stage status. She was still "that cunning little Clark person." "Jump again!" something told her—and she did. This time she landed in the movies and woke up one fine morning to find her name sharing honors with all of the popular breakfast foods of the day.

The movies have re-created Marguerite Clark. She has gone steadily forward in her pantomimic art and is now outrivalled in popularity only by "the Maude Adams of the movies," otherwise known as Mary Pickford. She appeals to a far wider audience than she could ever have hoped to reach in the spoken drama. When she appeared in the elaborate production of "Snow White" at the Little Theatre a few years ago, playgoers paid two-dollars-and-a-half to see her. Last winter she was starred in a screen version of the same play in a popular Broadway motion picture theatre where the highest-priced seats sell for fifty cents. And her fifty-cent impersonation of the little princess was so immensely superior to her two-dollar-and-a-half one, that it provoked general comment.

Marie Doro never "found herself" until she became a motion picture star. On the legitimate stage she was

(Concluded on page 100)



Campbell Studio

Clare Whitney, of Fox film fame, thinks her almost human Marmoset monkey the cutest thing ever



Campbell Studio

After the silent drama Mary Pickford finds Poll's loquaciousness a distinct relief



Lindstedt

An affectionate little Spaniel is the constant companion and soul mate of Kathleen Clifford



Apeda

When not acting for the screen Dorothy Kelly looks after the education of her Pekingese

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

The Pets of the Stars Make Their Début

GETTING OLD SCENERY OUT OF THE TRENCHES

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



SOMEONE who ought to know has calculated that not more than ten or fifteen per cent. of the shows annually produced on Broadway are presented often enough to cause their scenery perceptible wear and tear. The settings for the other eighty-five or ninety per cent. go very promptly into the storehouse. And at least eighty-five per cent. of them prove worse than a total loss, in that they serve no purpose but to accumulate storage charges.

That is Fact Number One. Now for Fact Number Two. In these advanced days of serious thinking it is quite unnecessary to remind anybody of the almost limitless power of suggestion. Before its actual realities fade away into ineffectuality. Nothing succeeds like suggestion. The conscious mind, which feeds only on futile facts, has turned out to be a mere subsidiary of a faculty infinitely its superior—the subliminal self. What the mind does, comprehends, or instigates, is as nothing compared with the efficiency of the subconscious. And the subconscious, which really controls all our waking moments and in addition thereto works while we sleep, is accessible only through the medium of suggestion.

Properly understood and applied, therefore, suggestion is the key to human achievement. It works in myriad ways, as everybody knows, but it is supremely potent as environment. The romantic writers of the *Sturm und Drang* had a realization of this fact. They knew how susceptible to surroundings as well as to climatic conditions is the human soul. They understood how the subconscious mind is constantly being affected for weal or for woe by impulses from the outside, of which the stupid little consciousness is altogether unconscious. They realized that sanity, optimism, energy, resolution, and everything else worth while is largely dependent not only on the state of the barometer but on the character of the settings of daily existence. And something might have come of their investigations if only the blight of realism had not settled down upon the world early in the nineteenth century.



SO there you have the minor and the major premise and are ready for the syllogism:

Men are profoundly influenced by the character of the settings in which they play their parts.

The storehouses of New York are full of infinitely varied and almost new settings going to waste.

Therefore—

But why dally with the obvious? Let us hasten on to our practical plans.

Heaven only knows how many thousands of persons of means live—or think they are living—in New York (to say nothing of other cities) apartment houses. They spend millions of dollars on the furnishing and decorating of their six rooms and two baths, in the vast majority of cases achieving exhibitions of bad taste such as Madame Tussaud in her most delirious moments never dreamed of. But even in the minority cases where reasonably artistic and tasteful effects are intentionally or accidentally obtained, there is still the immense handicap of monotony. Few even in our day of war brides can afford to refurnish and redecorate with any degree of frequency, and most of us go on throughout a lifetime looking at the same old interiors. If we get a new rug once in ten years, new wall-paper every three or

four, and from time to time the old armchair reupholstered, we are lucky. For the rest, we must content ourselves with shifting the talking machine from the living-room to the *salle à manger*—and perhaps eventually to the basement.



AS you see very clearly, therefore, my proposal is that we utilize all this wealth of waste scenery—usually so much superior to the plays for which it was painted—for relieving the monotony of the home environment. And I at once meet the objection that it would be impractical to set up flats and wings in the modern already overcrowded apartment, by promptly acknowledging its undeniable truth. But—and that is the crux of the proposition—what is it that most of us apartment-dwellers see when we look out of our numerous purely conventional windows? Nothing but blank walls in ninety cases out of a hundred, relieved only by the exteriors of other purely conventional windows.

Now therein lies the big opportunity. Why not make these cheerless, dull, worse than merely negative outlooks the shrines of potent health-and-hope-giving suggestion?

The scheme unfolds itself before your imagination. "The world is too much with us," notes W. Wordsworth, meaning doubtless the world of the city. And the cure lies in Nature. Yet so few of us can afford to go to Nature, except for a trifle of hot and weary days of summer. Very well, then: bring Nature to us. Set up in the little court outside the dining-room windows a properly lighted cut-wood set with trees and rocks and a babbling brook. Then oxygenate the air by machinery and be healed by the magic of the vernal woods. It would be a priceless boom for invalids, to say nothing of us semi-invalids who constitute the city's population but are not yet regularly confined to our beds.

The knowledge of the unreality of the outlook would count for nothing. After a few days at most it would vanish, and suggestion would be working twenty-four hours a day. The possibility of monotony would be removed by the simple expedient of changing the set every Monday. You could have a forest this week, flocks grazing in a meadow the next, and Rip Van Winkle's haunts in the Catskills the week after. The range of choice would be unlimited. It might, indeed be determined by your physician's prescription—providing you had a physician, and he was a psychologist.

As a matter of fact, if you happen to be something of a self-analyst, you have probably discovered within yourself a certain range of moods which you could correct or accentuate by means of this new scheme. If it is always blue Monday to you, a bright spring landscape to look out on during breakfast would do wonders for you. Perhaps even you could arrange to relieve the dullness of your office or your workroom in a similar way. It would be a blessing to your employees and co-workers as well. Indeed the possibilities are unlimited when you begin to consider what could be done for factories, offices, and all the other haunts of labor. Employers have already tried the suggestive effects of music and good reading aloud, with much success. They have supplied attractive rest-rooms, too, but they are effective only during the brief intermissions of the day. Why not let this power of suggestion be at work all the time?

If a vase of flowers, a pitcher of mignonette, a row of plants on a window ledge, a canary in a cage, a bowl of goldfish can add so much to human happiness—and almost entirely through this medium of unconscious suggestion—what might not be accomplished by a complete vista of the great out-of-doors elaborated in all its details.

But, I hear someone say, you are talking altogether about outdoor sets, whereas the vast majority of stage scenes are interiors. Quite so, and there is use for these interiors as well. Take the poor man in his squalid tenement. Naturally he longs for luxury and refinement of surroundings. Of course he cannot have them in reality. Such things are not for him. And as practical reformers will testify, even were it possible, it would be useless to try to supply him with the accoutrements of the rich. He is such an unappreciative chap that he would merely put his dirty shoes on the richly carved mantel, use the piano as a refrigerator, store the winter's coal in the bath-tub, sell all the lead-pipe plumbing to the junk dealer, and degenerate into a shiftless parasite. Such is the futility of well-meant but injudicious charity.

Give the poor man an outlook from his kitchen window, not of interminable washings flapping drearily from infinite clothesline entanglements, however, but a glimpse of a Fifth Avenue drawing-room, with ormolu clocks and a statuette of the boy picking a thorn from his foot and oil paintings in huge gilded frames and rich hangings half-revealing vistas of other equally luxurious chambers—and you will have supplied all the yearnings of his soul without having done him the irreparable injury of pauperizing him.



AND *vice versa*. The millionaire in his palace, all hung around with Fragonards and near-Rubenses and mediæval copes and albs—surely he wearies of gazing ever at Chinese porcelains of the Third Dynasty, at trophies of arms from the days of Runnymede, at endless rows of extra-illustrated and hand-tooled volumes—those uncut gems of literature—surely he would be a relieved, a more charitable, a better man, if occasionally at least he might draw aside a brocaded tapestry and gaze out, not at the heavily barred windows of his fellow-millionaire and chief business rival, but at a realistic picture of a tenement-house kitchen or even of the living-room in the thirty-five-dollar apartment of one of his twenty-five-dollar-a-week clerks!

You will readily see that the possibilities of the scheme are endless. The idle man may cure himself of his proclivities by being always in the presence of a scene redolent of bustle and activity—say, a Wall Street broker's office, full of typewriters and filing-cabinets and ticker-tape, not forgetting the inverted green bottle of Mountain Bear drinking-water in the corner. The over-ambitious person may neutralize his waste energy by contemplating a complete picture of rural domesticity.

As the workings of suggestion are insidious, the power may be used upon others without arousing their suspicions. The husband who never comes home till three a. m., for instance, may be soothed into resignation by a view of a club poker room or say by the setting of the first act of "Salvation Nell." The wife who rarely sees the rear of her apartment might be effectually reminded of its existence by fre-

(Concluded on page 112)



From a portrait by Sarony

M A R I E F L Y N N

One of the chief reasons why "You're in Love" was one of the most popular of the musical plays this season. Possessed of daintiness, charm, and grace, Broadway only had to see her to make her one of its favorites



These Keystone players find rehearsals on California's sunny beach a decided improvement on the hot city studio



Else Alder is as happy riding a water toboggan as she was in the title rôle of "Miss Springtime"



Mme. Frances Alda, of the Metropolitan, finds rowing a capital tonic for operatic work



Bessie Love of Triangle film, looks as cute in a bathing suit as she does in frocks and frills



When not acting for the screen Norma Talmadge enjoys ocean breezes at Beechhurst, L. I. Here she is seen resting after a long swim



Press Illustrating

At her beautiful summer home at Amityville, L. I., Hazel Dawn can indulge her love of boating. An expert navigator, she often takes a long run up the Sound

THE LURE OF THE WATER

Boating and bathing do wonders in making the artiste fit for the coming season's hard work



Press Ill. Service

Mary Nash is a firm believer in reducing the high cost of living



White

Leo Ditrichstein's maxim has always been: "make hay while the sun shines"



Press Ill. Service

While the men go to the trenches Mary West paints the old barn



White

Elsie Janis holds centre stage on her farm as well as in the theatre

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT

Patriotic farmwork engages the attention of Broadway favorites

BEAUTY UNNECESSARY FOR STAGE SUCCESS

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON



NOT all beautiful women want to be actresses, but it is safe to say that all actresses want to be beautiful women. No one, to be sure, has ever satisfactorily defined beauty, and probably there were not wanting those, especially among the members of her own sex, who thought that Helen of Troy wasn't much to look at. You may prefer plump women, I may like them thin; you may admire red hair, while I may dislike it. But the fact remains that certain girls fill their dance cards early while others sit against the wall, certain women cause men to turn and stare while others walk down the Avenue without disturbing traffic in the least, certain favored females have taken their place in history not because of their deeds but their looks. *"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships And burned the topless towers of Ilium?"*

And it must be confessed that the average mortal, if asked to spend an entire evening contemplating a female, would prefer, other things being equal, to contemplate Helen of Troy or Cleopatra rather than the mother of the Gracchi or Martha Washington. He would prefer it, other things not being equal, in fact.

Hence the actress, who has to be contemplated for an entire evening, and receives a salary in proportion to her ability to attract contemplators, desires extremely to be beautiful. She cuts potatoes and sugar out of her diet that her too, too solid flesh may melt, she rolls twenty times across her chamber every day to keep her figure, she invokes the aid of the hair dresser, the gown designer, the chemist. She does everything, in fact, to preserve or increase her beauty, except, of course, living a normal life with plenty of outdoor exercise—that is too much of a price to pay, even for beauty!



THE literature and folk-lore of the world is full of wise proverbs to prove that beauty is only skin deep (or, in a musical comedy, only shin deep), that beauty fades while character abides, that the soul is more important than the face. "The eyes love beauty, the heart loves wisdom," says the Hindoo adage. "The ugliest woman is the best housewife," says the Spanish. All of which may be true—doubtless is. But it has no effect on the fundamental fact that when we go to a dance we prefer a pretty partner, and when we go to the theatre we prefer a pretty actress. It is so fundamental a fact that it needs no comment. Its truth simply cannot be questioned.

It follows, then, that good looks must often play a considerable part in the success of an actress—and, to a much smaller degree, in the success of an actor. Good looks, to be sure, can add nothing to the player's skill, to her imagination, to her sensitiveness, to emotion; but they can add to her personal charm; and because it is so difficult to dissociate personal charm from acting skill, to say in a given performance how much of our pleasure is due to the actor's objective art and how much to his or her personality, it is quite possible that many a reputation is based on beauty far more than on proficiency. It takes great skill to make the plain player recognized as a star. It takes very little, oftentimes, to put the name of the pretty player into electric lights on the front of the theatre. Witness Billie Burke!

And yet the greatest actress America has yet produced was the homeliest of women; she is dead now, and we can say it in so many words.

Her name was Charlotte Cushman. Since nobody could have gone to the theatre to contemplate her beauty, they must have gone to enjoy her art. Having no beauty to interfere, it was perhaps all the easier to appreciate her technical proficiency. Her lack of comeliness may have aided her reputation as an artist. It is curious how often in writing about acting we come upon a paradox. This is one of them. An actress desires to be beautiful, beauty is a precious asset; yet the very beauty she covets may stand in the way of public appreciation of her talents, it may blind people to her histrionic skill, just as it may also blind them to her lack of skill.



MAXINE ELLIOTT, for example, who was one of the most beautiful women of our generation (we say "was," because she has retired from the stage), never got the credit for her considerable acting ability, even from those people who should have been able to distinguish it. She was so stately and fair to look upon that thousands came to admire, and even in plays which fared badly in New York, she could tour the country cleaning up \$80,000 a season. Of course, if people had stopped to reflect, they would have realized that her plays were always presented with an air of well bred distinction, that her own performance, if never thrilling, was certainly always pleasing, clear-cut, and eminently tactful. A great actress she certainly was not, but she was an extremely competent stage director and within her range of polite comedy she was technically proficient above most of her rivals. Yet she was so famous as a beauty that the average theatregoer thought he was pleased entirely by his eye, and it was generally affirmed that she "always played herself," which was one way of saying that she couldn't act. If Miss Elliott had been less beautiful, she would undoubtedly have been more esteemed for her skill.

It is rather interesting to make up a little list of prominent actresses, classified according to their looks, and to try to see how far beauty or the lack of it has been a help or a handicap. We should be rather surprised if you didn't discover that the players who, on the whole, have lacked the aid of an obvious physical allurements, have actually achieved the solidest reputations. There is Sarah Bernhardt, for example! And Réjane, and Simone. The marvelous Sarah, most famous actress in the world, is certainly not a beauty, and never has been in the twenty-five years that I can remember her. I have seen her look lovely as the passions of a character swept over her face and electrified her figure. But beautiful she herself never was. No more was Réjane.



LET us consider a few more of the admittedly fine actresses of our day. Of course, we must start with Mrs. Fiske. Interesting, alert, piquant—but hardly beautiful in the common use of the word. She has never known how to dress, lacking Miss Marie Tempest's ability in that respect. Her success has come, assuredly, from her great artistic gifts. Miss Margaret Anglin is one of our leading players, also. She is finely chiseled of feature, even patrician; but one would hardly call her beautiful, until she puts on the mourning robes of Electra and speaks her tragic woe.

Certainly she has had no such aids to popularity as Miss Elliott.

Nazimova certainly is interesting; "a tiger cat in the leash of art," James Huneker called her, paraphrasing Lewis's description of that other Jewish actress, Rachel. But to the Saxon eye, at least, Nazimova is hardly beautiful. She is not even stately. She is small of stature, and has not hesitated again and again to make herself positively plain. It is true, of course, that she also has the faculty of making herself alluring to the masculine beholder. But even here it is a question how much is due to art and how much to nature. Certainly, on the whole, art has played the larger part in her success.

Laurette Taylor, one of the most popular of our native actresses, is not a beauty. Personally, we don't think she is even pretty. You may dispute this if you like; it really doesn't matter. The moment she begins to play a scene of comedy, who cares? She is too interesting to raise the question then. She has charm and skill, and they serve her well enough. It seems to memory as if she was pretty when she played Peg, very pretty, yet it was Peg who was pretty, perhaps, not she.

How about Duse? We used to think this marvelous woman was the loveliest creature we had ever looked upon when we saw her on the stage. We unhesitatingly pronounced her a beauty. Yet how far was this beauty the result of emotions written out on her sensitive, almost ethereal face? How far was it a part of our own emotions at the play? Just now we have been looking at some photographs of her, and she seems rather plain. Certainly, if we didn't know whom they represented, we should never be tempted to put them up on our dresser.



WAS Ellen Terry a beauty? As Portia, yes—the dearest, finest, prettiest creature ever seen. Yet didn't she have a snub nose? Certainly Irene Vanbrough isn't a beauty, nor Mary Shaw, nor Mary Nash, nor Marie Tempest, nor, in the movies, Mae Marsh and Mary Pickford—two of the best. Possibly you might stretch a point, and call Mary pretty, or at any rate pleasant to look at. But she isn't a beauty, surely. Yet she is the queen of the films, by virtue of her ability to express emotions effectively in front of the camera.

Then there is Yvette Guilbert, greatest artist in the world as a singer of little song dramas. She is distinctly plain. Even her hands are plain—nice, comfortable, kindly, capable hands. Yet when she comes out on the stage to sing, when her hands begin to gesture, she is transformed into a creature of indescribable charm, and those hands are the most expressive hands in the universe. The artist in her completely triumphs.

Of course, there is a moment in the life of every woman when she is beautiful, and the great actress, finding those moments in the life of the character represented, is, if need be, transfigured. As the lover sees only beauty in the face he bends above, the audience see loveliness in this woman who has captured their sympathies, their imaginations. One can hardly call Maude Adams a beauty, for example, yet the public adores her, and when she dresses herself up and pretends to be a fairy princess in "A Kiss for Cinderella," coming triumphantly down to charm the prince, she holds the enraptured gaze of her worshipers, who see her

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From a portrait by Sarony

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE

New York's super show girl, and the reigning spirit of Justine Johnstone's Little Club, atop the 44th Street Theatre

THE FAILURE OF THE LITTLE THEATRES

By MAXWELL PARRY

DIRECTOR OF THE LITTLE THEATRE OF INDIANA



FIFTEEN of us from the Washington Square Players have been going up and down the provinces these last six months in a repertory of our playlets, spreading the good news of dramatic freedom. We have dared as far North as Montreal and as far South as Atlanta, accumulating the most delightful and ghastly adventures. There's no kind of stage that we haven't played on from hippodrome to rickety tables and there's no sort of audience, from zero to bloodheat, that we haven't met. We have played to the patronizing chilliness of over-dressed society, to the roars of Canada's soldiers, to all the known varieties of Drama Leagues, to school children and their shocked teachers, to the joyous whoop-'em-up sons of colleges and to those lost tribes that live in one-night stands out on the fringes of nowhere and come and sit in heavy silence, filled with a wild surmise.

The handsome privilege of the trip has been an inside look at most of the little theatres of the country. Often we played on their stages—for two weeks at Philadelphia and for nearly two months at Chicago. We were the guests of the Wisconsin Players and came into personal contact with the little theatres of St. Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Milwaukee. And I must confess that outside of the interesting things that some of them have been trying to do, the general impression of them all is a nightmare of bankruptcy.

There doesn't seem to be a little theatre in this whole land that isn't being choked to death by its unpaid bills. If there is financial relief in sight it must be unlimited or the awful agonies will begin again shortly, for the condition seems to have become chronic and under the present methods of operating apparently inevitable. No rural melodrama with its mortgage due at the end of the second act was ever more pitiful than this. Wherever we went the confidences of the directors were always of the same tenor—that they were awfully in the hole, that they were having a fearful time holding the players together, that the local public wasn't supporting them properly and that they were feeling around for the most graceful way to close things up.

Of course, this will be horrible news to those who are shouting for the movement since their information would seem to be directly to the contrary. The Drama League publications and the paid lecturers as well as the magazines at large are all giving out glowing tales of little theatre prosperity. If your own is in bad you can at least infer that all the others appear to be doing exceedingly well. And to those who don't know, these highly colored accounts demonstrate that the little theatre is failure-proof if not actually profitable. Many towns are gaily diving into the venture on this assumption of assured success. For them I propose that we shed a silent tear. The actual bitter truth is that the little theatres of this country, outside of New York, are grand commercial failures with starvation dead ahead and anyone who is aggravating a little theatre into existence with the idea of even paying expenses deserves a medal for perfect optimism. The perfect optimist, you know, is the fellow who falls from a ten-story building and when he passes the fifth floor they hear him say: "Well, so far so good!"

Luckily for the Philadelphians their theatre was built by a generous individual and their large deficits made up by her with what seems to me the acme of cheerful benevolence. They have tried again and again to make the house pay for itself, once with a repertory company under such skillful directorship as that of B. Iden Payne, but it was only another lunge at the impossible. In Chicago, Maurice Browne has been sorely beset financially. I have heard it whispered how many thousands his miniature playhouse is behind and it's almost enough to start a country bank. The Wisconsin Players were so harassed by their financial woes that they were preparing for a receiver, and some indeed were anxious to have it granted before nervous prostration should overtake their leading spirit. In St. Louis they were closing their season, unable to carry their semi-professional company any longer. They have had tough sledding in Cincinnati and the season at Indianapolis has been one dismal brainstorm.

The success of the companies abroad is constantly held up as an incentive. We are flaunted with the triumphs of the Irish Players and the Manchester Players and the small art theatres of Paris, Berlin and Petrograd. But the closer we come to them the thicker troubles begin to cluster. The Irish Players, for example, could never have pulled through their first tumultuous season but for the financial assistance of Lady Gregory, notwithstanding the fact that they had Shaw and Yeats working for them. The Manchester Players had Miss Horniman behind them as a remarkable provider in every way.



THE Washington Square Players have had their "angel" right along too. Their beginnings were made possible by a group of very astute and able young people, including an indefatigable press woman, who were willing to work for nothing. Most of them are graduates of Columbia and they know a good play when they read one as well as how to mount it cleverly. There in New York they have the largest field of talent to draw from and yet their acting is their weakest point. Imagine, then, what chance the average small town stands of getting together a company from its own community. Luckily for the Washington Square Players the public is willing to overlook the acting for the thrill of novelty and intelligence that their plays usually show. Even so there have been times when they would have been hard hit but for the goodness of their wealthy friend. Last summer when they moved down to the Comedy Theatre on Forty-first Street they found themselves playing to vast emptiness and the gloom grew thicker and thicker until their second bill brought the Japanese play, "Bushido," to light. It saved their lives and ran for a long time to exceptional business.

The Portmanteau Theatre is the property of Stuart Walker who has kept it going out of his pocket during its lean years. This season with his startling Dunsany offerings, especially "The Gods of the Mountain," he has made good in New York and on the road. With typical foresight he is going to hold his company together through the summer as a stock enterprise.

Out of all this personal contact I have been forced to the conclusion that the ordinary little theatre has no business trying to be self-supporting. As soon as it decides to exist on its box-office receipts it is driven into a series of fatal errors. It plans out a season of productions, say, a new bill each month, and then it begins to look around for something worth producing, for someone to produce it and for a few idle but vivid souls willing to play in it—otherwise everything is all set. That used to be the cheerful method of the poor actor who had the habit of ordering a many-course dinner, insisting on oysters first, hoping that he might find a pearl big enough to pay for the meal.

There, to my mind, is the prime mistake of all the little theatres. *They have been wishing too much on themselves.* They have been trying to run dramatic marathons, with deplorable results to their ways and means committees. You might think there was some merciless compulsion on the part of the public, where in reality the public hasn't any feeling in the matter at all unless it be the never-dying hope for an interesting evening. Sometimes the public might be rather relieved to hear that the season was going to be a short and merry one.

The avowed purpose of every little theatre ought to be to experiment, not to make money. It ought to serve as a local workshop for dramatic material, not as a sweatshop. When there's nothing special to do it oughtn't to do anything, and when something good comes along it ought to try it out for all it's worth. But from every standpoint it is better to put on one play, and one only, and really do something with it than to give ever so long a season of half-baked productions. For the talent of any community will respond to the idea of a single effective production wherein everyone is to do his mightiest, but it will shy at the idea of getting tied up to an exhausting series. The little theatre that knows what's good for it will keep its doors closed to the public until it has something worth while to offer, and when the public has had enough of this offering, the doors will be closed again until another play of imperative worth is ready. The matter of production is no joke. It's as hard to build a play and make it go as it is to build an automobile and make it hit on all twelve cylinders.

Questionable as the present methods of the little theatres may be, the idea itself is *right*. It is the artistic intelligence of the world asserting itself in a free theatre. It is the people everywhere, the real people, taking over the theatre to themselves. When the news came of what fanciful things Barker was doing for the Stagers Society in London, what realism Strindberg was giving in his *Théâtre Intime* at Stockholm, what delightful and revolutionary things Antoine was doing at the *Théâtre Libre* in Paris, what triumphs of novelty were being shown in the Seagull Theatre at Moscow, and what smashing effects Reinhardt was achieving at Berlin—when news came of these actual accomplishments in little playhouses of Europe it seemed as if we had been waiting for this since the beginning of time. Then the Irish Players began to make noise and the Manchester Players called for attention. Donald (Concluded on page 11)

Scene in a photograph gallery. Leon Errol as the commuter, and Raymond Hitchcock as the photographer



Photos Pach



GRACE LA RUE
The Bride of To-day



WILLIAM ROCK AND FRANCES WHITE
Singing "My Best Girl's a Corker"



ADELAIDE WINTHROP (Comedienne)



IRENE BORDONI
As Claire de Bouillon in French songs

SOME OF THE FAVORITES IN "HITCHY-KOO" THE NEW MUSICAL REVUE

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By DAVID WARFIELD



THREE times, on three separate sheets of virgin white paper, I have set down the earliest possible event in my history:—I was born in San Francisco, in November, 1866.

This seems the logical way to begin the painful task of writing about myself, but when I recall the fact that the THEATRE MAGAZINE has asked me to write a few personal reminiscences, I feel not quite certain that I am on the right track, for of the event recorded above, I have no "personal reminiscence"—the matter is one of mere hearsay. And in the real sense of dramatic birth, I ought to record my entrance into life as having taken place in December, 1900—the date of my first serious interview with David Belasco, my professional guide, brother comrade and inspiration. But if I begin writing about my friend and manager I shall never stop—so, much against my will I return to such reminiscings as I can record prior to my second birth.

When men talk about the young American writers, now-a-days, they invariably refer to the pen-and-ink belt that section of Indiana which gave Booth Tarkington, General Lew Wallace, George Ade and numbers of red-blooded men to the field of letters. And in the same sense San Francisco, in the '70's and early '80's deserves to be called the footlight belt since the Coast contributed to the drama such men as John McCullough, Frank Mayo, David Belasco and a host of giants whose earlier training was received in one or another of the famous organizations which made San Francisco in those days the capital of the American stage. The 'Frisco boy in those days who was unable to spout Virginius à la McCullough, Davy Crockett à la Frank Mayo and Othello à la Salvini was felt to be a mistake and a miserable outsider, and like most of the lads of my own age I considered myself a critic of the drama in my very earliest 'teens. I may say that if I knew, to-day, half as much as I thought I knew at the ripe age of fifteen I should be equipped to give lessons to all the actors and managers in America.



I DO not recall the date of my formal entry into active theatrical life, but I first gratified my own thirst for the stage by quenching that of audiences at the old Bush Street Theatre in the capacity of water boy. Before long I was promoted to the exalted position of usher at the same temple of the drama, and in this field I was, I believe, a conspicuous success in the judgment of my fellow artists, inasmuch as I could make more noise slamming down seats than any other usher in the business.

In those halcyon days and nights, I was able to see a great deal of fine acting by the noted players of the Coast, and of course, I felt sure that I could eclipse the best of them, if only chance would give me the opportunity of spending my evenings on the other side of the footlights. It was my impression that Virginius, Claude Melnotte and the whole round of classic Shakespearian rôles were clearly written for me, and it seems to me, as I look back on the foolish little fellow of that time, that there were really two

chaps named Warfield. One of them a noisy young slammer-down of seats, and the other a romantic actor who made a louder noise in the world of dreams than did his other self in the realm of reality.

But it was not in any of the heroic rôles that my stage début was really accomplished. My chance to develop what I was pleased to call my talent for classic acting, came in 1888, when, as a stop gap in a case of emergency, I was sent for

company without visible regret to the management, and tried out as by fire in a series of engagements in variety theatres and road companies for a couple of years.

During this time, I am happy to say the opinion of my friends regarding my work underwent a subtle but clearly defined change. My former fellows in the usher class began to show less hauteur toward my efforts; and I am glad to set down the fact that my own judgment also suffered a complete reverse.

The end of my second year on the stage found me willing to acknowledge that several hundred miles separated me from the stars I studied in the California firmament.

Having scored a mild success in the rôle of Hiram Joskins in "The Inspector," I believed myself fitted for a trial at the drama in New York and in 1891—April 20th was the exact date—my metropolitan début was accomplished in a minor rôle in "O'Dowd's Neighbors,"—a dramatic gem which had its home in the old Windsor Theatre on the Bowery. In "O'Dowd's Neighbors," I essayed the rôle of Honora

O'Grady, making my New York bow in the rôle of an Irish woman.

The following season I changed my name to Smith, playing the part of John Smith in "The City Directory." A tour with "The City Directory" lasted until February, 1893, when I assumed the patriotic name of George Washington Littlehales in "A Nutmeg Match."

I believe I have forgotten to state that my very early boyhood was more or less blighted by the dire prophesy of an itinerant phrenologist who, after running his prophetic fingers over my cranial bumps, presented me with a document setting forth among other things that I was "more or less psychic." At the time I received this diploma I believed that p-s-y-c-h-i-c spelled "fishkick," and had a vague notion that I was in some way destined to a career associated with the finny tribe.



I MENTION this fact here because the only psychic tinge in my professional life was the fact that while still an usher in San Francisco, I belonged to a secret society, whose membership was composed of lads in the same line of endeavor. We called ourselves "The Motto Club" and each member was obliged to show fitness for an alliance with the order by inventing a three-word phrase which he adopted as his watchword in life. My own motto was "The Merry World," and the sole, single and only evidence of any psychic pre-vision I have ever exhibited lies in the fact that "The Merry World," which certainly held little meaning as a motto, was the title of the first play which entitled me to feel that I had at last gained a foothold on the first rung of the dramatic ladder—that wonderful ladder of dreams by which every beginner on the stage hopes to mount to dizzy delicious heights. And even the most ardent of occultists could scarcely find anything psychic in that remote connection, I am afraid.



David Warfield—the boy and the man

Moffett

from the "front of the house," to appear in the rôle of Melter Moss in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." The sternest, justest critics of those days were to be found in the ushers of the various theatres. They knew acting "from A to Izzard," as Frank Mayo used to say, and it was the unanimous verdict of the guild that my dramatic début was a flivver—a disgrace to the profession of usher. I rather incline to the belief that they were right. At any rate, I was released from the



Falk

In 1898 when he first reached Broadway



As the peddler in "The Merry World"

But I ramble ahead of my story. After "The Nutmeg Match," I became a member of the company at the Casino, which presented a series of revues, travesties and musical comedies. Under the management of George W. Lederer I was assigned character comedy rôles in the whole round of productions. The first of these, "About Town," was followed by "The Merry World," in which I played the part of a Hebrew peddler whom the biting lash of Fate punished relentlessly. This was my first real opportunity in New York, and in a way I owe my good fortune to the kindly powers that gave me that part, since it drew the attention of David Belasco to my work.

"The Merry World" was followed by "In Gay New York," "The Whirl of the Town" and "The Belle of New York," in all of which I was cast for rôles of varied character. After that came the happy days when I was a member of the classic little company at Weber and Fields Music Hall.



SUCH a company as was assembled under the banner of the "Weberfields" never, I am sure before or since made laughter for New York audiences.

Fay Templeton—was ever such an artist?—Lillian Russell, the incomparable team of Weber and Fields themselves, DeWolf Hopper, Peter F. Dailey, Charles Ross and Mabel Fenton, Bessie Clayton, "Willie" Collier, Louise Allen-Collier, John T. Kelly, Charles Bigelow—the list only begins with these names and it comprised many others. It was the policy of the generous firm of Weber and Fields, to encourage every member of their company to "write in his own hit"—the phrase is Pete Dailey's—and go as far as he liked.

I cannot say that I wrote very much into my rôles, in fact I was far too pre-occupied with admiring my associates and congratulating myself on belonging to so glorious a fellowship. The

various travesties and revues of those days; burlesques of current plays and gay little mockeries at political and social events touched high water mark in clean, neat merrymaking, with a thrust now and then at the very quick of life, and were admirably fitted to develop all there was of dramatic grasp in a man. It would have been a dull actor indeed who failed of growth in such a school, and so I venture to hope that the Weber and Fields engagement held profit as well as happiness for a young chap from California who had the good fortune to mix with the stars of that memorable little theatre.



CATHERINE," "Barbara Fidgety," "The Geizzer" (do you recognize "The Geisha" under that title?) "Fiddle de Dee" and other pieces were produced by the travesty actors at the Weberfields and all New York made itself at home in the little Music Hall. It was the established fashion of that company to adopt stars as members and to send its members forth as stars "on their own," and it was in conformity with this practice that the foremost of American producers invited me to leave the organization and enter his organization.

Even now I cannot set down with calmness the wonder and happy terror that thrilled me when I captured a contract with Mr. Belasco at the close of my engagement with the Weber and Fields company. As I come to the writing down of this event after sixteen years of fortunate association with the greatest, the most sympathetic, the most constructive and intellectual of stage directors, the same suffocating heart throb



D Falk

As "The Music Master"

that forbade me to say more than a mumbled "Yes" or "No" during my first interview with Mr. Belasco catches my breath again.

"The Auctioneer" was the first play in which Mr. Belasco placed me. For myself, I quaked with misgiving as to my success all through rehearsals, and the doubts I felt as to my fitness for stellar distinction were more than confirmed at the initial out-of-town performances.

Notwithstanding the capital work of the fine company with which Mr. Belasco had surrounded me, my first appearance as a star was a distinct failure. I knew it: the company knew it: audiences knew it: the author knew it. But there is no such grim word as fail in the bright lexicon of David Belasco. With inspired changes here and there, with inspiring suggestions to his feebly twinkling star, with inspiring encouragement to all of us, he waved away my wish that he face the worst and disband the company at once, and "The Auctioneer," bent and bowed in fearful dread of a Metropolitan verdict, came stumbling into New York. Ah, that night!

From the rise of the curtain success was in the

air, and the verdict of the out-of-town "dog" was completely reversed by the favor with which Broadway received the piece. Upon my word, I do not know yet which judgment was right. But in a sort of daze, I altered my decision to quit the legitimate stage and return to vaudeville or travesty.

From the first night of "The Auctioneer,"—New York—September 23, 1901, really begins my professional work—all that preceded was but a preparation for the place Mr. Belasco created for me. Pleasant preparation, and wonderfully valuable; not a night of it would I forget or undervalue. But my "Personal Reminiscences" date from the première of "The Auctioneer" at the old Bijou.



DURING my extended alliance with Mr. Belasco I have appeared in very few plays, "The Auctioneer" (1901) "The Music Master" (1904) "A Grand Army Man" (1906) "The Return of Peter Grimm" (1911) after revivals of "The Music Master," and "Vanderdecken," produced this season, but not yet brought to New York, complete the cycle of visible accomplishment. But no one may be associated with Mr. Belasco, and content himself with the mere things that sum up his public work, and I should fall very short of the opportunities given me, if my apparent repertoire summed up the total of parts I have studied and sought to assimilate during the past fifteen years. And the more I study the things of the stage, the more profoundly I respect the actor's calling, the more glad and grateful I am that from water boy to the man who carries the key to the star dressing room, the life of the theatre has been my life, the trials and rewards of the theatre have been my trials, my rewards and above all that the great master of the theatre has been my master, and I am glad and proud to end as I began these reminiscences with the shining name of the overlord of the American stage, David Belasco.



In "The Auctioneer"

STAGE MONEY

By HELEN TEN BROECK



THESE are the "Palmy Days" of the drama, and if you don't believe it, I challenge you to address the Treasury Department of these awakening United States and find out for yourself that no other profession subscribed anything approaching the robust millions invested by actors and actresses in bonds of our recent Liberty Loan.

As a child I was taught to respect gray hairs and to listen without contradiction to all pearls of wisdom that fell from the lips of age and experience; but when I hear any grand old-timer of the stage bewail the passing of the "palmy days" I snort violently and exit hastily L. U. E.

In the "palmy days" as recorded even by such stars of that illumined period as Macready and Charlotte Cushman, the average actor was a stalking beacon of ill-fed poverty whose tatters were pathetic or funny according to the viewpoint of the beholder. When his company went to pieces, as it did if the public frowned, the palmy-day actor walked home.

That is he walked; "home" was only a stage word in his vocabulary.

To-day the average actor is a well paid person, who can afford to "hold out" in the phrase of his guild through entire seasons of idleness rather than "cut" his salary to secure an engagement. That is the *average* actor. The individual player is frequently a plutocrat with a city home, a country home and such pomp and circumstance of environing wealth as are indicated by automobiles, motor boats and sometimes aeroplanes. The poor player? Tush and piffle. There is no such animal.



TAKE a little journey across Staten Island to the Actors' Fund Home. All the inmates of that charming villa are old-timers who upheld the drama in those traditional palmy days. They were honest and talented, they worked as no actor of to-day knows the word, and their reward is a home overlooking New York Harbor but beyond ear-shot of the pleasant roar of Broadway. Only a few years ago one spoke with bated breath of Lotta and Joseph Jefferson, of Francis Wilson and Joseph Murphy, and Adelina Patti as stage stars who by thrift and care had accumulated a round million. To-day that quintette of capitalists stands quite eclipsed by dozens and dozens of players whose wealth is greater than theirs. In the millionaire class are George M. Cohan, William Gillette, Maude Adams, John Drew, and May Irwin as a matter of course, but there are many others in the plutocratic ranks of more or less bloated bond holders.

James K. Hackett holds his million and more by inheritance, but he made and lost a fortune as an actor before he fell heir to his present wealth. Maude Adams has earned her big fortune by hard work; but she has conserved and increased it by judicious investments. It is said with what truth I am unable to state that when the late Charles Frohman died after a long period in which ill health had just passed to clear a way for what looked like a bright future, his estate was found so involved that it seemed that valuable holdings must be sacrificed to extricate his affairs from confusion. Miss Adams, the story goes, feeling that all she owned was due to Mr. Frohman's managerial shrewdness, relinquished a claim of more than a quarter of a

million dollars against his estate without seriously impairing her own financial standing.

William Gillette's fortune comes chiefly through his work as a successful comedian, although royalties upon countless farces and comedy-dramas have placed him far beyond fear of hearing the scratch of the wolf on his door mat. John Drew has probably got more out of life than any of his American stage brothers. He has lived handsomely, enjoyed the friendship of the most sought for men and women here and abroad, has gratified fine tastes in the way of art and literature and even if his treasures of mind and memory count for nothing, is still from the standpoint of the mere material dollar mark "a man of round big fortune."



WILLIAM H. CRANE is another actor who tosses the bush at the statement that other days were palmier than these. During a long and honorable career on the American stage, Mr. Crane has earned and kept a fine fortune. David Warfield, of course, is something more than a millionaire. His vast earnings alone would have placed the beloved Music Master in the plutocrat class, but he foresaw the wonderful advance lying before "canned music" and fortunate investments in various mechanical devices along that line made him a magnate in "slot machines" years ago.

Judicious investments in New York real estate have given Miss May Irwin a care-free attitude toward the future. Blanche Bates strenuously denies the accusation made by her friends that she belongs to the millionaire class, but it is known that well-considered investments have made her a very rich woman, and at the call for Liberty Bond subscribers, Miss Bates responded with a large investment, following it later with a second subscription of ten thousand dollars which she "happened" to find lying idle around the house, somewhere.

Miss Billie Burke is another actress who was able to place certificates for a small fortune in Liberty Bonds in her strong box a few days ago. Miss Burke is credited with being able to command something more than a million dollars in an emergency, and so is Maxine Elliott who owns property in Mayfair (I'm afraid Mayfair taxes eat up that income just now,) as well as in the Fifth Avenue district in New York.



KELLAR, the magician, retired several years ago with a fortune well over the million dollar mark, and of course, Chauncey Olcott's golden voice has been turned into stocks and bonds and real estate that set him firmly among the solid capitalists of the stage. Fannie Ward was rich as an actress before her enormous earnings on the film made her a member of the Croesus Club. A very rich girl, too, is Miss Jane Cowl. Figure to yourself that Miss Cowl has worked both summer and winter since her debut some ten years or so ago, and that her great earnings have been invested with magnificent care, and it is easy to realize that with a summer on the screen before her and royalties from two plays assured for next season, Miss Cowl can contemplate the high cost of living without visible shudders.

Margaret Mayo is another actress in the mil-

lion dollar class, although it is from royalties upon a number of extraordinarily successful plays that the foundation of Miss Mayo's wealth rests. However, as Miss Mayo described herself as an actress in the recent war census, I suppose she must be aligned with the plutocratic thespians.

Collectors of the income tax are deeply interested in the fortune of Miss Grace George which is conceded to be a very large one. As Miss George's interests have the advantage of being guarded by William Brady, a man of marked financial gifts, it is easy to believe that she can well afford to take life easily these days, and invest in all the Liberty Bonds she likes.

Among eminently solid citizens whose bank accounts and safe deposit boxes bulge with stage money are John Mason who has earned vast sums within immediately recent years; Julian Eltinge who has never had a losing season as a star; Robert B. Mantell for whom Shakespeare by no means spells Ruin; Fred Stone, William Collier and numbers of others. Of course, opera has brought a large fortune to Caruso and to Geraldine Farrar, while John McCormack, Fritz Kreisler, and Ignace Jan Paderewski are all wealthy men.

Little Marie Doro is another lucky girl who has taken advantage of the movie craze to heed the advice of an elderly gentleman of Hamlet's time and put money in her purse. Miss Doro disclaims membership in the millionaire class, but her fellow players declare that she has "coupon cutter's cramp" in the wrist, and for that happy cause alone has retired from active work before the camera.

And when we come to count up the rich men and women who owe their million or so to the screen, their name is legion. First, of course, comes the unchallenged queen of the movies, Miss Mary Pickford who is clambering into the Rockefeller class with the swiftness of the darting eagle. Miss Pickford has the supreme honor of possessing a secretary who is obliged to hire a secretary. And this, I believe, is the high-water mark of financial flood tide in good fortune.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN is a close second to Miss Pickford as fortune's favorite in the camera world, but Mr. Chaplin's star seems less brilliant of late and favor leans to Douglas Fairbanks who is acclaimed the coming man on the screen.

Mr. Fairbanks is easily in the semi-millionaire class at present with an enormous fortune just ahead of him. When you hear that a screen pet has signed a contract for ten or twenty or forty thousand dollars per week, you may take into consideration the fact that there are not fifty-two of these weeks in any year of recorded time. Such weeks are few and far between, as a rule. With Mr. Fairbanks, however, the fabulous salary goes along as uninterruptedly as the progress of the lucky star under which he was born. He is his own paymaster, you know.

Among vaudeville stars the conspicuous plutocrat is Houdini who is supposed to be worth far more than a mere million, even if that million is reckoned in pounds sterling instead of dollars. Harry Lauder, too is reckoned in the million dollar class with large earnings and small disbursements to his credit.



From a photograph by White

Allyn King as Miss Columbia and Walter L. Catlett as Mr. Wilson

COLUMBIA STANDS BY THE PRESIDENT—A SCENE IN "THE FOLLIES"

PERMANENT HOME FOR FAMOUS AMATEURS



THE Man Without a Country" has been universally acclaimed as one of the greatest stories ever written. Its protagonist, exiled forever from home, was a figure appalling in its pathos. But is it not almost as pathetic never to have had a home? Perhaps on this domestic point it is just as well not to interrogate the average dweller in our metropolis.

But the fact goes that an organization, amateur, devoted to the drama for thirty-two years, during which it produced one hundred and fifteen plays never had a fixed abiding place it could call its own, much less a home. However, that has been corrected, for the Amateur Comedy Club, one of the oldest organizations of its kind in this country, is now permanently established at No. 24 East 40th Street, this city. It is an humble centre for it occupies the top floor of a building that was once the stable of the late Professor Draper but it fills a long felt want.

It contains a small but perfectly appointed stage where the more youthful members are tried out, limited but adequate dressing rooms, a large hall where the plays in preparation are rehearsed; a room for the executive department containing the nucleus of a technical library and a kitchenette from which the more material wants of the members may be served. The walls are hung not with trophies of the chase but interesting photographic records of what the club has achieved in the way of histrionic distinction and interesting indeed is a study of this memorabilia which at a glance shows how radical has been the advance of the club in its chosen field of artistic activity.



IN the early '80's, when Mrs. James Brown Potter was the local leader in amateur theatricals, the plays produced under her direction were dramatic in character. It was felt that there was a field for the presentation of the lighter forms of the drama and with that end in view the Amateur Comedy Club was organized in 1884, with the following officers: Samuel H. Hoppin, President; Hy Chauncey Jr., Vice-President; Jas. B. Ludlow, Secretary and Treasurer; Alex. T. Mason, Stage Manager.

Its earlier productions were given at the old University Club Theatre, now the present dining room of the Manhattan Club at Twenty-Sixth Street and Madison Avenue, the old home of Leonard Jerome. Later, performances were given in the Metropolitan Concert Hall. Then came for years a period when the scene of the club's activities was either the Berkeley Lyceum or Carnegie Lyceum. When both of those playhouses went out of commission the management has often had a serious time finding some place in which to give its productions—an interregnum would have been hideous—for during its existence of thirty-three years it has never failed to give three separate productions each season. The theatres which have lately housed them have been: the Aerial, on top of the New Amsterdam; the Bandbox, the Princess and the Garden.

It is the history of all such clubs to begin modestly and in 1885, amateur players did not have a wide range of original pieces to choose from. It was therefore natural that the original programmes were made up of such time tried farces as: "Which Is Which," "One Too Many for Him," "Trials of Tompkins," "Cup of Tea," "Withered Leaves" and "A Game of Cards." It was in the last named comedietta that Evert Jansen Wendell, the senior member of the club,

appeared as the Chevalier de Rocheferrier, a rôle he has since acted for a total of one hundred and thirteen times. Of those who played in the first performance of the organization in 1885, Mr. Wendell and Edward Fales Coward are still active players in the organization.

A more exacting type of pieces that marked its progress in capacity and experience next included: "Peacocks Holiday," (a version of Scribe's "Voyage de M. Perrichon), "Husband to Order," "Sweethearts," "Meg's Diversion," "The Jacobite," "The Dowager and the Rough Diamond." A perusal of its year book, which contains its many productions, is an interesting study for those interested in the psychological tendencies of amateur selection. Of course, there was a period when its members tried out their prowess in "A Scrap of Paper," "London As-

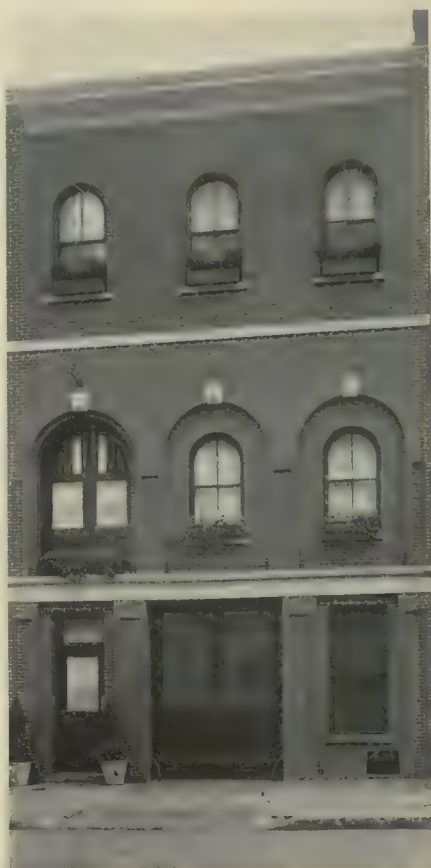
from the accomplished pen of Sir Arthur W. Pinero, i. e., "Sweet Lavender," "The Magistrate," "The School Mistress," "Dandy Dick," "The Hobby Horse," "The Cabinet Minister" and "The Amazons," etc., etc.

Original plays presented for the first time on any stage were: "The Present Generation," by John C. Travis, (member of the club); "Greater Than the Law," by Cleveland Moffett; "The Home Life of the Joslyns," by A. E. Thomas, and "A Shakespearian Fête," by Mr. Coward. In the latter which was given as the club's contribution to the Tercentenary Celebration, was included a scene from "Hamlet," the only excerpt, strange to say, from the works of the Bard ever given publicly by the organization. Other original productions were: "Foiled Again," "The Bridal Veil" and "The Drums of Oudh," all written by Austin Strong. Mr. Strong, who is also a member of the club, was in co-operation with Lloyd Osborne, author of "The Little Father in the Wilderness." "The Drums," was a notable feature of a triple bill, which also included the first performance in America of "A Woman's Wile," by Wm. Young. "The Type Writer," by James Barnes and Wm. Bangs and "Colonel Carteret, V. C.," by the late Seth C. Comstock, were also original contributions to the stage, but it was perhaps in "The Gods of the Mountain" that the club achieved one of its most artistic results. It was the first to give a production to Lord Dunsany's play in this country, and in stage setting, and histrionic accomplishment a very high standard was set.



TO recall the names of those associated in the history of the club since its inception in 1884, would be to set down a list of those prominently associated with society and the arts during the past thirty-three years. Early and subsequent programs include the names of: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sturgis, Miss Katherine Montague, now Mrs. Collins, Miss Alice Witherspoon, now Mrs. Geo. P. Ingersoll, Miss Ruth Laurence, Miss Rita Laurence, Miss Cornelia Van Auken, now Mrs. Lindley Chapin; Mrs. Walter S. Andrews, Miss Kitty Brady, later Mrs. Sidney Harris; the Misses Shippen, Mrs. Wilbur A. Bloodgood, Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teall, Mrs. C. A. Doremus, later a playwright of note, the Misses Hoyt, Miss Mary E. Roberts, Miss Mildred Eytinge, now Mrs. Hugh Baxter; Mrs. Hilborne L. Roosevelt, Miss Pauline Cory, now the wife of Capt. Dancy; Mrs. Jas. Duane Livingston, Mrs. Eugene Lamb Richards, Jr., Mrs. Lennel W. Serrell, Miss Marie Huntington, now Mrs. Jno. C. Travis. Two women players who did valiant work for the club and who have since died were: Miss Gertrude Slocum, who became Mrs. W. Herbert Adams and Miss Louise Laidlaw, who married Mr. William Judson. Mrs. Judson played a long list of eccentric rôles and was justly characterized as the Mrs. Gilbert of the amateur stage.

It is but natural that a club such as the Amateur Comedy should stir up in certain ones a desire for professional honors and so it came about that a number who gained experience under its banner drifted on to the professional boards. Some of those who made the leap were: Elsie de Wolfe, Elita Proctor Otis, Suzanne Sheldon, Florence Gerrish, Mrs. Erhardt Lee and Mrs. Francis Lansing Pruyn. Mrs. Burton Hart who acted in "The Arabian Nights" was a daughter of America's famous comedian (Concluded on page 112)



Press Ill.

Exterior of the Amateur Comedy Club's new home, East 40th St., New York City

surance," "New Men and Old Acres," "Ours" and "Our Boys."

H. J. Byron, who wrote the latter comedy, was also represented in productions by his "Prompter's Box" and "War to the Knife." The success which Augustin Daly achieved in his many adaptations from the foreign sources, principally German, made this form of entertainment not only available, but at the time, very desirable for amateur work. As a result, the following comedies in which the Big Daly Four, Rehan, Gilbert, Drew and Lewis figured, were acted by the club: "Our Regiment," "7-20-8," "A Night Off," "Nancy and Co.," "Love in Harness," "The Last Word," "Lottery of Love," "Love on Crutches" and "The Arabian Nights."

But general taste soon advanced beyond this rather milk and watery diet and to the credit of the Amateur Comedy Club be it said it has presented no less than seven characteristic pieces



Sarony

Evert Jansen Wendell
As Chevalier de Rocheferrier
in "A Game of Cards"



Pach

Sterling T. Foote
As Alexis in "The Game of Chess"



Pach

Humphrey T. Nichols
In "The Monkey's Paw"



Pach

Henry G. Bartol
As Bob Acres in
"The Rivals"



Press Ill.

Interior of the Amateur Comedy
Club showing the try-out stage



Pach

Harold W. Gould
As Boris in "The
Game of Chess"



Pach

Edward Fales Coward
As Hamlet



Pach

Henry C. Smith
As Harlequin in "Pantaloon"



Pach

Theodore E. Steinway
As Martin Chuzzlewit
in "Tom Pinch"

PROFESSIONALS IN BUSINESS; AMATEURS IN ART

Members of the Amateur Comedy Club in Their Most Successful Roles

VAUDEVILLE DOING ITS BIT

By NELLIE REVELL



MIDSUMMER in vaudeville finds that branch of amusement seething with patriotism. Even the heat of the "dog days" cannot melt the ardor either of the players or the playgoers. Take, for instance, the Palace—where vaudeville reaches its highest tide—and there you will find *amor patriæ* headlining itself on every bill. Verily, the theatre—and especially the variety theatre—is playing its part in stimulating recruiting of men and money and in awakening America to its responsibilities here and abroad in these troublesome times.

Expressive as the Statue of Liberty has always been to those newcomers approaching the shores of the land of the free and the home of the brave, it has remained for Queen Variety to wave her magic wand and bring the Goddess to life. And no less a regal personage than Julia Arthur has been chosen to visualize the animated Statue, a selection which proves her sponsors, Messrs. A. Paul Keith and E. F. Albee, managers wise in their day and generation. Miss Arthur's flawless enunciation, perfect poise and highly intelligent reading of the lines established her performance as one of the genuine achievements of the dramatic season.

"Liberty Aflame" is the illuminating title bestowed upon Miss Arthur's offering, which was conceived by Roland Burke Hennessey, the theatrical editor and writer. Wearing Liberty's crown and flowing robes and with torch uplifted, Miss Arthur as the Goddess comes to life on a pedestal in a setting which depicts New York harbor at night. To the accompaniment of pictures thrown on the base of the pedestal showing the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the flag and President Wilson in a series of patriotic appeals, the actress, in vibrant tones that arouses tremendous enthusiasm, recites appropriate verse.

Another evidence of vaudeville's loyalty to the colors was provided by Nora Bayes, back again to her earlier love after a spectacular career as an actress-manager. Resplendent in a red, white and blue outfit Miss Bayes, unlike Nellie Nichols, dared no one to guess her nationality. Notwithstanding that the singing comedienne with Bayesque naiveté announced that she was curtailing her wardrobe to invest in Liberty bonds, the suspicion exists that the longer her engagement extends at the Palace the more varied will be her costumes to keep apace with the changes in the repertoire of her songs.

While Miss Bayes' return to vaudeville after recollection of the harsh things she said upon her most recent retirement seemed to inspire the theatrical commentators, the Broadway wiseacres hold to the theory that whenever the animated artiste feels like ridding herself of surplus energy she has but to send her trunks down to the Palace and go to work, remaining as long as she likes. However true this may be, the fact remains that every time she quits Miss Bayes leaves a cavity that remains unfilled until she herself elects to do the necessary dental work.



THE good old summer time" has come to mean back home for vaudevillians, who exercise their talents in musical comedy and other spheres of theatrical activity by winter and the varieties by summer. In addition to Miss Bayes, there have also returned within the month Bernard Granville, Tempest and Sunshine, and Joseph Santley.

Mr. Granville with his songs and recitations delivered in his own inimitable manner occupies a position unique in the affections of vaudeville patrons, and he has built up a clientele that be-

speaks much for the efficacy of personality on the stage. It isn't so much what Mr. Granville does as the manner in which he does it that holds his following loyal against the blandishments of ambitious competitors.

"A Broadway Bouquet" seems a fitting title for the strictly feminine offering of Florence Tempest and Marion Sunshine, reunited to the intense gratification of an unnumbered list of admirers. Of course Miss Tempest resumes her boyish garb while Miss Sunshine dons creation after creation to dazzle the eye of the onlooker. Songs, both solos and duets, and imitations constitute "A Broadway Bouquet," which is as fragrant as it is pretty.

George White and his new dancing partner, Emma Haig, recruited from Ziegfeld's "Follies" to replace Lucille Cavanaugh, contributed materially to the movement in vaudeville to keep the patriotic spirit aflame. For the settings for two of their terpsichorean numbers they utilized patriotic subjects. "The Spirit of '76," for instance, presented Mr. White as the drummer boy of the three familiar figures and while the fife and drum played he accomplished some eccentric steps. Again in "The Dance of the States" number, a huge map of the United States was depicted as the background, and Mr. White in a natty military suit and Miss Haig as a Red Cross nurse, did the rest to thunderous applause.

Via San Francisco and the Orpheum Circuit Margaret Anglin has made her appearance in vaudeville under the personal direction of Martin Beck, directing genius of the circuit which begins its activities at Chicago and extends out to the Coast and back and South of New Orleans. Miss Anglin is Eastward bound in a melodramatic one-act thriller called "The Wager."



Sarony

EMMA HAIG

A vaudeville recruit who, with George White in dances, has kept the patriotic spirit aflame



A picturesque view, showing the lake, and the artistic bridge and bench with Ionic columns



(Inset) Arched portico, classic in design, the beauty and simplicity of which makes it a marked feature of the estate



Photos © Underwood & Underwood

The playwright's workshop—a commodious room, in which art, practicability and comfort are combined

It was a trip through France and several weeks spent in the majestic forest of Fontainebleau that inspired Rupert Hughes, author of "Excuse Me" and other popular plays to build his present beautiful home at Bedford Hills. Elsewhere in this issue appears an interesting account of how "Whitewood" came to be built and other details about this American dramatist's home

THE PALATIAL HOME OF A SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT

THE RENAISSANCE OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

By ADA PATTERSON



A SMALL theatre, that is evolving out of the scaffolding stage, into solid structure in Sheridan Square, is the symbol of the renaissance of Greenwich Village.

Frank Conroy, an actor of general experience, will be the managing director of the Sheridan Square Theatre. Like the Thimble Theatre, which preceded it; the Provincetown Players and the Washington Square Players, the Sheridan Square will follow the policy of a bill of short plays. The line of demarcation between efforts of these theatres is a wavering one of growth and gradual attainment. Each has set a standard of excellence which its successor has tried to surpass. The new theatre is of especial interest because it typifies the new spirit of Greenwich Village.

The spirit of the Village is summarized in two words, economy and aspiration. Both are apparent in its efforts and its achievements. The economy is one of money, not of energy. The aspiration is boundless.

The region lying Southwest of Washington Square is an example of evolution and involution. Once in the dim days when New York was romantic, it was the smartest part of the city. With the passage of a hundred years or so it became shabby. To-day it is shaking off its sloth. In it are awaking ambitions to return to its first state. It is succeeding. Was not the Alley Festa, that procured \$100,000 for the Red Cross, and that converted Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's studio into a restaurant, held in Macdougall Alley, which is on its border?

Has not Washington Mews, once a short street of stables, been transformed into the newest thing,

the last cry, in studios, artistic but clean? And is there not a marked trend toward moving down town? In a phrase, Greenwich Village has become the fashion.

Where? And what? And why? The questions arise in the mind of one to whom Greenwich Village is a mere name, an unaccustomed one.

Where? There is no map of Greenwich Village. So blurred are its outlines that it has been described rather as a state of mind than a place. But generally speaking, it is gathered about twisting Greenwich Avenue, as New York revolves so to speak, upon the diagonal axis of Broadway. It is a thing of tangled streets, capricious turnings and no apparent plan. To find the reason for this one must seek amidst the city's yesterdays.



IN those rich and vivid days of our early republicanism, while the United States were young but not too young to be picturesque, some persons of wealth and parts chose to live far from the city of New York. Wishing to remove themselves far from the streams of traffic they built homes among the wide green fields lying along the Hudson River. One of these homes was Richmond Hill, occupied by Vice-President John Adams.

The spectacular wife of Aaron Burr, she who had once been Mme. Jumel, followed gentle Mistress Abigail as chatelaine of Richmond Hill.

When yellow fever made its dread visits to New York denizens of the city fled to the wide green fields beside the Hudson.

The fever abating, some of the fugitives went back to their fumigated homes in the lower part of Manhattan Island. But some remained. The region was no longer the country. It became the village. One of the first lanes was a twisting cowpath, as sinuous as a snake. It derived from one whose memories of England were dear, if not fresh, the name Greenwich Lane. Then, as more and more families were drawn to the spot by its distance from the city, and the invigorating air from the Hudson, the "Lane" was dropped and "Avenue" was affixed. Because more houses had been built along that lane than any other, stately Greenwich Avenue lent its name to the community that built about it. Hence Greenwich Village.

About this more or less dirty, and certainly indefinite spot, shines the aureole of great names. Thomas Paine wrote his "Age of Reason" there and was ostracized by his regular-thinking neighbors for it. He lived on Barrow Street. Because of the "infamy" of his book the thoroughfare was called in derision "Reason Street." Then, because reason seemed as hard to pronounce as to practice, the name degenerated into Raisin Street. Someone discovering the unfitness of that name, the narrow passage was restored to its old dignity of Barrow Street.

Edgar Allan Poe brought his bride, Virginia, to Greenwich Village for their honeymoon. Bayard Taylor and Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain, Stephen Crane, Henry James and Stanford White, were all at one time Greenwich Villagers. Abraham Lincoln made some of his epochal speeches there and there O. Henry lived and gathered material for his pungent tales. Be-



Photos Paul Thompson

Martha Ryther-Fuller as The Girl



John Reed as Death



Catherine Cannell as Life

MEMBERS OF THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS IN THE MORALITY PLAY "THE GAME"



Interior of Polly's, one of Bohemia's most popular resorts, showing the Greenwich villagers during recreation hours



Photos Paul Thompson

Washington Mews—once a short street of stables, now the latest thing in artists' studios. The above picture shows the street just after the artists' invasion began



Bobby Edwards, a well-known character of the Village, making ukuleles and using his cat as a model. A few years ago Mr. Edwards was a successful magazine illustrator. He now composes songs and sings them himself in the cafés of the Village

NEW YORK'S BOHEMIA—SCENES IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

neath the light of an electric cross that flames from Washington Square South, Rose Cecil O'Neill lives and makes her sketches and designs her kewpies. Her neighbor is Berton Braley whom some dub O. Henry II. Both look from their window upon a former graveyard that has become Washington Square.

Unlike that part of the town that lies farther North, Greenwich Village is a place of constant effort. Everybody does something. Good, bad or indifferent, though it may be, he or she does something. The market may not have been found but the merchandise in the form of art is ever preparing.

What is Greenwich Village? It is a spot where rents are cheap, though they are becoming less so; where fashions are individual; where money is not worshipped but where originality and endeavor are at a premium; where nobody minds anybody's else business, yet where everybody knows it and doesn't care; where they paint pictures, admired at least by the painter and the model; where they write more or less well; where they dine in street clothes, if they like, and do not thereby lose caste; where the food is cosmopolitan, evidence of which is the presence of the Dutch Oven, a multitude of Italian restaurants, some French ones and a Greek refectory;

where there is elbow room for body and spirit as nowhere else in New York.

It has the charm of the very old and the very new. There one hears from the oldest citizens of the time when Asa Hall's line of stages started from Greenwich every even hour and from Pine Street and Broadway every odd hour. It entered the village by way of a dusty country road which is now Leroy Street. One hears of crossing on a narrow and perilous wooden bridge an artificial ditch, at what has become Canal Street. And one hears of the hanging of the negro murderer, Rose Butler, near the site of the noble arch which is the entrance to Washington Square.

To reconstructed Washington Mews came Mr. and Mrs. John Craig, when they cast their fortunes that had prospered in Boston, with New York. "When we go to a city we always make our home in the old part," said the charming manager-actress.

One finds historic background in Greenwich Village but one finds also the emancipated woman. There stands the old red brick house with white painted doors and window sills, where Bishop Potter lived. But three minutes away, diagonally across Washington Square, in a somewhat stuffy upstairs room on MacDougall Street, we may see the efforts of the Provincetown Players. So

modern that William A. Brady, producer of many diverse plays, said: "If I dared to produce what they do the patrol wagon would be backed against the theatre for me and mine." Yet fearless observers of fearsome phases of life show life as they see it in the stuffy upstairs room. One of these authors is Susan Glaspell. While the dramatic output of some of the playwrights resembles the throwing of a hammer, it must be admitted that the hammer strikes that at which it is aimed. It is never a lost hammer. That the group and their work have vitality is proven by their tenure of life. That they are "different" is shown by the line of limousines before it when the bill changes.

I trust I have answered the query "Where?" and the question "What?" in regard to Greenwich Village. To the interrogation "Why?" this. A man, the hospitality of whose home I had enjoyed in the area of New York called "The Fifties" moved his goods and chattels and established them south of Washington Square. Him I asked: "Why do you live in Greenwich Village?" He replied "Because it is the only place in New York where there is a community spirit."

Max Eastman, editor, made more expansive reply:

"I live in Greenwich Village for the same reason that a trout (Concluded on page 112)

FOUR DIARIES

By HAROLD SETON



ONE. From the Diary of Cleo de la Roche. I have been on the stage for six seasons. For five seasons I have played vampires. The managers have cast me for such rôles. They say that I look the part.

I am tall and slender, supple and sinuous. My complexion is pale as ivory, my eyes are green as absinthe, my lips are red as blood, my hair is black as night.

I wear low-cut evening gowns of cloth-of-gold or cloth-of-silver. Enormous emeralds glitter in my ears and on my fingers. I wave a huge ostrich feather fan. I smoke cigarettes.

There is something strange and suggestive about me. I seem as foreign as my name. I break up happy homes, luring husbands away from wives, sons away from mothers, fathers away from daughters.

I stop at nothing to gain my end. I pick pockets; crack safes, forge signatures. I cheat at cards, and even commit murders. And then, when I have ruined my man, and wrecked his career, I fling him aside, and go on to the next, and the next, and the next.

I have achieved fame and fortune. The audience sometimes hisses me. That is a great tribute to my art. But I hate these parts. They are odious to me. I want to flee away from the gilded drawing rooms, the perfumed boudoirs. I want to live in the country, among the birds and the bees.

I want to be sweet and wholesome. I want to be an ingenue!...



TWO. From the Diary of Anabelle Grace. I have been on the stage for five years. For four years I have played ingenues. The critics declare that I do not act, that I am simply my own adorable self. It is nice of them to say so. Their intentions are good.

I am small and dainty, cute and cunning. My cheeks are pink-and-white, my eyes are big and blue, my hair is yellow as flax, and worn in bob-

bing ringlets. My mouth is like a Cupid's bow.

My frocks are white muslin, flounced and ruffled. I wear sashes around my waist, and wings of ribbon in my hair. Sometimes I wear gingham dresses and a sunbonnet.

I jump up and down, and clap my hands. I play hide and seek, and romp with kittens and puppies. I creep up behind my father or my sweetheart and place my hands over their eyes, crying out, "Guess who it is?"

My mother is dead—as a rule. Sometimes I have a cruel stepmother, or an unsympathetic maiden-aunt. First I make you laugh, and then I make you cry.

I am often a farmer's daughter. Occasionally I am a minister's daughter. I love a simple trusting country boy, or a millionaire's son in disguise. I always resist temptation, and often reform the sinner.

But I want to be seductive and shocking. I want ropes of pearls. I want wiggling trains. I want to be a vampire!...



THREE. From the Diary of Rosalie Montmorency.

My father was a policeman in Kokomo, Ind., and my mother took in washing. The family name was McGinnis, and I was christened Bridget. But I changed all that when I ran away from home, and proceeded to New York, where I went on the stage.

I obtained employment in the chorus of a musical comedy. I have stayed in the chorus ever since. Three years have passed, and I have learned something every minute. For instance, I have learned that if one is tactful and discreet almost anything may happen.

I have had a pretty good time, and have made lots of jolly friends. They have given me little knickknacks, like rings and pins. But they have never spoken of matrimony. Not even when they had been drinking. And they have never suggested such a thing—in writing.

But I have seen one girl marry a millionaire from Omaha, and have seen another girl marry a millionaire from Sacramento. I envy them their luck, but I aim even higher. I would not alone have wealth, I would also have position. I aspire to "The Social Register."

I have watched the fashionable maids and matrons who have sat out in front of the house. I have noted their manners, and have copied their style. I could do the trick as well as they do. In fact, I could beat them at their own game.

I want to get into society!...



FOUR. From the Diary of Gwendolen Vander Veer.

I am descended from a Knickerbocker governor of New Amsterdam. We are among the foremost families in New York, and therefore among the foremost families of America. My father is a famous financier, and my mother is a leader in the smart set.

We have a house in town, an estate on Long Island, and a villa at Newport. I made my début last autumn, at a wonderful ball at the Blitz. My pictures were printed in the newspapers, with references to my distinguished pedigree and my enormous fortune.

The most eligible youths flocked around me like moths around a flame. They flock around me still. But the life I live bores me to death. Luncheons, dinners, dances, suppers! Everything according to recognized standards, based on the strictest conventions. Nothing unusual, nothing exciting!

I must only associate with so and so, and must eventually marry such and such. No freedom, no independence! I'd like to be earning my own living, without restraint or responsibilities!

I'd like to be on the stage, gaining admiration for my charms alone, and not for my name or my money. I'd like to go to Bohemian places, surrounded by unconventional people.

I'd like to be a chorus girl!...



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JOHN McCORMACK, THE FAMOUS IRISH TENOR SUR-
ROUNDED BY CHILDREN REPRESENTING THE ALLIES
Left to right the children are: Cyril McCormack, Frederick Childs,
Juliette Paula Prevot, Gwendoline McCormack, Genevieve Lyttleton
Fox, and the little Duc de Chaulnes, grandson of Theodore Shonts



© Ira L. Hill

PIERRE MONTEUX

The popularity of the Civic Con-
certs are largely due to the art of
this distinguished French con-
ductor who has been engaged
for the Metropolitan next year



ARVID PAULSON

Talented Swedish actor and author who is having consid-
erable success on the American stage. His first New
York appearance was in Hauptman's "Elga." Then fol-
lowed an engagement with Washington Square Players,
and also in "The Weavers" at the Garden. Last season he
made a hit in the Japanese fantasy "The Willow Tree"



REINALD WERRENRATH

An American singer who has been
"doing his bit" by giving recitals
in aid of the Red Cross. This pic-
ture of him was drawn by James
Montgomery Flagg, the official
artist of the U. S.

FAY BAITER—A STAR OF TOMORROW

By VERA BLOOM



ALADY LOCHINVAR has come out of the West and captured New York. So winsome in comedy and so compelling in drama is she, that the public and critics alike were quick to recognize the advent of a new star. In fact, they realized it before she did, for Fay Bainter is not the sort of girl to believe in miracles. Even now it is difficult to convince her that she is really a Broadway favorite.

It takes the shock out of success when one works for it all one's life, even if that life is young. To have struggled and known failure gives Miss Bainter the power to look on the dazzling present with clear eyes and unspoiled understanding, and has kept her a simple, sincere American girl. She is the same Fay Bainter who arrived in New York just a year ago, unknown and unsought. Now her piquant face smiles its wistful smile from every magazine, and she is enshrined in every matinée girl's heart.

She is an elusive celebrity, a will-o'-the-wisp, with a maddeningly mysterious charm. And she is not afraid to think for herself, or to say what she thinks in her quaint little way.

As her pictures show, she has a distinct type of her own, and though her blonde hair is soft and wavy, and her eyes are alive with fun and appreciation of the passing world, she lays no claim to great beauty. Instead, she has won recognition as a clever actress with personality and unusual charm.

To study the will-o'-the-wisp at close range, I captured her one day and asked her to begin with the "once upon a time" and then to tell me what will make her "live happy ever after."



IT began so many years ago, when I was four or five," she began. "There was a society Kirmess in Los Angeles, and mother was proud at the idea of my being one of the children in the fairy queen's court. The queen, who was a girl of twelve or so, got stage fright at the last minute and without waiting to speak to anyone I pushed past all the children and played the part myself! It must have gone well, for Mr. Morosco sent for me to play at the Burbank Theatre, and after that I played all their child-parts for years.

"Then, when I was old enough, came my training in stock, all up and down the Pacific Coast. If there was a glimmer of talent, this was sure to bring it out, for the work was unceasing, and little by little I began to realize what an appalling number of things I had to overcome.

"First, there was my voice. It's far from good now, that is, off the stage, but when I first began to work seriously it was impossible in placement and quality. But by training myself day by day, nearer to my ideal, I never had the fear of being dependent on a teacher who might fail me at any time. Even now, I am always thinking of it, and I never worked so hard as to make the blank verse of 'The Willow Tree' sound natural and musical."

"Blank verse!" I echoed.

"Didn't you know!" she exclaimed joyously. "I'm so delighted, that was just the effect I was striving for."

"And then, what seemed an overwhelming tragedy, I discovered I wasn't beautiful. But I faced the fact at last, and now I'm much more glad than sorry. I can change myself so well this way, and play such a delightful variety of parts! Great beauty is too lovely to be lost,

and I'm sure very few of our beauteous leading ladies would have cared for my dark wig and make-up as the Willow Tree Princess, or as the East Side Peg o' My Heart I am rehearsing now."

When the actress began thus to underestimate her charms, I reminded her that she could never convince us, for we all know that the radiant Mary Temple in the Japanese fantasy is Miss Bainter in all her own blonde glory.

"No," she insisted seriously. "I couldn't depend on being pretty, so I decided that the best course to follow was to work out my own method of acting while acquiring my technique in stock. That meant that I dissected every part that was given me, so that when the time for big things came, I would have a firm foundation of experience. I would perfect every line, even every phrase, as nearly as I could, and soon I discovered how to get the effects I wanted almost mechanically."



YOU mean you don't have to feel or be the part you are acting? That you agree with Coquelin that the actor should not lose himself in the rôle?"

"Not quite," she corrected, "but if I once let go, I could never control myself. If I really cried, I couldn't stop soon enough to go on with the part, I'm sure. And then, one can't always call one's emotions at will. So, though always trying, I found the automatic way to do whatever the part demanded, and once the right effect was caught, I could repeat and improve upon it at every performance."

"Then, four years ago, I decided I was ready.



Photo Goldberg

Fay Bainter in "The Willow Tree"

for New York, but"—and she smiled ruefully—"New York wasn't ready for me. I tramped Broadway for months as it was never tramped before, and I really came perilously near starving. Perhaps this brought me to my senses, for I went West again, determined not to come back until I'd have something really worth while to offer the managers—something they wouldn't refuse. So for three years more I did everything from musical comedy to melodrama, over and over again, and after a steady season of seventy weeks in stock, William Harris engaged me—that was last June—to play a leading rôle this winter.

"So I fled to the country for rest and quiet, when a hurry call came for me to play a colored girl in a play with all negro characters. I did, in the blackest make-up and kinkiest pig-tails you ever saw. That was my Eastern début. Mr. Harris was delighted, and then gave me the part in 'Arms and the Girl.' How he ever saw through that make-up and didn't lose faith in me is more than I can tell.

"And then came Broadway—"

"Yes," I interrupted, "and success, and a brilliant future, and stardom, and the matinée girls. How did it feel to be a dramatic Cinderella? What difference did it make?"

"Difference," she repeated, and then gayly, "Clothes! I never cared a rap for furbelows before. Why, when they gave a party on the stage after the opening of 'The Willow Tree' I had to come in an old suit. I had worked too hard to succeed to think of anything else. We had rehearsed until seven thirty the opening night, and when that wonderful audience cried 'Bainter' and 'Brava!' I hardly seemed to hear them. Mr. Harris told me I had made good—I couldn't believe him either."



SO a few days later, when I woke up, I found there were a hundred things I wanted, and that New York was the most fascinating place in the world. So, before I knew it, I had a stock of the most ravishing frocks and hats, and now I can't break the habit. I'm afraid I'll be starving on Broadway again. Besides what will mother say about this extravagance? She is so different from the stage world that she hardly realizes I'm an actress. She's just a dear little old-fashioned mother, and she's only coming East this week to see me before we close. Why once when someone raved about my acting in a certain play, she only answered sadly: 'Oh, yes, but her dress didn't hang right in the last act!' So at the stage door I leave the world of make-believe behind, and go home to the little mother who hasn't the slightest idea of the requirements, or even the jargon of the stage."

"Are you looking forward to stardom?"

"Ah, that will be years and years from now," she answered positively, "why I am only beginning to grow. I must do finer and finer things, appeal to a wider audience in every play, until the public, and not my manager, makes me a star."

"Just think, I haven't seen one of our great actors or actresses yet, and that is a school in itself. But when I do stop for a minute, it will be to learn from them and be worthy to take my place beside them in the theatre."

So this is Fay Bainter, the brave little girl who has taken the hard and uphill way that is leading her straight to the goal of her heart's desire.



Photo Charlotte Fairchild

ESTELLE WINWOOD

An English actress whose delightful performance as the wife in "A Successful Calamity" promptly established her as a Broadway favorite. Miss Winwood will be seen in the same rôle when the play reopens here next month

LUCIEN MURATORE - A SINGING ACTOR

By RICHARD SAVAGE



VERVE, vivacity and versatility—the three V's of lyric drama—are the principal ingredients responsible for the great success of French opera in America," says Lucien Muratore, one of the most distinguished exponents of this art-form in America, and who will be heard with the Chicago Opera Company at the Lexington Avenue Opera House this season.

The French dramatic tenor was born in Marseilles, and studied at the Conservatoire. At his graduation he won prizes for *solfeggio* and diction in the musical and dramatic departments, respectively. Naturally his attention turned toward the stage, but the drama knew him before the opera, for he wisely waited until his voice was fully trained and equal to the demands of grand opera before entering that exacting field. At twenty he appeared in "juvenile leads" at the Variétés in Paris, and a year later was playing the same line of parts at the Casino in Monte Carlo. The year following, he occupied the enviable position of leading man with Mme. Réjane at the Paris Odéon. A leading man at twenty-two! There was prophecy in this, which has been fulfilled in the lyric as well as the spoken drama. In the meantime Muratore had continued diligent study and development of his voice.

When he entered opera he had the advantage of the poise and experience of a finished actor as well as the vocal equipment. The opposite is the usual formula for operatic aspirants—learn to sing first, then absorb the dramatic art after appearing in opera.



MURATORE made his operatic début at the Opéra Comique, where he sang and acted for several seasons with Calvé, Dufresne, Fougères and other stars. During his career there he appeared in "Carmen," "Werther," "Mignon," and other operas of the established repertoire, and created rôles in the first productions of "La Carmélite," and "Muguette"

His fame grown, Muratore was engaged for the Paris Grand Opera, where he made his début in Gluck's "Armide." Here, besides the usual repertoire including "Faust," "Romeo et Juliette," etc., many novelties fell to his lot, and he interpreted the leading tenor rôles in the original productions of "La Catalana," "Bacchus," "Roma," "Monna Vanna," "Le Miracle," "Salome," "Theodora," "Francesca da Rimini," "Le Vieil Aigle," "Fervaal" and "Penelope." His success was such that Cleofonte Campanini engaged him for the Chicago Opera Company.

But—more about the three V's for which his native opera is noted. Muratore preferred to talk about these than about himself or his charming wife, Lina Cavalieri, when I called on them recently at the Hotel Netherland.

"Grand opera, before the modern French school came into existence, was ruled by tradition," he said. "This latter school defies tradition. Therefore it presents that elusive 'something new' which patrons of art are quite as eager to welcome as are those who patronize lighter amusements. For instance: there used to be a well-established rule to the effect that an opera, once produced, must always be given in the future in just the same manner in every detail. If the tenor wore a blue tie in the first act, every tenor who should succeed to that part in subsequent decades and ages must wear a blue tie. If the soprano gave a certain musical portrayal peculiar to her personal

supply of mannerisms, every later occupant of the rôle must use the same method and expression, even to affectation.

"The French slogan in opera is 'Onward,' and if the traditional presentation of any composition may be improved by innovation, then they adopt the new idea that improves it. Just as the Russian ballet is a modern offspring and amplification of the classic ballet, so is the French opera an advance in realism and interest over the older



© Matsene

LINA CAVALIERI

Whose marriage to Lucien Muratore was a romance of the operatic stage

forms of grand opera. Both protest alike against the limitations of their predecessors.

"Our theory is that the operatic depiction of a story and of characters should embrace a combination of several arts, including vocal and instrumental music, drama, scenic environment, artistic illusion, costuming, facial and physical 'make-up' and personality, each one of which is as important as another. The older form held vocal music paramount and these others merely incidental.



THE recognized artist in French opera is a singing actor. To succeed, he must be not only a good singer, but an intelligent and studious actor, an appraiser of poetic values and a thorough student of the graphic art which makes him look like the character he portrays. More than this—he must know himself well and exercise the most careful judgment in the selection of rôles in

which he is to appear. Nothing is more fatal to the progress of an artist than to essay a part to which he is not suited. In the early days of opera a tenor was a tenor, and a soprano a soprano, and each was expected to assume satisfactorily any rôle of his or her general classification. In later years the directors of opera have come to realize that a great Faust may be a misplaced Romeo, although the vocal demands of these two rôles are similar. Just so is a certain soprano wonderful as Aida and also as Santuzza, while another, equally great in her art generally, is ideal in the first and impossible in the latter part. The Parisians were the first to adopt this theory completely and develop their allied operatic arts accordingly, and they apply it not only to the operas composed by their own countrymen, but also to those by Italian and German composers, many of which are popular in Paris.

"It remained for an Italian, Cleofonte Campanini to popularize French opera on a broad scale in America. When he conducted in Paris he became captivated by its native art, and afterward, when conducting in London, Buenos Aires, New York, Chicago and other cities, the French school was more largely represented in his repertoire than it had ever been before in those centres.

"In many opera houses the selection of repertoire and the engaging of artists are carried on separately, the assumption being that each singer who has a sufficient repertoire will fit into any rôle in his vocal range. In France the process is different, the two considerations of repertoire and personnel being interdependent.



IN discussing the engagement of a certain star, the question is: 'What operas have we in the repertoire in which he appears to great advantage?' or 'What operas can we add for the greatest display of this artist's ability?' In this school the selection of an opera is most often made for the display of a certain individual or group of singing actors, although occasionally an artist is engaged for the equivalent purpose of fitting certain operas already in the repertoire. But that situation where the list of principals and stars is completed and a routine of operas selected without regard to each other, and when the directors say: 'Who shall we put into what part,'—that never happens in French opera. The result is that each important member or star appears always to the best advantage, and the ensemble is as near as the operatic arts may attain to perfection."

During all this discussion Madame Muratore, the beautiful Lina Cavalieri, spoke when spoken to, but mostly remained eloquently, smilingly, charmingly silent. They married for love. Both were at the height of their fame, and neither had anything to gain by marriage that they did not already have except—each other. This and her knitting were all that interested her, and for the moment she didn't care to talk about anything else.

Aside from his fame as a singer and actor, Mr. Muratore is noted for his visual presentments of his varied characterizations. He has an extensive library of works on the apparel of all peoples and all times, with many rare plates illustrating not only these varied habiliments, but the ornaments, weapons or insignia that go with them. For each new rôle he designs his own costumes, and the characters of his repertoire are apparently all different persons.



Photo Matzene

LUCIEN MURATORE AS FAUST

This well-known French tenor, who will be heard in New York this winter with the Chicago Opera Company, does not believe in clinging blindly to operatic tradition. An artiste in "make up," he presents a beardless Faust, an entirely new conception based on old German portraits of the period

DEATH CLAIMS PLAYER AND CRITIC

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, one of the most prominent of the world's distinguished actors, died suddenly in London on July 1st last. A heart attack was the direct cause of death. Sir Herbert had only recently returned to England from the United States, and was last seen here last winter in an adaptation of Thackeray's "Colonel Newcome."

The respectful, but in no degree enthusiastic, attention accorded to Sir Herbert Tree's productions and personal performances during his recent tenancy of the New Amsterdam Theatre,



The late Sir Herbert Tree

no doubt afforded a correct estimate of his abilities. His general theatrical achievements are another matter. They belong to the history of the London stage; will be remembered with pleasure by his contemporaries and be duly recorded. We missed seeing him in some of his best characterizations and in some of his most elaborate productions, but we had the full measure of the man in what he did here. It is not invidious, for it is a fact, to say that he fell short of certain just and high standards of discriminating criticism. Comparison

with Irving was inevitable. Tree was ambitious, energetic and practical; he did much that was notable and worthy. He was far from ordinary in effort and achievement. In archeology and all external things he was erudite and efficient up to a certain point, but he could not deeply touch the heart. He could do it in passages, as in Cardinal Wolsey in "Henry VIII"; he could be humorous, as in a moment or two of his personation of Falstaff; but he seemed to lack completeness. Good in character, he sometimes reached emotion when the emotion was so inherent in the character that it helped him out. Thus, in "Colonel Newcome" he was impressive and realized inwardly and outwardly that fine figure of the great novelist. He reconciled the most unwilling critics to his short-

comings with his "Adsum," singularly coincident with his farewell. He was identified with many notable plays. He was no small factor in the reverence paid to Shakespeare. Close to the cult of the great dramatist, he was broad in his activities and was helpful and stimulating in fostering authorship. Production as an art magnified to its widest possibilities will include his name with those of Kean, Macready and Irving. The list of plays associated with his career is a long one, and in theatrical history he will appear somewhat larger than he did to us.

He was born in London in 1853. His father, Julius Beerbohm, was a German grain merchant. The name "Tree" he adopted when he threw up a clerkship in his father's office to join an amateur theatrical organization. His title was awarded him in 1909 for "distinguished services rendered the stage." He began his career as a clever mimic of the actors of the day and nine years after his first engagement became manager of the Haymarket Theatre. He has been chiefly noted for his ability in make-up. As Falstaff, Malvolio, Svengali and Wolsey he was singularly successful.

WILLIAM WINTER, the well-known poet and critic, died at his home at New Brighton, S. I., on June 30th last as the result of repeated attacks of angina pectoris. The critic was eighty-one years old and his reviews of plays cover nearly half a century.

Ordinarily critical work is of secondary importance, its influence and its interest being fleeting in character. The name of Charles Lamb is the most distinguished one in the short list of such writers, with that of Hazlitt occupying the second place, and to those names must now be added that of William Winter. The three had, each, a distinctive literary touch; each had the quality of sympathy and ventured beyond the narrow field of criticism. William Winter, in his old age, alive to the dreadful conditions of the present war, filled with enthusiasms and convictions, wrote lines that will live in the memory of men and will find a place in every anthology.

His pensive journeys in England are recorded with a charm that will give his little books of the kind permanency. William Winter was not a great critic on the technical side. His understanding of form was less as to the means used in the workshop than as to the effects. Nothing could be better than his description of a play that lacked action than that "it had about as much action as a hearse stalled in a snow storm." But if his technical knowledge was not remarkable, his unerring taste and his implacable scorn of the immoral and vulgar were. His influence in such

matters was immediate and potent. His vituperation and his praise were often out of proportion. He loved those who aimed high and whose lives were amiable. Personal affection commanded too much, perhaps, of his genius. But he was genuine. He has provided fame for many, but they were of the best of his day. Perhaps no other period of the English-speaking stage has been covered more voluminously and comprehensively than he has done it—forty years of the American stage, in which acting genius at least flourished and was close to the people and worthy of record. No doubt the volume of Mr. Winter's work will have to be reduced to insure it its best value. He himself indeed seemed to realize this and revised, and abridged and substituted much of it. He accomplished much in critical influence, and out of things that would otherwise have been forgotten or only remembered in some dry record or chance reference he built himself a monument.

A year ago players and playgoers of to-day and yesterday gathered in the Century Theatre in honor of Mr. Winter. An impressive testimonial, arranged at the suggestion of Viola Allen, met with response from a hundred sources.

Mr. Winter's works include nearly fifty volumes of criticism, poetry, biography and travel.



The late William Winter

DIARY OF A FAMOUS ACTOR

(Continued from page 72)

yet touched me. At the Comédie, we saw "Le Philosophe Marié."

Le Kain was one of the tragedians who never condescended to declaim anything but the purest Alexandrines. He was accounted a worthy successor of Baron, Beaubourg, and Quinault-Dufresne. Le Kain was short, stout and perfectly ugly. His voice was enormous but of disagreeable quality. Contemporaries attributed his success to the simplicity of his style and to his close imitation of nature. He touched Louis XV to tears. "I, who never cry," said the King. Le Kain was a protégé of Voltaire, receiving every moment Voltaire's encouragement and praise.

Mlle. Dumesnil was at this date getting somewhat passé, but she still played with much of the fire and passion that had earned her celebrity. She had come out in 1737, and had at once gained great applause for her rendering of Racine's "Phédre," and for the impassioned force of her Cléopâtre in Corneille's "Rodogune." So terrible was she in the latter character that she is said more than once to have caused the spectators in the pit to recoil in terror before her. It must be remembered that at that date playgoers in the pit were standees. Mlle. Dumesnil owed little to her physical advantages and all to her nervous energy. She had formerly taught Peg Woffington which should have interested Garrick in the French woman, but she never succeeded in moving him.

Much time was spent in visiting hospitals, picture galleries, etc., but the evening generally found them at the playhouse.

"June 12th. Went to the French Theatre to see 'Arianne,' a tragedy by Corneille, when I saw Mlle. Clairon for the first time, who pleased me more than any actress I have yet seen. Notwithstanding all the reports we have had of the great decency and politeness of a French audience, yet in the middle of the strongest and best scenes of 'Arianne,' they laughed at a messenger who brought news of Theseus, because he happened to be one who acted in Comedy—this was repeated at three different times in the same play."

"June 15th. Went in the evening by myself to see 'Manlius' which seems to be taken from 'Venice Preserved.' The play was written by Le Fosse and has merit. Le Noue told me Le Fosse did not understand English and that both he and Orsay stole from St. Reol as may be seen in his account of the conspiracy at Venice. Grandval pleased me more in the character of Manlius than in anything, no genius in tragedy, false expression always, when he endeavors at the high passions—inattentive to a degree. Sieur Kain has feeling, but swallows his words and his face is so ill made that it creates no feeling in the spectators from its distortions. Clairon has powers but outrée in the parts of her character where she might be less violent, and tame in the places of the highest and finest passages."

The system of Mlle. Clairon was entirely opposed to that of Dumesnil; all her effects were carefully prepared beforehand and reproduced at the desired moment. Garrick, who, like most great actors, believed in much forethought and continual rehearsal, nevertheless condemned Mlle. Clairon as cold and artificial. Thanks to her intelligence and continual study this actress was entirely dependable. That is why Voltaire entrusted to her many principal parts in his plays. Garrick saw her in two of her triumphs.

While in Paris Garrick sat for a portrait by Leotarde. He writes:

"Thursday, June 13th. Went to see Leotarde's pictures, which are indeed very like; went in the evening to Ld. Cornbury, and then saw the Church of St. Rock.

"Friday, June 14th. Sat for my picture, dined with Mynheer Carmolinea, great expectations, much disappointed, went by myself to the opera, liked it worse than before, half asleep, got a headache, went home and in bad humor all the evening.

Garrick also visited his old friend, the impresario, Jean Monnet, and became acquainted with his friends among whom was Favart, with whom he remained on friendly terms and for whom he had much admiration. So it seems probable that on this first visit to Paris he frequented especially the society of people not very prominent in their own day and quite obscure in ours, and that he knew little of the literary and philosophic circles from which he was to have so flattering a welcome in 1764.

SEEING OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

(Continued from page 74)

revealed as a peculiarly colorless actress who made no definite impression upon an audience, despite her obvious beauty. She seemed destitute of all individuality. True, interest was somewhat kindled by her "Oliver Twist," but it quickly died again and she appeared fated for a career of rather dull mediocrity—a sort of stage "filler in," as it were. Then the still small voice of the movie manager called to her; she listened, and—presto! fame! Now she is being featured in photoplays that tax all of her acting ability and has proved equal to all tests, revealing hidden possibilities that no one suspected she possessed. Her portrayal of the Oliver who pantomimed for more showed the same mysterious improvement over her speaking Oliver that is to be noted in the work of all former stars who have become temporarily movie-dumb.

The motion picture camera as a first aid to success upon the legitimate stage is, beyond all cavil, the most vital force in the life of the modern actor. It has put "pep" into the almost dead art of mimicry; it has made actors exclaim to themselves, like the old lady in Mother Goose: "Lauk-a-mercy on me, can this be I?"

And with the discovery of their deficiencies has come the re-awakening of their artistic perceptions.

Of course, there are old fogies who will always argue that the movies have played hob with the actors' art. With this shopworn dictum we have small patience. Work before the camera shows an actor what to do with his legs, his arms and his face. It is a training in pantomime that will always be one of his most valuable assets when he reaches that pinnacle toward which he has been climbing. He will learn to co-ordinate those "tremendous trifles" of the player's art into an ensemble of excellence through a realization of the futility of words, substituting for empty mouthings the speaking pauses that are more effective than action.

By seeing himself as others see him, he will finally, by a process of evolution, be all that his unknown judges would have him be, ultimately attaining to that perfection which is his by divine birthright.



© Strauss-Peyton

Julian Eltinge who has forsaken the regular stage for the movies and will be seen as a Paramount Star working at the Lasky-Hollywood Studio this summer

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

By MLLÉ. MANHATTAN

COMÉDIE—SALONS—MODES

®

WHAT army would not fight for a nation of such women?" exclaimed a gallant Italian prince in whose honor one of our famous hosts recently gathered together a group of representative men and women of New York, at a Sunday fête upon the lawn of his Long Island home. The men were brave and the women—well! It is a beautiful tribute to the faith of our arms which the women of America are paying to the soldiers who bear our burdens in the present world war, by smiles and cheerful attire. Possibly before long we may wear the sombre garb of mourning for our boys, but we women deem it a duty to send our heroes to the front with visions of loved ones showing the red badge of courage in their frocks and frills as well as on their hearts.

And while no single one of all America's splendid wives and sisters and mothers omits her duty to the Red Cross or fails in any detail of the magnificent work of relief or aid to which we are dedicated, equally does she give herself to the inspiring task of devising garments of glory and courage to stimulate and inspire her soldier admirer to deeds of glory.

So, as my eye roved over the panorama of exquisite frocks and wonderful frills at the Mackay lawn fête, I noted that the most frivolously garbed of all the women present were those whose activities in the making of surgical dressings and the assembling of comfort kits were most marked. And with three cheers for the splendid and undaunted good courage of the American woman, I wave with vigor the Star Spangled Banner and rejoice that feminine patriotism takes the form of radiant raiment with our leaders of fashion, and that it is my happy lot to write about the beautiful frocks of the moment.

At the afore-mentioned garden party a prefiguration of Newport's fashions was to be gathered from the general effect of the frocks worn by the social elect. And some of them were worthy of more than a brief description.

* * *

Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt, Jr., to whom fell the honor of driving Senator Marconi from Oyster Bay to Roslyn wore—was it by way of subtle compliment?—one of the new Italian military capes as a motor wrap and she chose the Italian colors, green, white, and red, for the enveloping garment. A dust-shedding quality of American silk, white with irregular dashes of cool green, had the regulation military collar upstanding almost to

the ears, of plain white laid onto the cape with a piping of red. The same red appeared as a narrow border around the entire circle of the cape and was used to simulate the slits for arms at each side.

When Mrs. Vanderbilt appeared on the lawn without her motor coat, she was very lovely in a soft white silk costume, beautifully decorated with embroideries of silver wheat. A mauve parasol lined with silver and showing a handle of violet leather exquisitely embossed in a design of silver and green and a girdle of mauve and silver completed this original and lovely frock.

* * *

Mrs. C. C. Rumsey (née Harriman) and Mrs. Willard Straight (née Whitney) wore "picture" frocks of the newly revived old-fashioned grenadine brocaded in Watteau effect and lending itself to charming combinations of silk or lace.

Mrs. Rumsey chose grenadine of a silvery gray ground over which were scattered garlands of lilacs and pink roses. Her underpetticoat of pink taffeta was finished with flat quillings at the hem, and gray suède slippers with stockings to match were worn with the charming frock. Mrs. Straight's gown—a lovely model for Summer wear, was of palest sulphur grenadine with figures like flower petals of turquoise and primrose. It fell in straight lines except for a high drapery on one side over a slip of primrose veiled in orchid chiffon. The bodice was a complicated affair of the taffeta with lovely drapings of grenadine and delicate yellow lace with oddly constructed *choux* of turquoise satin

* * *

Just before sailing for Europe recently the

divinely beautiful Maxine Elliott dropped in at a Fifth Avenue studio for a farewell pose or two before the camera. The resultant photographs show her at her stateliest and best, and one of them—the loveliest I think—shows the very newest idea in fur trimmed Summer wraps which I am glad to reproduce for your delectation. The sumptuous garment is of two odd shades of blue—a delicate "vapor" color in supple lustrous satin and a rare tone of Chinese blue chiffon velours. It is cut on kimono-like lines and richly trimmed with that beautiful Siberian fox which in the Far East is more highly esteemed than sables. "How sweet of Max to run away before we all died of envy of her lovely furs," cried Lady Colebrook as she saw Miss Elliott saying farewell at the Ritz-Carlton to a host of titled friends. And more than one American beauty echoed her ladyship's fervent thanksgiving.

* * *

Mary Garden who intended to sail from "a port in France" for "an Atlantic port" in this country as our carefully censored shipping news says, was disappointed in her earliest intention. But although she missed her boat and was forced to wait for a later vessel, the liner she failed to catch brought over a number of photographs showing "our Mary" in her latest frocks. Soft blue cloth "drap militaire" was chosen for a fascinating one-piece tailor costume. Panels of double box plaits alternating with the accordion plaits are the distinctive features of the skirts of this effective frock, and a close-fitting bodice with distinct waist line and the newly revived Dutch neck shows garnitures of embroidery in Russian colors. Please note the new gloves that button

along the outer edge of the wrist. As for Miss Garden's silver fox furs tradition says that a recently deposed monarch killed the animal which originally wore that covering, and laid the trophy of his bow and spear at the feet of the most democratic and kaiser loathing of prima donnas.

* * *

In the new productions—particularly is this the case in the amusing Ziegfeld Follies—no note of novel charm reveals itself, although the dressmaker responsible for the costuming of that dazzling array of lovely girls (and how exquisitely they would have displayed the beauty of really artistic costumes)—sent two of the most celebrated of milliners' models to augment the beauty chorus. A general note of the bizarre manifests itself on the New



Photo Campbell Studios

Call it a nocturne, a reverie, an impromptu, or a prelude—this is Madge Kennedy's "Chopin" frock



© Mishkin

Ropes of pearls and priceless silver fox touch the extreme notes of a symphony of style in Mary Garden's latest photograph



Yes, indeed, my lady carries her Red Cross knitting bag when she goes a bathing at Newport

Who's afraid of submarines? Not the dashing debutante who proves that the Star Spangled Banner rules the waves at Narragansett Pier

This is the modern mermaid as she flings herself into the foamy waves this Summer

Amsterdam stage, and for once Society finds nothing to copy in a series of costumes that are frankly—almost grotesquely—of the stage, stagey.

One or two pretty frocks worn in "Hitchy-Koo" are much better, and I shall have a picture of new costumes to be introduced at the Cohan and Harris Theatre later on, that Mr. Hitchcock says are the illimitable and limitless limit—if you know what that means—of next year's fashion.

* * *

Miss Jane Cowl who lingers in town for the making of her first Goldwyn picture is wearing some very lovely frocks these Summer evenings, and one of her fetching semi-negligée costumes so well reflects the present craze for long coat effects with exaggerated depth of collar that I am reproducing it. A faint peach-colored charmeuse is the foundation for this lovely confection, and self-colored chiffon veils the full round skirt. The coat is of very lovely Bruges lace laid in a deep flounce upon net. A band of kolinsky outlines the jacket front, stopping short at the waist and the full bodice shows a vari-colored nosegay at the waist line.

Another lovely costume of Miss Cowl's is a semi-sport effect in an utterly new fabric that resembles heavy soft silk covered with a web of tangled knots, like the old-fashioned camel's hair *bouclé* or like the madras curtains of other days. White veiled in tangles of absinthe green is Miss Cowl's selection for this coat and skirt effect, and the exaggerated slenderness of her round waist is marked by a loosely knotted sash of soft yellow silk with a deep fringe of white.

* * *

Miss Madge Kennedy is another actress who is dallying at the shrine of the camera in this neigh-

borhood and while the star of "Fair and Warmer" is devoted to the "movie" by day she finds time for a few friends at her home, and now and then is hostess at an evening of music.

Miss Kennedy calls the accompanying dress her "Chopin frock," and in its vague soft lines with a shimmer of satin and gleams of pearl and crystal embroidery here and there, you really catch something of the murmur and flash of a Chopin nocturne. As you see in the picture (which really needs no description) one of Chopin's beloved "black" roses (Mme. George Sands' morbid blossoms) trails across the front of Miss Kennedy's Chopin frock to complete the likeness.

* * *

I am just back from a short visit to Newport where I find everybody as demure and Red Crossy as possible while indoors and as madly riotous and freakish as possible while on the sands, engaged in what my lady is pleased to call bathing at Baily's beach. Such insanities as this season's bathing suits I have never seen even at Ostende (Poor Belgium! Poor Ostende!) and the two or three I have sketched from life are by no means the most extreme and freakish to be seen at the fashionable bathing hour each day.

I really believe Annette Kellermann would have foamed and bitten herself with rage could she have seen a Pittsburgh beauty in the semi-mermaid, semi-Greek costume worn for a dip the other morning. White talma cloth was used for the classic Greek tunic in this wonderful bathing dress and immense tassels (the novelty of the moment) finished the peplum points at the knee. Instead of the ordinary turban or bathing cap the Pittsburgh heiress wore a Greek cap, of rubber

with an oddly shaped filet of embroidery that looked like a mermaid's scales. The same mermaid effect was seen on the long bathing stockings drawn over the swimming tights. When the wearer of this costume dropped her bathing cloak at the water's edge the assembled beach-combers gasped and awaited her return from her dip—every one expected to see a limp and bedraggled siren; but when she emerged from the waves, this disappointing Venus proved that the fabric of which her costume was constructed was perfectly impervious to the action of water—it was as perfect in cut and hang as when she stepped out of her enveloping mantle, and even the tassels retained their saucy coquetry.

A patriotic bathing costume I saw at the Pier was apparently made of bunting. The skirt and bodice showed the stars and stripes in all their glory and white cavalry-cut knickers showed scarlet buttons, while the high-heeled bathing shoes that this season has brought forth, had tips of the same color. To complete the patriotic effect the beach parasol carried by this fair bather bore a large American eagle painted in an impressionist splash of color.

I must ask Faibisy to explain the new tassels that seem a feature of bathing suits this year. They appeared on a striking pierrot sort of costume worn by a stunning blonde girl who was a guest of the Oelrichs family last week.

In addition to her tassels, her high-heeled bathing boots and her Panama swimming hat—each sufficient novelty for a single costume, this divinity carried her Red Cross knitting to the water's edge in a bag which was guarded by the maid who took charge of her bathing cloak. When this young water

(Concluded on page 108)

MID-SUMMER FASHIONS FOR MEN

By BEAUNASH



JUST as the scintillating comedian may be, in private life, a mopish misanthrope, so fashions for men, which shine on the stage, may dull off the boards. This is by way of answering the oft-asked question, "Do actors set men's fashions?"

Some of the best-turned-out men in America belong to the theatre. You can't think of Mr. John Drew as an actor in a drawing-room play without a mental snap-shot of him as a miracle of valettry with whom the correct thing, from hat to spat, is first thought, second nature and sixth sense.

He wore, perhaps, a lounge suit of brown basket-weave cheviot—a simple brown suit, and "it was nothing more," like Wordsworth's primrose. This suit was cut in London's West End, and was as unmistakably British, as a portable tub or a punting pole.

But his ineffable manner of wearing that simple brown lounge suit! Do you recall his detached, *déagé* air of being one and indivisible with his clothes, which seemed to say: "One goes in for clothes, just as one goes in for muffins and marmalade, but why make no end of bother about it, dear fellow," and there you are. The secret of smartness is subtly to convey the impression that clothes are merely an incident to you, light as a *soufflé*.

Nevertheless, actors do not set men's fashions, though they unquestionably give them a fillip toward wider adoption. A case in point—Mr. William Gillette and his sybaritic dressing gowns, which taught some of us the fine art of *il dolce far niente* with book, Bourbon and baccy.

There are many smartly dressed youngsters and oldsters on the stage and I shall picture and describe their clothes in forthcoming articles. The one possible fault of stage fashions, interpreting Society with a capital S, is that they are prone to keep a capital eye toward the audience. Thus, the actor may sometimes put on a bit too much swank and attempt the audacious and bizarre.

This, however, is not a shortcoming peculiar to the actor alone. It is just as chargeable to the humdrum stockbroking chap. Many men are natural only when they are artificial. They are actors off the boards, with themselves as a *claque*. This sort always overdoes contemporary fashions, misjudging the strut of the cocksparrow for the ease of the "grand seigneur."

Longish jackets they wear longer. Tightish trousers they make tighter. Hats meant to be clapped down over the brow they turn into ear-distending absurdities. Their measure of perfection is the haberdasher's clerk or the shaved and scented poodle with his Sunday bow on.

It is a distinguishing trait of the man who goes about among smart people that his fashions are never exaggerated. He is an extremist only in being a stickler for extremely top quality. With him, to be conspicuous is to hunt tufts.

* * *

Turning to the smart fashions of mid-Summer, one finds that, befitting the thoughtful trend of the times here and overseas, they are held in leash by a nice restraint.

However, we are at war, which means that at once the saddest and gayest figure in contempo-

rary history, *le beau sabreur*, is influencing the styles of the hour. We are borrowing his cape-like topcoat, his multi-plaited jacket, his truculent helmet, his trig puttees, his ham-flare riding breeches, yes, even his spruce swagger stick, which as a teacup to a woman, gives you something to do with your hands.

We, a non-military nation, have suddenly turned as martial in our mode of dress as the veriest Captain Bobadil of a swashbuckler clanking his sword and breathing brimstone.

This motif *à la soldat* is traceable in those Summer lounge jackets with longer, full-fold



Photo Aime Dupont

An example of a well-dressed man for country and seashore—Mr. Donald Brian. He is known as one of New York's best dressers

gathered skirts which ripple or flare like an officer's, though we have not yet come back to the pinched-in waist and the sharp out-spring below.

* * *

It is a lazy afternoon at Newport. The sun glares down like a disk of burnished brass. The cottage colony, that set which makes an idol of polite idling, is at its hot-weather *divertissements*. The socially photographed and paragraphed, dear to the cinema man, the cub reporter and Miss Gladys Snodgrass, who cuts her own frocks from perforated paper patterns, is motoring, golfing, lawn fête-ing, tennis playing, Casino-ing, Reading Room-ing, Tea-ing, Cliff-climbing or Bellevue Avenue-ing.

You will miss many familiar figures, for they're in olive drab to teach the Germans that you can't tweak Uncle Sam's chin-tuft with impunity. Nevertheless, it is a kaleidoscopic assembly, the high world performing, whilst the three-quarter, half and under-world look on, amused or amazed, as one happens to take it.

That silk knockabout suit over there on the up-standing chap groomed to a hair, cost \$100—the silk alone is worth \$30. It may be Shantung or tussah or some splendid pebbled weave from China or Japan, worthy of an emperor, but it is only worn for an hour or two, and, then, needs a valet's ministrations.

It is cut with inimitable smartness, and seems tight, while, really, it is very loose and full-draping. Those expanding bellows plaits over the blades allow free come-and-go. The full military belt is not even fastened. There are plaits extending vertically on both sides, after the manner of the English aviator's jacket, which, they say, is jacketed plait, instead of a plaited jacket. The shade is a deep golden tan, quite unlike the khaki tans of commerce and commonness. Knickers, of course, not too bulgily baggy.

Such a suit is typical of the country clothes one affects this Summer—cool, spruce and of a fineness astonishing even in this age of mushroom munition millionaires.

Then, there are the speckless white flannels, serges and silks; the Scotch homespuns, the corduroys, the tweeds, the Shetlands, as well as the white doesskins for the nets or the links and the moleskins and shepherd's checks for the saddle.

* * *

At all the fashionable country clubs, Casinos and Spas one meets well-turned-out men lounging about in knickers. They are even put on motoring, motor-boating, and the like. Indeed, during the last two years, knickers have come to be accepted as the smartest and seemliest get-up not only for sport, but for general country use.

The prospect that knickers will be requisitioned for everything but formal town wear is not so remote as it may seem. The war has not only changed frontiers, but customs and habits of thought. A certain soldierly spruceness and sparseness have inched into men's dress, a certain paring down of accoutrements to the military minimum.

Knickers are as sensible as a plain girl or the advice you never take. They leave your legs unencumbered. They let you take long strides, mount a horse or sail a boat with equal freedom. They are certain to displace trousers for every outdoor occasion—beach, boardwalk or backwoods.

* * *

Gone are the hock-bottle shoulders that used to spoil the lounge jacket and make it a pinched-and-hunched absurdity. Shoulders are natural, waistlines are natural, skirt-drapery is natural, naturalness is the key in which all contemporary fashion is pitched.

The double-breasted affair is one of the modish jackets of the season. It has two buttons, the top being left unfastened to stress softness.



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IT is always more thrilling to look into the future, filled as it is with possibilities, than into the past which is dead, although its living embers may teach many worth while lessons. The very uncertainty of the future gives it an interest which makes an appeal to the imagination, like that of a story or a play when we cannot foresee the unfolding of the plot.

The thought, at least the future holds all things for all men, it offers unalloyed happiness and threatens unknown calamities. Because it has not yet been, we expect great things of it, hope beckons always gaily from somewhere in the future and so when it becomes the present, it should be the effort of everyone to get the best from it in the way of life, expression and achievement.

We are all hoping with a great hope that the future holds out individual glory, victory and eventually an effective peace to our armies in France. This period of reconstruction seems to be one of Renaissance for the political ideas of the world and there is scarcely anyone that does not look to the future for wonderful regenerations which will transform the history of all countries and create marvelous developments.

There is no reason why every form of endeavor, whether it be in the artistic or commercial field or both, should not have a part in this recreation.

In every period of the world's history dress has been more or less influenced by the thought and political ideals of the people and so at this time the first interpretation of them is the effort to reproduce in effect, the soldier's or officer's uniform, or a detail of the Highlander's sash or kilt, or the aviator's cap. Khaki has become a favorite color and the nurse's red cross costume appears in many modifications.

But there will be a far broader influence than this felt.

Nations are asking their freedom, declaring their independence of tyrannical government, peoples wish to choose their own leaders and make their own laws. It may be a far cry from politics to fashions, but this same independence of feeling has been felt and will continue to play its part in the dress creations of the world.

Style is another tyrant which is gradually being dethroned and individuals, whether they be the creators or the wearers of beautiful garments, are demanding more and more the freedom to express their ideas independently of the formal dictates of a tyrannical fashion idea.

Different schools of dress should be acknowledged as they are of other arts, for they exist. There are those who place simplicity and comfort first, in designing, they are the exponents of the natural lines.

Others think first of their fabrics and are taken up with the development of charming draperies. These

too are governed more or less by simplicity.

Again other creators are led by their color sense or lose themselves in elaboration of detail and ornamentation and still others are obsessed with the use of the masculine or tailored lines in what are called smart types.

Of course, he is best who belongs to a universal school and draws from the world in his experience and from an inspired imagination what will achieve the most charming result for

ardization in women's garments, which has been hinted at recently, we have become emancipated from the narrow style idea and are taken up with the expression of what is best.

With this month we reach that moment in the year, when though still the Summer, Summer fashions are not of much interest, they belong more to the past because they are a known quantity. So for our diversion in this line, we look to the future.

In our imagination, the scene

standing this, it will be in some particulars a conservative season, and by preference we will select toilettes which combine simplicity with an elegance recherch .

Such types can be made extremely charming, especially when they follow the natural silhouette.

It may be expected that lines will not be in the least complicated but street frocks and suits will be more than ever important as many will wear them to the exclusion of everything else because it will be such an active season, and for this reason there will be no limit to the effort to make them more than ever beautiful and chic.

Being in simple lines much of their cachet will be given by extensive use of fur trimmings. There are plans being made for Miss New York to appear in most unusual and becoming of fur wraps and coats, many of them with draped lines and velvet and furs will be combined in charming colorings.

Notwithstanding the high cost of fabrics, very elegant ones will be used as it is necessary with plain lines and besides the heavy satin surfaced materials and cr pes, velvet will undoubtedly play a large part in the Winter's styles, and we will see again metallic cloths and brocades.

Draperies will attempt the straight line rather than the oval, peg top or jug outline, which they have aped in the past and as is inevitable when lines are simple, plain panels will be embroidered in original designs of either silk or beading and here there will be opportunity for some bizarre effects but there will be few startling innovations.

Color contrasts and harmonies will offer the greatest opportunity to the couturier and I believe that many brilliant effects will be seen, especially in the softer transparent fabrics such as chiffons used for evening or the semi-dress gowns with the high back and long transparent sleeves.

I have chosen two extremes for my sketches this month, both frocks of the next season. The first portrays the combination of velvet and fur of which I have already spoken. It is a late Autumn street frock of soft green chiffon velvet with high choker collar, unusual cuffs with insert at the centre of black velvet and border at the bottom of skirt, all of taupe fox. There are braidings which hint at the military and a girdle suggestion of black velvet.

The little evening frock is almost too simple to describe. The straight bodice is of old blue beaded chiffon held over the left shoulder with marine blue velvet ribbon faced with orange which slips in and out through buttonhole slits in corsage and skirt with a knot falling over the skirt, which is of pale blue divided at unequal depths with eight bands of old blue, beaded chiffon. A brilliant rose is at the right of the waist line.



Two of Faibisy's original creations

the woman or women to be gowned, without any limitations. Fashion should be a synonym for beauty and charm, then we would never go to ridiculous extremes unless we particularly wished to be ridiculous, for she who is artistically gowned will always appear in fashion.

There is no reason why the long bodice and full skirt of Colonial times should not appear in the same drawing room with the short waisted and slim effect of the Empire. The barrel silhouette and the straight line need not be enemies, the chemise frock and the fitted model have a place side by side because they are becoming to different types.

Far from working toward a stand-

changes, the sky is just as blue, the sunshine as bright but Autumn winds are stirring, everyone walks with a brisker gait and there is the smell of snowflakes in the air. New York is seen again apparelled for Fall and Winter.

Women will be busy with their benefits and their Red Cross activities, but they will at the same time cling to their coquetties in the matter of dress. Nothing will keep them from dreaming of the modes that are being prepared for them and trying to penetrate these lovely mysteries.

It is said in France that only Americans know how to wear extreme styles with grace but notwith-

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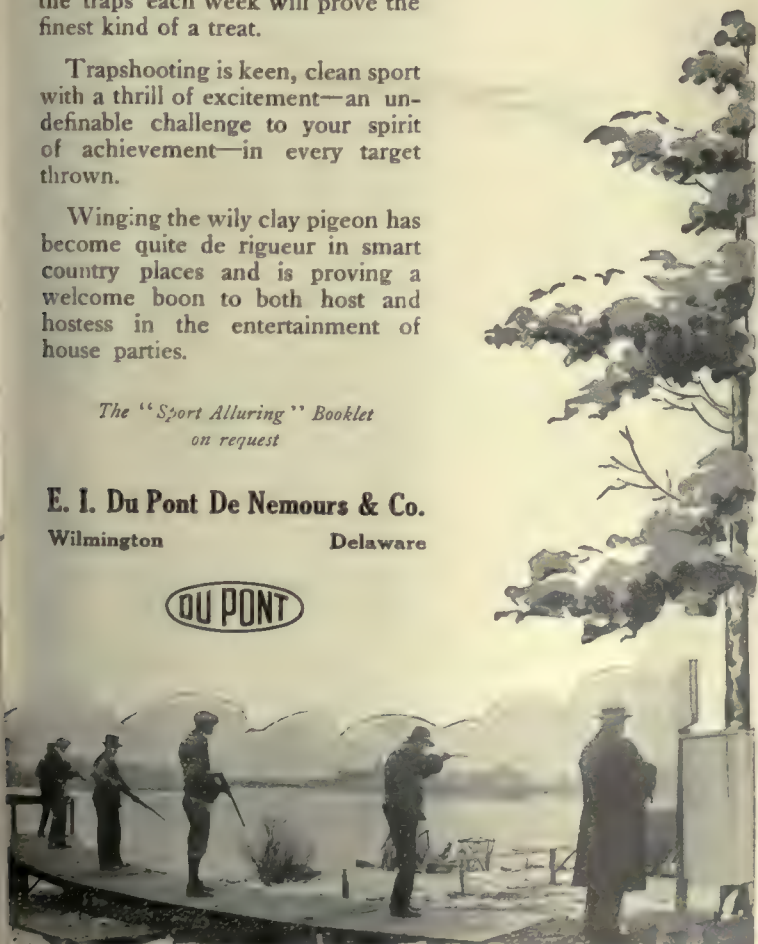
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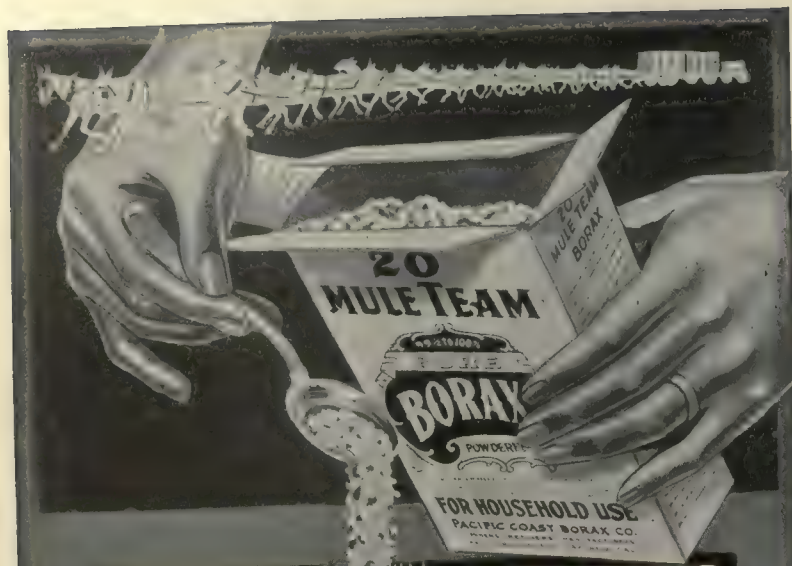
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(Continued from page 103)



For the Toilette

SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But

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All Dealers sell
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For the Bath



Photo White

This is Jane Cowl's favorite negligée for mid-Summer wear

nymph came to the shore for a sun bath on the sand, she diligently plied her knitting needles and half the soldier boys on the beach were eager to hold her ball of wool.

* * *

I must tell you of two very lovely frocks worn at one of the first smart functions of the Newport season before I lay down my pen.

One of them formed a part of the trousseau of a recent bride and was of a changeable silk that must have been woven by fairy fingers so delicate was the shimmery, rosy gold of the fabric. Over the under jupon was a graceful tunic of pale maize net and over this was a second tunic of delicate flesh pink at the bottom of the silk underskirt were three rows of choux, the lower of the silk with a row of gold choux posed above it and over that a third circle of silken rosettes. The bodice of this charming frock was a moyen age basque of rare silk lace with a lustrous gleam like Oriental pearls. Softly yellow in tint, the lace blended beautifully with the tones of the skirt, and the long mediæval sleeves that fell to the hem were edged with a narrow band of gold as was the square moyen age neck. It was a wee bit incongruous to see the graceful bride who wore this old-time costume dancing the newest twentieth century hops and trots, but the unities of time seemed restored, no matter how the unities of place were outraged, when

during a dance she sat out with a half dozen cavaliers, she produced a half-finished scarf from nowhere at all, apparently and demurely clicked ivory knitting needles for the benefit of some soldier-knight.

* * *

The second dancing frock was a very lovely creation of white lace, the skirt draped into a graceful series of cascades by two bands of turquoise blue satin posed half way between hip and knee. The bodice of lace was so arranged that long tabs falling from the shoulder and bust over a deep girdle of primrose, mauve and turquoise formed a sort of coatee that fell low on the skirt. I am afraid that in the description this sounds like a negligée, but the effect was not at all of that type of garment, and the novel arrangement of both petticoat draperies and bodice struck a very charming note of originality.

* * *

I must note in closing that the early affairs at Newport and the fashionable Long Island houses where the modes of the season are born, indicate that

this is to be a white Summer. Decorations of ball rooms, of course, take on the patriotic hues of our flags and those of our Allies, and against these brilliant back grounds vivid colors are a clashing discord and faint hues are almost lost; while white is very beautiful with such a setting.



Photo Underwood & Underwood

Siberian fox of dull yellow brown is the fur used on Maxine Elliott's newest evening wrap



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You touch the bell. From somewhere in the club with noiseless tread the liveried man appears. A single wish expressed; he reappears; the bright red box upon the silver tray—PALL MALL



Plain or Cork

at good places you need not mention the name. Just ask for the best cigarette

A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here

MR. SOTHERN has written a charming story for the annual Fiction Number — a story of a man and woman marooned in the White Mountains, a story sparkling with clever dialogue — and a surprise at the end.

It is one of seven short stories in this one issue, by such writers as John Galsworthy, Henry van Dyke, and Gordon Arthur Smith, and illustrated by men like Charles E. Chambers, Franklin Booth, A. B. Frost, H. J. Mowat, and Alonzo Kimball.

And among the other noteworthy features is "The Latest Types of Fighting Aeroplanes." Carroll Dana Winslow, who wrote "With the French Flying Corps," is the author and he illustrates it himself with his photographs made on the Champagne front.



From a photograph by Sarony

E. H. Sothorn

browses in the field of short-story writing in the

August SCRIBNER'S

These August numbers of Scribner's have become a regular institution in the magazine world. They are so "full of a number of things"—big names, yes—but, better yet, big things attached to those names. You will find that a habit of Scribner's—selecting stories, articles, and pictures because they are big in themselves. Perhaps that accounts for the place of honor which this August number will occupy on the summer reading-tables of our 100,000 particularly good American homes. Will yours be one of them?



Galsworthy



Chambers



Van Dyke



Gordon Arthur Smith



Mowat

ECHOES OF THE PAST



Maggie Mitchell

LIKE Lotta the incomparable, Maggie Mitchell retired from the stage when in her prime and is happily now alive in New York at the advanced age of eighty-five. The present generation of theatre goers presumably never heard of her as it has been more than forty years since she last appeared. She was a famous actress when Lincoln was president and you will find her listed in "Whos Who in America." Maggie Mitchell was twice married, first to Henry Paddock, then to Charles Abbott. Her sister Mary Mitchell was a member of the Boston Museum Stock Company way back in the early 70's. Julian Mitchell is, I believe, a nephew and quite active as manager, etc. Who will ever forget the sparkle of Maggie Mitchell in such plays as "Mignon," "Fanchon," "The Pearl of Savoy" and others linked with her career.

She celebrated her eighty-third birthday by going from her Long Island summer home to New York City to see Cyril Maude in "Grumpy." Likewise when "The Song of Songs" was put on she made the trip to see John Mason in it, for he made his debut in her company and she has always been interested in him. She went on the stage in 1833 when an infant in arms and four years later spoke her first lines. Her debut as an adult was made at the Boston Museum Company followed by a tour of the country and her name was a household word.

MARION HOWARD.

NEW YORK TO SEE "CHU CHIN CHOW"

On Thursday, October 18th, "Chu Chin Chow," the reigning success of London, will be presented at the Manhattan Opera House, this city. The play is a great big dramatic and musical fantasy, the scenes of which are laid in Bagdad a thousand years ago. It is the story of a notorious robber chieftain who comes into Bagdad with his band of thieves, disguised as a Chinese Mandarin, and the narrative explains how his plan to loot the city is foiled by a slave girl whose lover he has ill-treated in the past.

It is the biggest London success of many years. Representatives of Messrs. Elliott, Comstock and Gest are now in London arranging to bring over the complete English production. The cast in all probability will include some of the English players but most of the important rôles will be portrayed by American players. "Chu Chin Chow" is expected to run the entire season at the Manhattan, as it has already been given in London 400 times.

A DRAMATIST'S HOME

ON page 91 of this issue appear some interesting pictures of the beautiful home of Mr. Rupert Hughes at Bedford Hills. Almost every house has attached to it an interesting history of some kind, and the palatial residence of the author of "Excuse Me" and other popular plays and novels is no exception.

Mr. Hughes and his wife came back from a visit to France where they had spent several weeks at Marlotte in the Fontainebleau Forest, at a hotel where the entrance led through an arch into a courtyard. There were rooms over the arch which particularly excited their admiration.

They got back to America in hot weather and looked for a summer place at Bedford Hills where they had rented before. The place they finally found, and which is the site of their present home, had a frame house on it. There was also a bit of forest with outcropping ledges of rock like a miniature Fontainebleau. They immediately fell in love with the place and bought it.

ONE snowy midnight in December a severe blizzard swept over Bedford Hills. The house caught fire and burned up. While Mr. Hughes ran about squirting useless extinguishers at the blaze, his wife got the children and servants hustled out of bed, and a vast amount of manuscripts were thrown out into the snow. The children, servants and manuscripts were about all that was saved.

Thereupon the dramatist set about building a new house, and resolved to make it the fire-proofest that he could. It is often referred to in architectural articles as an example of fire-proof residential construction. There are not even wooden floors or stairways in it, and there are fire doors with a core of asbestos. The floors and stairs are covered with marbeloid, a mineral composition. The dramatist's studio is floored with tile.

Mr. Hughes made some crude sketches including an archway under a room—suggested by the one seen in France—and a duplex studio such as he had previously lived in in New York, and a general long, low line growing out of the lie of the land on which it was to set.

From these the brilliant young architect, Aymar Embury II, made the finished plans, contributing, of course, the art and practicability and the comfort. He designed also the bridge at the end of the lake, from schemes suggested by Mr. Hughes who has always been an enthusiast over Ionic columns and who asked for a combination of bench and bridge. Embury would not give just what was wanted, but he gave something better.

The desk in the workshop the author picked up at an antique furniture store. It is said to be fairly old, but better still it is very solid, roomy and comfortable.

THE house is on a farm of forty-five acres. There are sixteen other buildings on the place counting the foreman's house, the garage, chicken house, etc. The shrubbery is unusually good as the original owner, the late Mr. Van der Emde, imported from Europe and Japan many very beautiful trees and bushes. He built the lakes from a brook that runs down through the farm. The place was named "Whitewood" because of the number of very tall tulip trees growing there. Mr. Hughes writes:

"The lakes are stocked with black bass and huge gold fish with lacy tails, but I don't fish. The farm is stocked with cows which I can't milk, chickens which I can't tell apart, crops of which I know nothing except their beauty and the cost of the fertilizer to fatten them. But it is all very comfortable. It is home."

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FAILURE OF THE LITTLE THEATRES

(Continued from page 82)

Robertson came over to show us how it was being done abroad. Little Theatres began to pop up in Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and they have been spreading ever since with geometric progression.

Think what a magnificent array of playwrights are already associated with the Little Theatre movement—Shaw, Galsworthy, Stanley Houghton, Lady Gregory, St. John Hankin, Harold Brighouse, Dunsany and Synge. There's hardly a young dramatist in this country that doesn't take the cause as his own. Already the Wisconsin Players have published a volume of their virile one acts. A book of charming Cincinnati playlets by Mary MacMillan is on the market and the Drama League has just added a volume of Washington Square plays to the league series.

The Little Theatre idea is right and it will live. The time has come when the people are going to take over the theatre and try out its tremendous possibilities. Never in the history of the world has the stage come to such high social status. Never since the days of Queen Elizabeth has there been such a dramatic revival. The great thinkers of the day vie with each other in expressing their thoughts in plays. The most important artists are anxious to design settings for them. Desirable citizens of every class are willing to act them. Magazines and newspapers are devoting whole departments to the stage. Every bookstore has a prominent display of books on the drama. Every college has courses about it. Playreading is becoming as popular as novel reading and may yet surpass it. It would seem that the Golden Age of the drama is breaking upon us and we of the Little Theatres are privileged to be taking part in it.



VICTOR RECORDS

When Ernest R. Ball wrote "Love Me and the World is Mine" he entered among the limited group of composers who can write music that is instantaneously popular and at the same time has interest for those whose special knowledge of music gives them a highly critical taste. He has done the same thing again with "All the World Will be Jealous of Me," the words of which are by Dublin. The song is one of sentiment, expressing, as the title implies, a lover's pride in his sweetheart. Emilio de Gogorza sings it with admirable sincerity, and enriches the melody with many subtle touches. "Marche Lorraine" is a fine spirited march song which has long been very popular in France, and likely to become more so as the day approaches when the dream of Lorraine regained, is fulfilled. Marcel Journet contributes the song for August and gives a splendid interpretation. Gifted with more than the average share of the imagination that is so plentiful among Frenchmen, he seems to have taken upon his shoulders the blue-grey uniform of the poilu. Frances Alda has made a splendid record of the song, "La Marseillaise." One can feel that the impetuous melody, the torrential words, have liberated her intense, emotional nature so that she has attained the poetic heights of rhapsody. A fitting climax is reached when the Metropolitan Opera Company chorus of mixed voices join in the magnificent refrain "Aux armes, citoyens!" which is the battle cry of all the defenders of liberty to-day. "There's a Long, Long Trail" is a song which was popular from the first and became more so when it came into use among British soldiers in the trenches. John McCormack gives it an uncanny wistfulness that leaves you brooding. *Adv.*

BEAUTY UNNECESSARY FOR STAGE SUCCESS

(Continued from page 80)

even as the prince does.

On the other side, of course, you can make up a tidy list of actresses whose beauty will be admitted by all—or, at least, who all will agree are pretty. Besides Miss Elliott, there is Ethel Barrymore, Elsie Ferguson, Jane Cowl, Ruth Chatterton, Lola Fisher, Billie Burke, Phoebe Foster, Katherine La Salle, Grace George, Mary Lawton, Julia Sanderson, Marie Doro, Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, and such players of the classic drama as Julia Marlowe, Julia Arthur and, within the recollection of some of us, Mary Anderson. Any reader can extend the list according to his own preferences. Yet extend it as you will, it is doubtful if you can make it, on the whole, as representative of really first-class histrionic talent as the list of actresses who are not conventionally beautiful; and it will be further found, we fancy, that the players of whom you are inclined to say, "she's pretty, rather than beautiful," will be the ones who occupy the lesser positions. Mary Anderson and Julia Marlowe were at the head of their profession. Miss Ferguson, for some years at least, seemed destined to go far. We are not quite so sure of her after her poor work the past two seasons. Miss Barrymore once reached "Mid-Channel" and Jane Cowl has high ambitions and is growing in talent. But what a host of pretty little players arise, year after year, delight us in ingenue rôles, captivate our masculine senses with their youth and pert pinkness, only to fade gradually from sight! Can it be that beauty, so-called, is not alone a physical endowment, but in part a spiritual, that it increases as character expands, or makes itself potent because of an inner force behind it?

FOR the ingenue rôles, of course, youth and prettiness are demanded by the public. We must have a Ruth Chatterton in "Come Out of the Kitchen," a Lola Fisher in "Good Gracious Annabelle." It is very pleasant when we can get young and pretty players like these two, who have skill as well as good looks. Probably both these players would get on in the world if they were not so attractive, though hardly so rapidly. There are other young and pretty players, however, who have not their skill, and who, ten years hence, are unlikely to be as well known as they are to-day. Their looks have made them valuable now, and with the passing of youth will pass their usefulness. On the other hand, it is inconceivable that Laura Crews will not find a niche to fill in the theatre as long as she can totter out before the footlights, even as dear old Mrs. Gilbert did. We don't know whether Mrs. Gilbert was ever pretty. Certainly when we came to know her she was a rather homely old lady—and if a play had no part for her, the dramatist hastened to write one in, so beloved was she, so much did her ripe art add to the performance.

Well, we set out with the intention of showing how desirable beauty is for the actress, and we seem to have made out something of a case against it! It is certainly true that a musical comedy chorus of Charlotte Cushman would spell ruin for the manager. But it is equally true that in the higher ranges of the drama beauty tends less and less to be a necessity for success. Probably in getting a first hearing, a start, youth and striking prettiness are a decided advantage; good looks are an advantage then even for the male actor. But as time goes on, as the player rises to maturer rôles, it is less mere physical attractiveness the audience looks for, and more the charm of an interesting personality and the snell cast by skilful acting.

THE MOTION PICTURE DEPARTMENT

of the Theatre Magazine will make its first bow in the *September Number*. All the better motion pictures will be reviewed and the illustrations decidedly "different" than anything ever before attempted—they will not be mere "stills," but exquisite photographs of the best known stars of the screen.

Don't Forget—The September Number!



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THE BILL OF THE PLAY

(Continued from page 68)

on having his name printed in large letters. Chetwood in his "History of the Stage," published in 1749, recites a difficulty that had arisen in reference to printing the playbills. "In printing the cast, the names were listed as they appeared in the book of the play, without regard to the actors merit, as for example in 'Macbeth,' Duncan, King of Scotland, appeared first in the bill, though acted by an insignificant person. And so every other actor appeared according to his dramatic dignity, all of the same sized letter. But latterly, I can assure my readers, I have found it a difficult task to please some ladies as well as gentlemen, because I could not find letters large enough to please them." The "Connoisseur," printed in 1754, says: "The writer of the playbills deals out his capitals in so just a proportion that you may tell the salary of each actor by the size of the letter in which his name is printed. When the present manager (Garrick) of Drury Lane first came on the stage a new set of types, two inches long, were cast on purpose to do honor to his extraordinary merit."

The actor finally became so insistent in his demand for "larger and larger" letters, that the managers in self-defense threatened to stop printing bills altogether. It was finally arranged that all names should be printed in the same size type, with a concession to the "star" of placing his Christian name on the bill.

The first dramatic performance in America is supposed to have taken place in 1718. From that date until 1752, there is no authentic record of the use by managers of the "bill of the play." In those days the newspapers were the medium through which the managers reached their public. It is from these announcements that the first information of the theatre in America is obtained. Later on, the advertisements carry the line, "For further particulars see bills of the day." The earliest American bill of which there is an authentic record is one issued for a company of players at the theatre in Williamsburg, Virginia, in June, 1753. Another very rare bill of which there is only one known copy, was issued from the New Theatre, in Nassau Street, New York, September, 1753.

In form and fashion the bills used in this country followed the English ones and were utilized in the same manner, being hung up on the posts and in the public houses. This custom of using the public posts prevailed in New York as late as the seventies, when a city ordinance was passed forbidding the practice.

It was in America that the "bill of the play" first began to assume a new form. It grew in size from one eight inches long to one five times that length. The bill most generally circulated when they first began to increase in size, were the ones printed in the early part of the eighteenth century measuring six inches in width and from twenty to forty inches in length. While they were practical for advertising purposes they must have been somewhat bulky for use as a program. All available records show that at this period they were put to that service. The expense account of the old Chatham Theatre for 1828, shows that the management paid for, "announcement bills for Mr. Booth (the elder) fifty dollars—bills of the play, three times, forty-five dollars." The cost of printing bills for the old National Theatre, for one season in 1837, was over forty-five hundred dollars.

To-day the manager of a New York theatre pays barely three hundred dollars a year for printing, while for this program he receives a large bonus for the privilege. For advertising in daily papers he pays upwards of twenty thousand dollars a year.



Drucker & Co. The Blue Bird Room at the Hotel McAlpin—a favorite dancing rendezvous with New York's smart set

PERMANENT HOME FOR FAMOUS AMATEURS

(Continued from page 88)

Wm. E. Burton, while Mrs. Daniel Paine Griswold, who conferred such distinction on numerous productions, was the Annie Robe of the famous Wallack stock company. Equally interesting from every point of view, is the list of men who figured in the early activities of the club. Some of them were: Elisha Dyer, Frederick Delano Weekes, Fred H. Allen, Gordon Gabriel Cleather, Chase Mellen, Meredith Howland, Robert Lee Mowell, Leonidas Lee Lawson, Augustus P. Montant and the two Boyntons, Theodore V. and Chas. E., both dead. Three other members of the original days, that death early carried off were Frederic Edgar Camp, Albert La Montagne and Francis Napier Saunders. Each was a player of really superior attainments. At least four active members of the club turned pleasure into a profession, Jacob Wendell, Jr., John F. Cook, Palmer Coolidge and Walker Marcus Dennett, and made acting a life work. But Coolidge soon returned to the law and Dennett to the more prosaic exactions of Wall St. Wendell, who was for years the mainstay of the club was on the rapid way to high distinction in the professional ranks when death intervened as it did in the case of Cook, who appeared in several Frohman productions.

The Amateur Comedy Club at the present day was never in a more flourishing condition. Under the enterprising direction of its president, Henry Clapp Smith, it has an active membership of ninety-nine and an associate list to which people are clamoring for enrollment. It is all the while taking in new blood and contrary to the past history of such organizations there will be talented and interested players to carry on the work even after the old timers become too aged to enact other than octogenarians.

Mrs. Nexdore: "My daughter plays the piano. Perhaps you've heard her?"

Mrs. Newcome (with great self-restraint): "I've heard the piano."

Mrs. Nexdore: "Yes, my daughter Mary is very musical."

Mrs. Newcome: "Ah! You have two daughters then?"

THE RENAISSANCE OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

(Continued from page 94)

houses in quiet waters near the rapids. I want to be close to the exciting current of life that flows along the avenues and I want to be able to swim into it at a moment's notice. But I don't want to live in it, because I can't stand the strain."

George Middleton, the husband of Lola La Follette, the brilliant daughter of Senator La Follette, one of President Wilson's impatiently characterized "wilful twelve," is a Greenwich Villager. Said he:

"I believe the happiest marriages require space, and there are many houses here that with a little fixing remove one from the cliff dwellers. Incidentally space and low rents for benefits received go hand in hand, a rare phenomenon in New York."

Thompson Buchanan sums its advantages with his epigrammatic gift: "The Village is the one neighborhood in New York where you don't have to lie to make an impression."

Guido Bruno, the writer, who once edited a magazine in his studio, which he called "The Garret," has been styled "The Mayor of Greenwich Village."

But perhaps the village's most picturesque figure is "Bobbie" Edwards, "the Irving Berlin of Greenwich Village." A tall, pale young man, Bobbie Edwards wears the garb of an average New Yorker, but to Polly's, to the Dutch Oven, the Black Cat, and to other restaurants typical of "Village" life, he goes to sing his songs. Once an illustrator, he has dropped the crayon for the score. He accompanies his songs upon an instrument which he himself makes, in his studio in South Washington Square, and which he adorns in brilliant colors, the greens and reds and purples of the impressionistic school.

"Be sure to save your cigar boxes for Bobbie Edwards," may be heard any night in many restaurants of New York's Montmartre.

Presently the pale young man walks to the desk or cigar counter and with smile and bow collects the empty receptacles of the weed. He will carry them to his studio and rapidly fashion them into replicas of the Hawaiian musical instrument, which, lighter toned than the cigar guitar, still resembles it.

SOME NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS

The patriotic feature of Columbia list is a recording of "The Star Spangled Banner," by Margaret Woodrow Wilson, who has won considerable fame as a singer possessing remarkable soprano qualities.

Charles Harrison, the well-known tenor and the popular Broadway quartette offer "Yankee Doodle," and on the reverse side of the same record is "Dixie," sung by Edgar Stoddard and the Broadway Quartette. The Columbia Stellar Quartette offers a double-disc measure of

patriotic medleys, with bugle calls and fife and drum accompaniment, while Harry E. Humphreys, recites "Paul Revere's Ride," and Edgar L. Davenport gives a reading of "Sheridan's Ride."

Eight popular patriotic song recordings are also listed.

Delightful Luck Gates, accompanied by Frank Gittelsohn, has recorded two song classics that are dear to the hearts of all music lovers, Greene's "Sing Me to Sleep," and Braga's "Angel's Serenade." Adv.

GETTING OLD SCENERY OUT OF THE TRENCHES

(Continued from page 76)

quently glimpses of the peach-jam factory in "Turn to the Right." If it is a gadding daughter you would curb, rent for her the cabaret setting from "Experience." If an erring son, try the efficacy of a runaway scene from the Winter Garden.

It would be superfluous to dwell on the further possibilities of my plan. My readers have already far outstripped me in the accumulation of specific instances. That the few plays I have mentioned happen not to have been failures is beside the point. I have desired not to wound the feelings of our susceptible producers by calling up painful memories—else I should have cited the possibilities—confining myself to the 1916-17 season only—of the scenery designed for "Yvette," "Broadway and Butter-milk," "Gamblers All," "Backfire," "In for the Night," "Mr. Lazarus," "A Little Bit of Fluff," "Somebody's Luggage," "The Guilty Man," "The Happy Ending," "A Pair of Queens," "The Girl from Brazil," "Fast and Grow Fat," "Paganini," "Catherine," "The Basker," "Object Matrimony," "Go to It," "Rich Man, Poor Man," "Our Little Wife," "Such Is Life," "Mile-a-Minute Kendall," "Follow Me," "Margery Daw," "Sereconda," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Her Husband's Wife," and plenty of others. Just think, for instance, how useful the heaven scene from "The Happy Ending" might be to the flat-dweller whose nearest neighbor is the Sixth Avenue "L"—which he naturally pronounces Cockney!

Counting two sets each on an average for the plays I have mentioned, you have fifty-four. The season will more than double that number of settings that died aborning. Think of the mouldering relics of all the seasons past. Assuredly there is plenty of material to start with.

As for the mechanical detail of the business organization of this new Scenery Service—they will prove very simple. We need only a rental or royalty agreement with the owners, a delivery and installation bureau, a publicity department, and an office force organized to meet the needs of our subscribers. The Service will be furnished by the year, month, or week. In many cases it may be rotary. Harlem will get next month what Washington Heights had last. When all of New York has had a chance at our original stock we shall send it to Boston. Of course, it will be constantly rejuvenated and kept in repair by our corps of painters and carpenters. In a short time we shall have to be painting new settings of our own to meet individual needs.

The cost of the Service to the subscriber will naturally vary. It will depend on how often you want the set changed as well as on the quality supplied. Obviously you could not expect Joseph Urban for the same price at which we could furnish Lee Lash. But the schedule will be flexible, and we shall endeavor to meet the possibilities of every pocketbook.



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SEPTEMBER 1917
VOL. XXVI NO. 199



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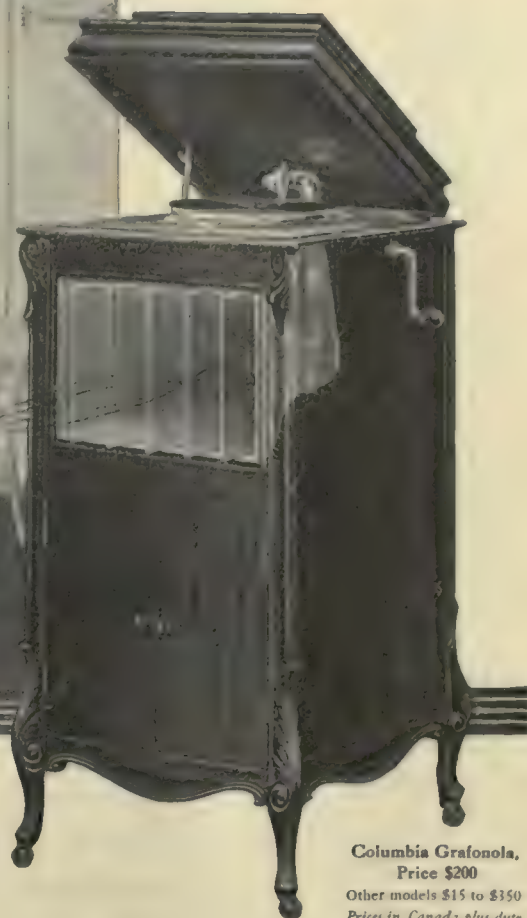
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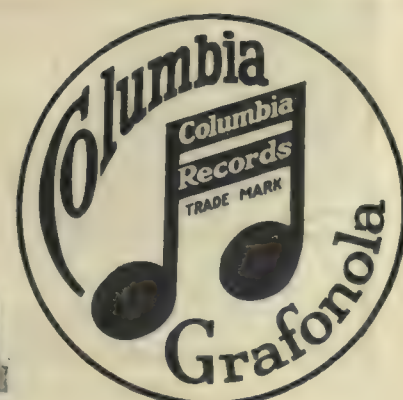
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THEATRE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1917



NOW that the new season's theatrical craft is well launched and a host of stars are already aboard endeavoring to make the 1917-18 voyage a noteworthy one, wouldn't you like to learn about the ropes they pull when on duty, the yarns they spin when among themselves, and what they plan to do before the journey's end?

Then read the THEATRE MAGAZINE, the liveliest, handsomest and "newsiest" publication about plays and players.



THERE have been all kinds of hyphenated showmen. Now a new type has come to the field.

"Enter the Playwright-manager!"

George Broadhurst, the original and only member of the new species, will, in the October issue, give you some inside information about what he intends to do with the Broadhurst Theatre which he will manage this season.

Mr. Broadhurst has always stood on his own as a playwright. Here's good luck to you, George, as manager!



THE chorus girl is a source of continual worry to everybody in general, and to those women who have nothing to do but wait for afternoon tea in particular.

What she wears, where she dines, and most important of all, what becomes of her after a few years prancing in musical comedy.

We're going to enlighten you about her in the next number. "What Becomes of the Chorus Girl" is the title of the article. You'll be surprised when you read it, too. See if you won't.



WHEN Clayton Hamilton has something to say it's well worth reading.

In the October number he takes a fling at our American playwrights and upbraids them for failing to make the most of their present opportunity to develop a serious drama in this country.

Now, if ever, is your time, American

"What the Wardrobe Mistress Means to a Production," in the next number, will tell you how the wardrobe women work, their long hours, the laughable and almost tragic incidents that make up the excitement of the day—an unusual article written by a woman who has been wardrobe mistress with many of the biggest musical plays produced.



EVERYBODY knows Elsie Janis as a clever mimic.

But everybody does not know that Miss Elsie is also a versifier of no mean ability.

As usual, the THEATRE MAGAZINE is eager to give credit where credit is due. In the October issue we'll print "The Slacker," by Elsie Janis, and see if her skill as a rhymster is not equal to her ability as an actress?



THE Art of the Curtain Speech," by Raymond Hitchcock, one of our most entertaining speech makers, surely should make an interesting article.

And it does.

Watch for the October number and see for yourself!



NOW that the new productions are being launched, "Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play."

If you want to keep theatrically informed, read his sprightly, authoritative criticisms—the most readable critiques published.



MAY we offer a suggestion?

How about doing your bit for our boys in France, by sending them a copy of the THEATRE MAGAZINE each month?

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Vol. XXVI.

No. 199

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authors, to attempt big plays. Mr. Hamilton says so, and surely he ought to know!



THERE is a woman on the theatrical staff whose name nine times out of a hundred never even appears on the program—and yet she holds an invaluable position in the theatre.



From a portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

BILLIE BURKE

The most lovable of our comediennes, who will be welcomed back to the theatrical fold this season in a new play by Clare Kummer

THEATRE MAGAZINE



THE THEATRE IN WAR TIME

By DR. FRANK CRANE



WAR time means a crisis in a nation's life. It is the supreme test of the physical and spiritual force of a people. The efficiency of a country at war depends not only upon its armies at the front, upon its guns and fleets and its whole fighting edge, but also upon the amount of reserve power behind.

Whatever keeps a nation strong and fit, full of vim and resiliency, contributes to its striking power and to its capacity for endurance.

The amusements of a people are an essential part of their efficiency. For ages the world has lain under the medieval delusion that amusements are of the nature of sin, that they are to be guarded against, and that even in their best form they are useless.

Modern science, both in psychology and pedagogy, has established the fact that it is as necessary to amuse people as it is to drill or teach them. It has further discovered that their amusements have more to do with the formation of their character than the preaching or other didactic instruction which may be given them.

In war time therefore it is of the utmost importance that the theatre should realize its opportunity.

The theatre's greatest mission is to take men out of themselves. It gives the soul of the spectator for an hour an excursion into the realms of the unreality. It is a bath in the ideal. Returning from his excursion into the mimic world, the spectator is refreshed and strengthened.

Without diversion the soul of man grows hard, and is subject to dangerous manias. An evening

of wholesome interest at the theatre will save him from many an unwholesome interest, many a morbid enthusiasm, in social and political life.

The instinct of make-believe is probably the earliest to manifest itself in the child. It is the natural retreat of the soul from the burden of daily life. Children are always playing papa or mama or soldier or king. They find in this a wonderful source of refreshment. Children are incurably happy. They live most of the day in a theatre of their own making.

"Except ye be converted and become as little children ye cannot see." It is in the theatre that we return again to the deep humanities of childhood. Here genius touches the soul with the wand of imagination and cures it of a hundred distempers.

In war time the horror of real life presses upon us. Every morning the newspaper brings to us its terrific chronicle. Whenever a group of men meet, whenever a circle of women gather, the old terror is manifest.

Against this we need the spiritual elixir of the theatre, we need the revivifying touch of the world of fancy, we need all the help which the genius of the playwright and the actor can bring to us.

Thus when we come to think seriously upon the question we realize that the stage is not a nation's weakness, extravagance or undoing, but it is a nation's deep refreshment that gives to the hearts and minds of a great people that spirit of courage and light and adventure that is needed to achieve success in the arena of world conflict.



THE PLAGUE OF DRAMATIZED NOVELS

By LOUIS SHERWIN



IS there anybody who has missed the experience of seeing one of his favorite novels butchered to make a stage hands' holiday, his favorite characters emasculated, the work of genius hashed, vulgarized, sentimentalized, in a word dramatized by some Broadway play carpenter? Have you wondered why it should be impossible for any stage adaptation to give anything even remotely approaching a correct idea of a great work of fiction?

The reason is not far to seek. It is called "the rules of playwriting," the "laws of the drama." They were invented by a handful of industrious jackasses, like Freytag, Sarcey and Archer, then imitated and adopted by every second rate hack in theatredom. When all is said and done, their only usefulness is to serve as a doormat for men of talent.

William Archer once wrote a book of four hundred and nineteen pages beginning with the really sensible words: "There are no rules for writing a play." If he had let it go at that and left the other four hundred and eighteen pages blank he would have contributed a notable service to dramatic literature. But he subsequently had to go and spoil it by some hundred and fifty thousand words of professional bibble-babble about *scènes à faire* and peripety and points of attack and the full close and all that sort of foolish technical imperimenta.

The joke of it all is that nine out of ten plays that are worth while break many or all of the precious rules of playwriting. It is not a case of the exceptions proving the rules but of the rules proving the exceptions. On the other hand the dullest, stupidest most puerile and commonplace pieces on the stage are almost invariably "well-made plays." Take for instance the work of Henri Bernstein. According to the standards of Scribe and Augier they are flawlessly constructed. According to the standards of any person of educated taste they are unutterable clap-trap. They comply with all the rules.



NOW, of course, it will be understood that in protesting against the stupidity of dramatized novels I am alluding to good novels. What happens to the chefs-d'oeuvre of Robert W. Chambers or Edna Ferber is a matter of the utmost unimportance. They are merely among the inescapable futilities of daily existence. But when it comes to seeing the works of Thackeray, for instance, converted into theatrical treacle it is time for the critical conscience to sit up on its hind legs and bark. It makes me feel just as I would if I saw a painting by Velasquez "adapted" by Harrison Fisher. Two such offences were perpetrated last season: to wit, the dramatizations of "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes." And though Du Maurier is not to be mentioned in the same breath with Thackeray, even his work was too good to be treated as John N. Raphael treated "Peter Ibbetson." However his was better than most theatrical versions, even if it did lay most emphasis on the plot, whereas, of course, the important part should have been the thought.

The explanation of such literary vandalism is this: some years ago a certain wise intellectual eunuch formulated the ninnyhammer doctrine that the way to dramatize a novel was to read the book and throw it away and then proceed to make a play out of what you can remember. Now this is a perfectly sound doctrine if you admit that it is desirable to turn a work of art

such as "Pendennis" into such an inartistic nuisance as the well-made play. Personally I admit no such thing. I have not only affection but respect for a work of art and it annoys me to see it travestied. I suppose if Michael Morton or Langdon Mitchell were painting Lillian Russell they would scorn the idea of sittings. Their idea would be to take one look at the lady, then go home and think of Thomas A. Wise or DeWolf Hopper. And the final result would be a painting in which the only part that actually resembled Lillian Russell would be the third finger on her left hand. If you accept the popular Broadway idea of a dramatized novel you must also accept the idea as applied to portrait painting or sculpture.



NOW the most vulgar, stupid, maddening thing in these dramatizations is the liberties they take with the characters, characters we know by heart, characters which whether we love them or dislike them are works of art, creations of genius. The worst offender in this respect was Michael Morton's "Colonel Newcome." Now there are many fascinating things about the book but not one of them appeared in the footlight version. For example there is the wonderful satire on the manners and morals of early Victorian society. In place of which the dramatist gives us a picture of the most conventional, sentimental sort. He shows none of the rhythms of life as Thackeray showed them, none of the reactions upon character, the reactions of surroundings and conditions upon character, the reactions of man on his surroundings. Thackeray shows us how the ideas and traditions of her class made a victim of poor, weak little Clara Pulleyn, but he also shows us how these ideas and traditions reacted upon her own family through the subsequent history of Clara Pulleyn after she had been married to Barnes Newcome.

You may plead that it is impossible to show all these things on the stage owing to the inherent limitations of the theatre. Bosh! my good man! Bosh, twaddle, blague! All these things were done in Andreiev's "Life of Man," a play scorned by the doctors because it did not comply with their pestilent rules. Or, if you want a classical illustration of drama that showed the rhythms, the reactions of character upon character, I offer you "King Lear," which even the doctors dare not scorn.



THIS distorting of characters is due primarily to the most odious American vice, sentimentalism, that cheap and nasty counterfeit of sentiment which damns all our efforts. Now Thackeray himself was in some respects an incorrigible old sentimentalist. But at the same time he was fundamentally too much of the artist to suppress the truth. As Bernard Shaw said it comes raging and snivelling out of him. "He exhausts all his feeble pathos in trying to make you sorry for the death of Colonel Newcome, imploring you to regard him as a noble-hearted gentleman instead of an insufferable old fool, developing into a mischievous old swindler; but he gives you the facts about him faithfully."

The play suppresses nearly all Thackeray's artistic virtues and exaggerates his weakness, his sentimentalism. For all his fatuous love of Colonel Newcome, Thackeray shows us that with his folly he caused more unhappiness, ruined

more homes, destroyed more faith than even Barnes, with his brutality and selfishness. The playwright brings out none of these truths. However, in his club-footed effort to emphasize Barnes' villainy, he does make him the only really intelligent creature in the play!

Again, in order to construct a well-made plot, the dramaturge kills off silly little Rosey before the last act. Now after Rosey's death there was not the slightest reason for Clive's enduring the presence of his mother-in-law nor for the Colonel's seeking sanctuary in the Charterhouse. The only purpose served by the taking of such a liberty is to make the whole situation ridiculous. Then take the character of Clive Newcome. He is one of the most interesting persons in the book. In the play he is a cipher, a regular, ordinary, nauseating jeune premier. While reading the book we are absorbed by the development of his character, his struggles, his growth from a spoiled boy, a dilettante parasite, into an artist and man of strength. In the play we do not care a rap what becomes of him. Such a fatuous nonentity deserves nothing better than to marry Rosey MacKenzie and have the Campaigner for a mother-in-law.



A SIMILAR defect was the most glaring in Langdon Mitchell's box-office version of "Pendennis." Thackeray realized a fine picture in Arthur Pendennis: the tragic fight of talent and high-spirited youth, handicapped by the spurious ideas of Victorian sentimentalism, against the actualities of life and the corrosive influence of his class and surroundings. The real Arthur Pendennis was worth saving from the Fotheringay. In the play one felt he was such a young jackass that it would have been a good thing to marry him off to the first trollop that came along in order to get him out of the picture.

As for Major Pendennis, what a mutilation was there! Instead of the masterly satire, the complete brilliant portrait of the elderly sybarite, the arch apostle of snobbishness, what did we see? An elegant, nicely mannered, shrewd old gentleman with hardly a distinguishable characteristic.

The more I think about the problem the more I am convinced that we will never get anywhere until we throw all the so-called rules of the drama, all the miserable baggage of the well-made play into the scrap heap. The only proper method for reproducing a great work of fiction on the stage is the method employed by the Russians. In such works as Andreiev's "Life of Man," or even Ossip Dymow's "Nju," there is real character development and a thorough sense of the rhythms and contradictions of life. Character and thought—ideas—these are the big things in plays. All the rest is fudge and rumble bumble, stale machinery that creaks to heaven. When we set about dramatizing a novel we always search for the least important thing in it—the plot. Who the devil cares about the plot except a jackass Broadway play carpenter? And after all the methods of the Russians, when you come to analyze them, are nothing but the methods of Shakespeare, considerably improved.

Of course they preclude the absurd Rafael Tuck paraphernalia of nuisance known as "realistic" scenery. It demands an essentially simple *mise en scene* easily set and easily struck so that the progress from episode to episode may be swift as possible.



Press Ill.

During the rehearsals of Arthur Hopkins' production of the new play, "The Deluge," held during some of New York's hottest days, the players admitted that being in a deluge would be more welcome than playing in one



White

Marjorie Rambeau and members of the "Eyes of Youth" company reading over their scripts with Director Marston



Press Ill.

This is not an afternoon social tea, although everybody is sitting around chatting and Grace George seems to be welcoming a newcomer. It is really a rehearsal of Miss George's company at the Playhouse

BEHIND THE CURTAIN—PREPARING FOR THE NEW SEASON

THE NEW SEASON 1917-18



THE prophet of old, a bearded person clad in flowing garments of wrath, had rather an easy job of it, in comparison with the prophet of to-day, who attempts to forecast in early August, without the aid of whiskers or a white mantle, what the theatrical season of 1917-1918 shall bring forth in America—that is to say on Broadway. Never have managers been confronted with so many unknown quantities in setting down the dramatic equation as confront them to-day.

The Charles Frohman company is launching some important enterprises. Several old Frohman stars—notably Francis Wilson, W. H. Crane, and a woman star of international fame, await only the right play for a return to the management which has so well demonstrated its ability to carry on the Charles Frohman enterprises in the true Charles Frohman spirit. These stars, however, scarcely enter this saga, since their appearance is not as yet a positively decided event. However, an active season is opening for Mr. Alf Hayman and his associates who will carry out a long-cherished plan of Mr. Frohman in presenting Miss Ethel Barrymore in a repertoire of plays beginning with "Camille" and running the whole gamut of emotional and comedy rôles, with Lady Teazle as the concluding offering. Appropriately enough the chasm between Miss Barrymore's emotional plays and her comedy offerings will be spanned by "The Bridge of Sighs," a romantic play by Edward Sheldon.

Otis Skinner will respond with a new play when his name is reached in the Charles Frohman roll-call, and Julia Sanderson and Joe Cawthorne have been fitted with characteristic rôles in "Rambler Rose," a musical offering by that reliable stage gardener, Harry B. Smith, who always causes two blossoms to burst forth where only one scented the air before, whenever he takes his typewriter in hand. By the way, "Rambler Rose" will signalize the return to the stage of Mr. Smith's wife, the superbeauteous Irene Bentley, whose last remembered hit was in a piece also by Mr. Smith called "A Wild Rose."



KLAW AND ERLANGER lean decidedly toward musical comedy as war time attractions, and will pin their faith to "The Czardas Princess" as their most notable new offering, with two imposing companies presenting "Miss Springtime." A number of dramatic productions will be made by K. and E., in conjunction with George C. Tyler, and these are of a magnitude to assure a season of splendid performances. Mr. Tyler, by some magic of his own, has won Mrs. Fiske to his banner, and that actress will appear for the first time under his management in a new comedy now well along toward production. "The Belle" is the name of Mrs. Fiske's play, and it is spoken of in terms of exaggerated mirth by all who have been in any way associated with its preparation. Catherine Chisholm Cushing is the author of "The Belle," and a delightful unanimity of opinion prevails to the effect that she has constructed a thoroughly delightful American comedy for the delightful and characteristic American star.

Among the diverse and extensive activities of Mr. Tyler are some exceedingly interesting plans for Miss Laurette Taylor's extended season. For the third time, Miss Taylor will remain in New York through an entire season deferring her tour of the country for another year.

Miss Taylor's second season in New York as a Tyler star, will be launched at the Liberty Theatre on September 11th, when she will begin at the point where she left off at the Globe Theatre in Hartley Manners' "Out There." This will be followed by "The Wooing of Eve," another play by Mr. Manners which in due course will give place to a recently completed piece by Miss Taylor's own personal dramatist (Mr. Manners, of course) which is said to be the *magnum opus* of that playwright, as well as the setting for the finest rôle yet accorded Miss Taylor's talents.

Besides the sensational coup of securing Mrs. Fiske as a Tyler star, the head of the firm has cause to plume himself on finding an unbelievably brilliant rôle for Mr. George Arliss in a play written around the dazzling and dramatic character and career of Alexander Hamilton. It will present the most romantically interesting of American statesmen, at a period in his public life before the clouds and crises of later years had begun to darken his brilliant history.



THE events seized upon by Mrs. Mary Hamilton who has furnished the vehicle in collaboration with Mr. Arliss himself, take place in Hamilton's thirty-third year, during Washington's administration, and finds him surrounded by such shining figures as Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, General Schuyler and Talleyrand. Fittingly enough, Washington, D. C., will witness the first performance of "Hamilton," which will come to New York early next month.

Washington, too, will witness the initial performance of the new piece by Booth Tarkington and Julian Street which Mr. Tyler will produce on August 27th. "The Country Cousin" is the title of this comedy of American manners, and Miss Alexandra Carlisle, the most British and urban of London actresses, will be featured in this production, which will be brought to New York, taking the place of "Turn to the Right" at the Gaiety Theatre.

"Pollyanna," the "glad play," will be presented on tour by two companies, Miss Patricia Collinge continuing as the sugary heroine in the Eastern production and Miss Helen Hayes playing the title rôle on the Coast.

"Among Those Present" will be presented by the Klaw and Erlanger-Tyler firm within a few weeks, and other still uncompleted dramas will engage Mr. Tyler's activities before the snow flies.

If Mr. Lee Shubert cannot find theatres to house his numerous plays he tells me he will lay off managerial work for a few minutes and build some new ones, so great is his faith in the various productions he has at present actively under way. Optimism of the most radiant and roseate hue tinges Mr. Shubert's view of the coming season, and he backs his faith in the axiom that good plays mean good audiences by producing an unusually great number of both lyric and dramatic pieces. His first serious production is, of course, the drama by Abraham Schomer in which Wilton Lackaye is at present appearing at the Lyric. "A Man's House," by Anna Steese Richardson and Edmund Breese will come along a little later, introducing George Nash in the featured rôle. "The Melting of Molly" with Vivian Wessell, as Molly; "The Pawn," with Frank Keenan; a new Walter play with the merry little title of "The Assassin"; "Wanted—An Alibi," with Hale Hamilton as the man who is looking for the alibi; with revivals of "The Knife" and "Peter Ibbetson" place the Shubert firm easily

in the forefront of this season's producers.

In addition to these productions and one or two others not yet mature for mention, the Messrs. Shubert will, of course, do many musical pieces. Rida Johnson Young's "Her Soldier Boy" and her adaptation of the Irving Place success, "Wie Einst In Mai," Franz Lehar's "Star Gazer," "When Two Love" by Eysler, and "Lieutenant Gus" by the same author, have been accepted for early production. "The Cave Lady," by Robert Oliver, "Love's Light," by Hamilton Sims, as well as Passing Shows galore and two Winter Garden mélanges will shed song and smiles upon the dramatic horizon under the Shubert banner.

Winthrop Ames, at the present writing, is negotiating with a famed English actress in conjunction with the Shubert firm, but any announcement as to this possible sensation are at present premature. William Faversham and William Hodge will continue their profitable association with the Shubert management, and announcements relative to another famous actor long identified with this firm will appear later.

The active young firm of Elliott, Comstock and Gest has plans of magnitude in mind for the forthcoming season. Sixteen companies will be engaged under the banner of the Princess Theatre firm, and most of these will be actively at work by the time this issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is in print. Alice Neilsen in "Kitty Darlin'"—a musical romance—founded upon Agnes and Egerton Castle's "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" will reach Broadway in early October, and will probably anchor here for an extended stay. The George Ade comedy, "The College Widow," has also been set to music for this dashing young trio, and under the title, "Leave It to Jane," will come to Longacre for a run after a tryout on tour. A Rip Van Winkle effect by George Hobart, "Piccadilly Jim," by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, and a drama of modern Russia entitled, "The People's King," will also be produced by this trio of managerial musketeers. All the established successes of the firm will continue their profitable careers, and the local *pièce de résistance* for the vast stage of the Manhattan Opera House will be a mammoth production of "Chu-Chin-Chow," the Oriental spectacle which held London spellbound for a year.



CHARLES B. DILLINGHAM has erased the "B" from his signature and will sign all contracts with no middle initial this season. As his successes wax bigger, his signature shrinks a letter or so and it is quite possible that the close of the season of 1917-1918 will find him simply addressed as "Dill" by his associates. This is a roundabout way of remarking that Mr. Dillingham believes himself at the inaugural moment of several sure-fire successes for the coming year. His mammoth Hippodrome entertainment will be in the nature of a patriotic and timely pageant called "U. S. A.," which will reach the public eye with this issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. After Mr. Dillingham's launching of Doyle and Dixon as stars in the rôles originated by the lamented "Dave" Montgomery and Fred Stone in "Chin Chin" in September, Mr. Stone will begin his career as a lone star at the Globe early in October. His vehicle, as yet unnamed, is from the pen of Anne Caldwell and stage director Burnside with Ivan Caryll who assisted the same collaborators with the fascinating musical setting for "Chin Chin," as composer of the music.



© Ira L. Hill

ELEANOR PAINTER

Who has forsaken the musical comedy field to play the leading rôle in "The Pursuit of Pamela"



Victor Georg

MARIE DORO

After several years of successful screen work, Miss Doro will appear in a new play by Florence Lincoln



© James & Bushnell

HENRY MILLER

Besides managing his own theatre this season, Mr. Miller will be seen in a new play



Sarony

EMILY STEVENS

The title of whose starring vehicle, written by the Hattons, has not been decided on



Campbell

FLORENCE NASH

To appear in "The Land of the Free," by Fannie Hurst and Harriet Ford

S T A R S O F T H E N E W S E A S O N

With "General Post," which has been sensation-ally successful in London during the past few months, Mr. Dillingham will reach out for another Broadway theatre, which will house this ambitious production for an extended run.

In October, too, Mr. Dillingham, in association with Florence Ziegfeld, will present his second sumptuous Century Revue—an entertainment of novelty and dazzle even more glittering and amusing than last year's offering.

Later in the year, possibly by way of Christmas gift to Broadway, Mr. Dillingham will stage two other productions about which at present is carefully drawn a veil of mysterious reticence.

David Belasco will be as active as usual—plus—during the coming season. A number of Belasco successes which refuse to wear out will continue their brilliant career, notably "The Music Master," with David Warfield, which bids fair to be the "Rip Van Winkle" of that legitimate successor to the premier comedian of yesterday—Joseph Jefferson.

"Seven Chances" and its elder rival, "The Boomerang," will continue their lively course, and a new play for Miss Frances Starr is already well under way in rehearsals. An assured sensation which Mr. Belasco will offer to New York audiences is "Polly with a Past," a new comedy by Guy Bolton and George Middleton, in which Miss Ina Claire will burst into effulgence as a Belasco star of the first magnitude. Much also is promised of "Tiger Lily" by Willard

Mack. Of course one recognized idiosyncrasy of Mr. Belasco is a lovable make-believe of profound secrecy regarding his theatrical intentions. The core of mystery, for the present season, is a new play by the Hattons which Mr. Belasco may produce during the winter provided he can find the right actor to impersonate the central masculine figure. Conjure up a mental picture of a handsome dramatist-manager twisting a long suffering forelock in anguished uncertainty as to whether or no the Hatton play will see the light of day with a supreme Belasco cast, and you behold the present attitude of the overlord of the Belasco Theatre.

Far-reaching and comprehensive is the scope of Oliver Morosco's activities for the coming year. Already Eleanor Painter has been seen as a Morosco star in "The Pursuit of Pamela," a delicious trifle (so critics on the Coast declare), by Chester Bailey Fernald, and "A Full Honey-moon" and "What Next" have, in accordance with Mr. Morosco's policy, already been shown to California audiences, whose clamors of approval auger well for their reception on Broadway later in the season.

Blanche Ring, together with her husband, Charles Winninger, well remembered for his capital work in the last Cohan Revue, are co-stars in the latter piece.

A play with a deep psychological interest by Louis Anspacher, will engage the higher intellectual activities of Mr. Morosco, who has had

good fortune with a former similarly scholarly effort of Mr. Anspacher.

The firm of Cohan and Harris will be active during the coming weeks, with various enterprises, several of which have won a Broadway hearing for the approaching season by virtue of a successful summer try-out. A Cohan Revue is promised later in the year.

Joe Weber, having secured the undivided services of Frederic Latham, formerly super-stage director of the Dillingham forces, promptly proved his generous feelings toward a brother-manager by lending Mr. Latham for the Dillingham production of "General Post," in consequence of which altruistic act, his own comedy production of a dramatized best seller is deferred for an indefinite period. His initial activities,—"Eileen" having been already launched upon a second season's run—will be confined to a notable production of a new Victor Herbert opera, in which the foremost of American composers will make his bow as a writer of stirring martial music. "Her Regiment" is the title of the new Herbert opera, which is by no means a war piece, although its theme is more or less military. Carolina White, one of the Nightingales of the Boston Grand Opera Company, is prima donna of the new piece, with Donald Brian as co-star. William Le Baron, who has furnished a really interesting and witty libretto, was captured by Mr. Weber and turned over to Victor Herbert who de- (Concluded on page 168)

LETTERS TO A DRAMATIST

By HAROLD SETON



A letter from Miss Mamie McGuire, a Saleslady at Lacy's.

Dear Sir:

I seen your peace in the Evening Joinal about you saying you wood be glad to receeve suggest-shuns for plots for plays, you been a playwright. Well, truth is stranger than friction, as the old saying goes, so I want to tell you about what happened to a soittain party what woiks in a soittain store. I wont mention no names nor no locashuns. But Maggie McGinty was a good goil, the only daughter of poor but honest parents, her father been a bartender and her mother a wash-lady. Her job was at the noshun counter. Mr. Fitzhuskinson was the floorwalker, tall and handsome, but a villain at hart. He spoke to Maggie and smiled at her, and asked her to go and eat with him, but his intenshuns was not honerable, and she feared him like a dove fears a soipent. So she never went and et with him but went and et with Terence O'Toole insted. Terence drove the delivery wagin for the same foim. Now that is as far as reel life has gone, but you could make up the rest so that Mr. Fitzhuskinson gets to fresh, and Maggie calls for help, and Terence beats him up, and virchew triumphs over vice.

Yours very respectfully,

MISS MAMIE MCGUIRE.



A Letter from Mrs. Sophinisba Jinks, Student of New Thought.

Dear Sir:

In reading the interview with you in an evening paper, I was especially interested in noting that you desired to hear from anyone who had an idea for a play, agreeing to pay one hundred dollars for any theme that you accepted.

Now I am a student of New Thought, and I

wish to submit a plot illustrating the Might of Mind, the benefit of going into the Silence, the practicality of Vibrations.

The first act is in a miserable tenement-house, the abode of a family in which the father is a murderer, the mother is a drunkard, the son is a pickpocket, and the daughter is no better than she should be. The surroundings show the filth and squalor resulting from wrong thinking.

The son comes in with a handbag he has stolen from a woman on a street-car. He opens it and exclaims, "There is nothing in it of any value! Only a New Thought pamphlet entitled 'From the Deeper Depths to the Higher Heights' by Orison Wheeler Trine!" The son flings the pamphlet aside, but the daughter picks it up, and starts to read. That ends the first act.

The second act shows the daughter and mother reformed and redeemed, neat and clean, honest and reliable. But the two men still rebel against right thinking, because men seem to resist the Truth more than do women. But in the last act the whole family is transformed. The father has become a policeman, the mother has become a washerwoman, the daughter has become a waitress at Childs', and the son has become a bellboy at the Ritz.

Yours in the One Mind,

SOPHINISBA JINKS.



A Letter from Miss Mirabelle Marlborough, Showgirl at the Summer Garden.

Dear Sir:

Although I have been on the stage for three seasons, I never thought of writing a play myself until I read the article in which you asked for suggestions.

A shoemaker should stick to the last, and a

showgirl should stick to the show! Therefore, I, a showgirl, submit the following scenario: Valerie Verona is the heroine. She is young and beautiful, but cold and callous—apparently. But wait!

Act One is outside the stage-door. Valerie and her gentleman friend, John Dough, have walked to the theatre together. He refers to the diamond ring and the diamond pin he has already given her, and also to the diamond pendant he is going to give her. Other showgirls go into the theatre, and then a young man, big and strong and handsome, although dressed in overalls, passes through. "Who is that?" asks Valerie. "The new stage-carpenter!" says the stage-door keeper. End of Act One.

Act Two shows the stage during the rehearsing of a new number. John Dough comes on, and tells Valerie he resents her growing indifference. As a matter of fact she has fallen in love with the stage-carpenter, but has struggled against this passion, for she does not want to spoil her chances. John Dough becomes so jealous that he finally calls Valerie "a wanton," and leaves her.

Act Three is outside the stage-door again. John Dough waits there for Yolanda, another showgirl. They go away together. Then Valerie comes out with the stage-carpenter. She tells him that she loves him, and he takes her in his arms. "You have loved me for myself alone!" says the stage-carpenter. "But now I must tell you who I really am! I am Algernon Astorbilt, heiress to millions! I only took this job to be near you. But now we must marry and go to Newport for the summer and to Palm Beach for the winter!"

Yours hopefully,

MIRABELLE MARLBOROUGH.



Matsene

CLARA JOEL

Playing the leading feminine rôle in the new comedy, "Business Before Pleasure"



Goldberg

GRACE GEORGE

Who will be at the Playhouse again this season with a series of new plays



GEORGE ARLISS

A new starring vehicle, built around the life of the statesman, Alexander Hamilton, will give this popular actor ample opportunity to display his versatility



Campbell

JOSEPHINE VICTOR

This sympathetic young actress will be seen in a new play by Thompson Buchanan



Sarony

EDITH TALIAFERRO

"Mother Carey's Chickens" is the title of Miss Taliaferro's new piece, which opens at the Cort

ESTABLISHED FAVORITES IN NEW PLAYS

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S REAL SELF

By W.A. STANLEY



MY acquaintance with Mansfield originated in our youth for we were about of an age. I was a vocal pupil of his mother. No child ever bore closer resemblance to a parent than he did to her in the strong characteristics. As her pupil I knew intimately the violent and assertive traits of arbitrary femininity of the gifted Madame Rudersdorf; and whether she bestowed on her son the gift of acting, she certainly bequeathed to him a volcanic irascibility that amidst the restraints of her studio she was wont to display to my repeated discomfiture; and of which I became a sympathetic observer in similar experiences by others.

For reasons best known to Mansfield he expressly desired my opinion of his manifold interpretations.

He was a marvel of highly developed, exquisitely polished confidence. Not an inane, foolish, caddish type of vanity; but masterful acquirement of prodigious effrontery. He hadn't the remotest conception of limitations in himself; hence gave the world consummate excellence in dancing, fencing, horsemanship, boating, languages, music, conversation, art, science, philosophy. Had he taken the notion he would have carried the versatility to preaching, statesmanship, medicine and the law, with similar assurance, and, perhaps, with equal success.

He did not relish the title of actor. He was the certain "Mr. Mansfield," which meant with him a definite, serious consequence to his era; so that whatever way you viewed him he could surprise you with a bigger, deeper, more peculiarly differentiated ego than you expected, no matter how lofty your expectations.



HE died with but the merest fraction of his capabilities demonstrated—that is, as he measured himself. This stupendous self-containment hadn't actually a grain of conceit about it. It was, rather, his genuine comprehension of his self's powers, which he was willing to prodigally bestow upon his age, only asking in return the unbounded amazement of his fellow beings.

Mansfield thrived upon audiences leaning forward, open-mouthed and aghast. Nothing less satisfied him. It was a conviction as deeply seated as his reverence for God that he was the master creator of characters in the stage world. He considered the simple word "Mansfield" the wand to conjure with. It was a magic word. He made it so. When at last he got the chance to do "Baron Chevalier" he was almost frantic—not with joy at the opportunity, but with anger at destiny for restraining him so long in obscurity. Thenceforward he employed confidence, assurance, self-containment, and the tireless concentration of his powers all the way along to "Peer Gynt," to flay, thrash, scourge and ridicule Destiny with tireless punishment for not letting him sooner into his own.

Following "Chevalier"—the elements of which triumph were annoyance at A. M. Palmer's reluctance to appreciate him, and disgust with J. H. Stoddard for failing to discern the possibilities of the rôle—he did Gunter's "Prince Karl" and Fitch's "Beau Brummel"—two portraiture where-in he took pride and pleasure akin to that he felt in the old Baron; first because they gave scope to his mania for infinite pains, second because by their origination he put the achieving peg above reach, and did so willfully.

The same intense longing to distend the public's eye with astonishment at startling altitudes of creativeness prompted him to present "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It was a play painfully mediocre; but it led him into inventive search for effects in trickery in which he revelled, and was so gruesome as to be all the more difficult to work strictly artistic effects from.



THE public marvelled that he retained some of the earlier characterizations in his repertoire when broader and braver attempts occupied him. But he revelled in testing the public with apparent impossibilities; purely to demonstrate



© B. J. Falk

RICHARD MANSFIELD

As Baron Chevalier in "A Parisian Romance"

that nothing was impossible with him when it came to compulsion of public interest.

Much as Mansfield knew, it is highly improbable that he wholly understood himself.

The manifold variety of his gifts strengthened the conclusion that he was a force; made up of component elements of tremendous vigor and energy; in which dramatic art was but a vehicle he elected to employ.

It would be hazardous to venture that, for the purpose of pecuniary emolument, Mansfield might have chosen more wisely; for how can we know if he would have become greater, more successful, or popular, as a musician, statesman, writer, or orator, than as a player.

While the vast majority—those of subordinate minds—accepted Mansfield as a great actor, there is an analytical minority to which he presented an interesting study in the supremacy of personality, in that domination which we are satisfied to pass current by the term "magnetism."

From the commencement of his career, through all the years of splendid service he gave to the stage, there was uncertainty regarding the reality of his dramatic genius that necessitated patient waiting for determination. No separate rôle which he undertook was sufficient to determine the question; nor did all the productions he made do so much to decide in favor of dramatic power as the multiplicity of unaccountable eccentricities demonstrated a strenuous personality which used the stage as a playground, and the drama as a toy for its capricious, fascinating humors.

The individuality of Mansfield was infinitely

more fertile and versatile than the art he espoused could accommodate; and the overflow he invested in curiosity creating maneuvers, which represented capital employed in converting into profit his otherwise idle fancies.

It would be remarkable for Mansfield to be deemed everything from a charlatan to a great actor were it not for the fact that he succeeded in adding to these reputations others embracing everything from the most hardened brute to the sweetest and most tender nature.

His genius lay in the fixedness with which he established himself at every point in the range of public and private estimation, without losing a day from business, or expending a dollar unnecessarily.

The first and chief evidence of the domination of Mansfield's personality over his dramatic acumen was his determined undertaking of unsuitable rôles. No actor is so great but he will commit some errors in the selection of plays, in the choice of characters; and in this respect it was not fair to expect Mansfield to be an exception. But right or wrong, he had the power of individuality to compel the public to accept him in anything he chose to present; and to applaud and reward the inferior as well as the artistic.



IT requires a most remarkable personality to compel acknowledgment for individualization of a number of rôles which have been made familiar by superior and satisfactory interpretation, to say nothing of a defiance of a century's precedents that have been accepted with popular approbation. Mansfield could not have been what he was, nor undertaken the stunts he did, unless he entrusted to his personality the heaviest responsibilities of those Herculean attempts. The conserving dictates which inspire temerity in the most gifted players cannot be successfully exterminated save by an overwhelming self-assurance.

The distinction of everything that Mansfield attempted possessed the intensification begotten of uninterrupted success; whereby that which he did strewed with flowers the otherwise rough pavings of what he would achieve. If we agree that his early struggles for recognition were exceedingly bitter and disheartening, we must also admit that when he did get fortune into a corner he exacted its unflagging zeal in his behalf.

It is not strange that Mansfield was heartily despised by many professional confrères, and dearly loved by others. Those contrasted phases of appreciation have nothing to do with the truth, or falsity, of the reports of his treatment of stage associates; but grow out of the natural friction of minds.

A nature so assertive and dominant as his had to grate harshly upon those close to him since he was at the same time able to attract thousands of auditors to pay liberally to see him attempt rôles they knew beforehand he could not interpret, simply because he had too much forcible antagonism to befit them.

Herein lay the palpable evidence of Mansfield's reliance upon his masterful will; supported by that sublime egotism which would keep the President of the United States waiting an hour for an audience, or give "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a production worthy of "The Passion Play."

His doings and sayings summarized are purely the longitudes of

(Continued on page 162)



White

MITZI

Hungarian to her finger tips, this dainty little prima donna will be seen in a new musical comedy after a tour in "Pom Pom"



Campbell

JULIA SANDERSON

Who has been fitted with a characteristic rôle in the new Harry B. Smith musical offering, "Rambler Rose"



Sarony

DONALD BRIAN

The matinée girls will be glad to hear that Mr. Brian will grace the stage this season in a Victor Herbert piece called "Her Regiment"



© Mishkin

ALICE NIELSEN

The star of "Kitty Darlin'," a musical romance which will open at the Casino in October



White

BLANCHE RING

Who, with her husband, Charles Winninger, will co-star in "What Next"

A PAGEANT OF MUSICAL COMEDY FAVORITES

HOLDING MY AUDIENCE

By NORA BAYES



IT is not my intention to tell you how I hold my audience, because the situation is quite the reverse—they hold me. They represent the most comfortable and valuable relationship. They are my friends. It is therefore with the intimate safety of friendship, that I go out upon the stage and shake hands with them. My performances are exactly like an intimate chat with one or two close friends, who sit around a table and enjoy themselves. I can think of no better symbol to express my own feelings towards the audience than that of a small party seated at a friendly table.

Of course just here, I ought to say something about "my art."

Was there ever an artist who could tell you by what magic the artistic results were obtained?

Can the painter tell you why he paints well, or the singer why she sings well?

Is it at all possible in the strange domain of artistic endeavor, to tell other people how to be artistic?



HAVING asked myself these questions, I propose to answer them, so as to amplify the impossibility of telling how an audience is held.

Cleverness is very much improved by thorough association, and therefore I find it of great assistance to read good books, to maintain a pace towards the intellectual interests in life. George Bernard Shaw always writes as though he were addressing a very intellectual world. He does not seem to care whether people understand him or not. Of course he is tolerably sure that a few people will understand him, and he doesn't care very much if the rest do not. This is a good standpoint to take towards artistic work of any kind. If you are properly nourished mentally, you are not likely to become mediocre. The people who understand and who know what artistic work is, are on the increase.

It very often happens that a popular theme is suggested to me by very serious reading. Ibsen was the sort of man who could have written good vaudeville sketches.

Let me say that any old audience, in any old theatre, in any old town is far better than the performances they attend. As a very distinguished American playwright once said to a gathering of dramatists.

"I hear a great deal from you playwrights about trying to write down to your audience. Have you ever realized what a theatre audience represents? Seated side by side, silently weighing the humanity, the truth or the lies of the light story being presented to them by the actors, are men and women who have had marvelous experiences of real life. Like a great inarticulate jury they sit in judgment upon the artistic sincerity of your work. How dare you attempt to write down to such a jury? You ought to go down on your knees and thank God that the audience hasn't killed you for writing the play at all."

My sentiments, exactly, friend audience. Above all things necessary to any endeavor in art, be sincere. The clown amuses, the emotional parasite hangs on, but the simple truth never fails.

It has been said that acting is the lesser of all the arts. I have never been a real actress in a real play so I have no personal knowledge of

this fact. But I do know that in holding an audience the most important factor is to be sincere towards them in your work. I have seen actors, stars who were most artificial and uninteresting for the first two acts of a play, and I have wondered why they were so successful with the public. Then, suddenly, in a great scene in the third act, they blazed upward and out of the dumb show of their technique, and thrilled you for the moment by tremendous emotional sincerity. I recall seeing Lou Telle-gen wander through two acts of a play with a technique that was excellent but quite obvious, and suddenly in the third act when he was at bay, he turned and faced his pursuers with the moment of tremendous earnestness that brought us out of our seats. He seemed to grow three inches taller, he became like an iron man.

Now of course in a long play, one can have flashes of sincerity that make up for the rest of the performance, but in vaudeville where you are entirely alone with friend audience, you must sustain that intensity of truth and sincerity from beginning to end. I have sometimes imagined that the presence of a company of actors around the star is a hindrance to the star. They may be necessary to the progress of the story, but in their relation to the artistic power of the star, they must weaken his or her identity. That good old word "personality," so overworked that it has become a feeble apology for mediocre talent, has nothing to do with holding an audience.

How do you hold the friendship of anyone?

You hold it by absolute sincerity, by continued friendliness, by your endeavor to give the best and most truthful part of yourself to your friend.



ONE must have heart, mind, faith, and love for one's audience. These are the elements of friendship, too. There was a celebrated author, who was asked how he wrote his stories. The question concerned not so much his methods of writing, as his mood toward his work. His explanation was a complete confession of absolute sincerity, of unbridled self-abandon.

"Write always as if you were talking to your most intimate friend, as if you were in a small room, a quiet place apart from distracting things of no real interest to you. Writing is not so much an art as it is an exchange of feeling with other human beings who understand you."

The theatre, whether it be devoted to vaudeville or drama, is filled with human beings who know all that you are trying to say to them. If they do not understand it it is because you are not talking to them frankly, happily, without self-conscious embarrassment. If all artists in vaudeville would become their own authors, they would perhaps create for themselves exceptional personalities.

I am not very fond of the word "personality" because it has been applied to so many misrepresentations on the billboards. I have seen it used in circus advertising to inspire interest in an educated horse, for instance. The horse may have deserved it, but the point is that the horse did not need it. A well-educated horse must obviously be a personality, because there are so many without education. You see what I mean!

We are all personally responsible to our friends, and it is they who must find our personality for us, as we find theirs.

Exactly the same obligations rest with the

artist who is seeking to make friends with her audiences. At least, that is my relation in the theatre with my friends in front. The simplicity which sincerity insists upon is something everyone understands, and more still, it is something everyone feels.

The artist who really has something to say, something to give to others, really confides a secret. That is to say the ideas of artistic value, are in themselves the outcome of inner feeling or thought. It is quite necessary, of course, always to have something to say. It may have been said before, but it must be well said to stand out at all.

For instance, in Washington the other day I was singing my soldier song. There were a lot of men in uniform in the audience, and I noticed that when they saw an actor come out on the stage in khaki, they settled back to endure. Of course they were expecting the old stage trick of an appeal to patriotism, with a dramatic finish and the American flag. They were wrong. The song is really a simple duet which interprets the farewell of a soldier and his sweetheart. The words are simple, it is so sincere in its appeal, that it requires only a truthful emotion to send it home to the hearts of mothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts. I have never sung the song without frankly yielding to its drama, and at the farewell moment there are always tears in my eyes, and there are in Mr. Irving Fisher's eyes. As my back is to the audience much of the time, they do not know that I am really crying.



THERE is in this example all that I could possibly say upon the question of how an artist should hold an audience. For the moment the artist forgets the immediate pressure of real things, and makes the unreal situation on the stage an incident that is true. To laugh in comedy, there must be laughing and crying. The stage laugh may cause hysteria, but the real laughter which an artist can convey, makes everyone in the theatre happy.

All that counts in the span of this existence is to laugh much, to cry little. If you happen to be that most fortunate of the human tribe, an artist, be without fear. The whole gamut of life's emotion and reason is yours. The scale of feeling is a long one. It rises, and according to the fullness of your nature your high notes are rich, or shrill. It goes down into the depths, and you sound the deep notes of true feeling, or the tone of life becomes too terrifying, and you destroy the music of spiritual depth.

The vaudeville audience is the most sensitive, because it is there to meet old friends, to spend an hour or two in pleasant company, and it has no objection to tears if they start from the hearts of their friends on the stage. They are just as ready to cry with you in the theatre as they would be in their own homes, but they must be real tears, not stage tears.

As to laughter, I have felt the greatest delight when I can laugh with them. I do not want an audience to laugh at me, I want them to laugh with me, just as I want my friends to do when we are together.

As children play at being someone quite different from what they really are, so in vaudeville we try to pretend that we are playing a game of some sort, having a frolic all to ourselves.



Ernest Truex, Dorothy Mackaye, Richard Bennett
The childless couple and the
eugenically inclined brother



Mabel Allan and Ernest Truex
Learning to become
a useful father



William P. Carleton and Florence Oakley
The chauffeur and maid
selected to be the parents



White

The brother discovers that his plans are going amiss

A brother whose hobby is eugenics undertakes to supply a childless couple with an acceptable infant by selecting suitable parents and persuading them to have a child. His choice falls upon his own chauffeur and the couple's maid ignorant of the fact that the two are about to marry. The pride of the vicarious father and the deceptions which the young couple are compelled to resort to are responsible for most of the fun. In the end the mother refuses to give up her baby even for the promised \$15,000. But the curtain falls with the childless wife confiding important news to her husband

SCENES IN THE NEW FARCE "THE VERY IDEA"

HARROWING MOMENTS IN POPULAR PLAYS

By PAUL MORRIS



HERE have been theatrical seasons in which simplicity and a spirit of restfulness have prevailed. A quiet love story or a piece of artistic writing about an uneventful plot have had the power of attracting crowds. But now, it seems that the public must be thrilled. A play cannot picture one-thousandth part of the tragedy that is hovering over France and Belgium. Yet because of the great commotion into which the world has been thrown theatre-goers demand things on the stage that are in keeping with the stirring events of the day. They must have things that make the blood run faster, that mystify, that thrill. The love of the heroic, one of the most general of human traits, has been magnified. Men that shoot, that do acts of violence, and women,—well, at least women that are not afraid of the dark—are required on the stage to keep the orchestra chairs filled. Power, the one thing which the modern world worships unqualifiedly, has always been popular on the stage, but now it is almost necessary.

Pistol shots, bloody knives, sand-bags and poison are all good antidotes for the boredom of the present generation.

A few seasons past, the best thrillers were to be found in one-act plays and in vaudeville sketches. A little theatre, the Princess, in New York, was devoted exclusively to half-length sensational plays. Now the stage is being overrun with full-length thrillers. The surprise, "the punch," which popular dramatists think is necessary to satisfy the public at the end of a play, is nearly always in the form of some type of violence. Nothing is too harrowing. The audience cannot shudder too often nowadays.



PERHAPS, some day, if the present tendency is not curtailed, the theatre will be as enormous as grand opera where tragedy is the rule and comedy the exception, even more so at arm's length since a spoken word is more powerful than one that is sung.

From an artistic standpoint, a dramatic reading, there are, what might be called "dramatic maxims," is a superior variety. It is the work of thoughtful writers who would rather change the world and its better than the works, use intellectual climate as a very distinctive instance, does not as it once said to a lence. Written for intellectual

ers, social workers and you playwrights about no doubt, it stands on its own audience. Have you that relies upon melodrama theatre audience representative to hold the interest by side, silently weighing seems to demand truth or the lies of the light are following them by the actors, are French master who have had marvelous experiences.

More harrowing life. Like a great inarticulate Walter's "The Judgment upon the artistic sin-Bijou Theatre park. How dare you attempt to ing of the sea such a jury? You ought to go drama to fill knees and thank God that the though many killed you for writing the play death occurred, and that was

In fact it was something more dreadful, more sinister, more fearful than bullets or sand-bags. Teeming with shuddering incidents beyond even the magazine detective stories, "The Knife" introduced a victim artificially treated with a deadly serum. A physician experimenting with human specimens instead of dogs and cats was

the theme and no thrill of the season was more telling than that at the end of the second act where the doctor decided to experiment with two human beings who were under his power, to subject them to an awful disease supposed to be incurable and then to experiment with them on cures. At first he intended to shoot them, a man and a woman who had doped his fiancée and subjected her to maltreatment. He had discovered them, white slavers, posing as clairvoyants, bad morally, but fitted physically to be experimented upon in the cause of medicine. It was for them a punishment of the severest character and for him a thing fraught with great danger, for the law does not usually permit individuals to do its punishing. But though the woman died of a hideous disease, the man was saved and a great cure was found.

The play was filled with harrowing situations. The abduction of the young fiancée, the trial of the doctor and a dozen other incidents made it the most thrilling play seen here for a long time.



IN "The 13th Chair," one of the most successful of last season's offerings, there is an exceptionally thrilling scene. Thirteen men and women are seated at a table. One is a murderer. But which one? Nobody seems to know. The services of a medium are employed. A girl suspected of having information about the murder is put into a trance. She will tell all during the séance, they think. All of the lights are turned out. As the medium questions the girl, suddenly in the darkness another woman at the table feels something dripping upon her from the next chair. It feels like blood. She cries out

ONE must be in silence and darkness. There for one of the murderer except a bloody author, who he dead body. This is a typical harrowing. It contains suspense, violence of writing, explanation.

"Ibbetson" the murder is committed in plain sight. It is not a premeditated affair. The murderer, the most intimate the audience all are taken by surprise, a quiet hero of the play is a self-composed, of no real importance—not at all the sort of being that much an art suspect of killing, least of all of kill-other human. But he did and apparently was

The theatre. The good name of his mother had been ruined by a lying tongue. He is known all through his hands light upon and strikes the not talking And the uncle falls upon the floor—conscious of the play John Barrymore and his ville would have acted the parts of the hero and perhaps cre sonalities.

I am not because is "U.S. "La Tosca" was done at the Garmentations Theatre in French with Mme. Dorthy of in circus ac die Française in the title rôle and at the cated hor-litan Opera House set to Puccini's music, deserved sung with Miss Geraldine Farrar as Floria

Tosca. This is the model upon which most thrillers are built. What is there more harrowing than the scene in the office of Scarpia, the police commissioner, where Tosca is required to hear the cries of her lover who is being tortured? What is more thrilling than the moment when she stabs her tormentor unless it is the final scene where,

upon discovering that her lover has been killed through treachery, she leaps to death from a parapet of the prison in which he has been held.

One of the productions of the Washington Square Players, at the Comedy Theatre, "The Last Straw," was the cause of many shudders. A janitor killed a cat. It seemed a simple matter, but everybody he met taunted him for his cruelty to animals and he finally acquitted himself by committing suicide. There is no telling where crime will lead to even in the basement.

Among the war plays, "If" contained about as much killing as any other. It was a dream play of a Japanese invasion of California. Somehow its harrowing moments did not strike its audiences quite as seriously as could have been expected, but nevertheless there was plenty of violence.

The two most morbid plays of the season probably were Ibsen's "Ghosts" and "The Man Who Came Back." The former deals with heredity and crime in a way that makes one's hair stand on end. When, after a life filled with all manner of excesses, the hero, who is the son of a dissolute man, finds that he is about to marry his half-sister, his condition is worse than death. He goes insane. In "The Man Who Came Back" a young man whose life has been everything but upright is sent by his friends to the Orient to avoid being imprisoned for forgery. There he goes from bad to worse. Some time after his arrival, drunk in an opium den, he cries out for some one to drink with him. From behind darkened curtains a voice answers. It is a girl, an American girl, drunk with opium. He looks, and in a moment recognizes her. It is some one he knew in San Francisco, about the only woman for whom he had had any respect. She was honest when he left, but when he was gone she had changed. The Orient had caught her in its meshes.



ANOTHER Oriental play, "The Yellow Jacket," revived at a series of special matinée performances contains a weird Oriental murder.

One production started its career with a powerful ending, one that sent the audience home with a feeling of the great tragedies of life. It was "Lilac Time," a pleasant title, and after a short run it was presented with a pleasant ending. A young lover—he intended to marry the heroine, but he went off to war,—is killed. To save her good name she must marry, but the final curtain dropped upon her, weeping at the news of his death. Later Miss Jane Cowl, who was the heroine, decided to change the plot and it developed that he was really only wounded. Thus one play was deprived of its harrowing scene.

Of late years in a general way the motion picture industry has got the better of the spoken drama in the matter of melodrama. On the road, the stock companies that used to play "Ea Lynne" and the rest of the old-time melodrama have had to give way to the "movies." Harrowing incidents have some way got themselves associated with the motion pictures, so that the authors of the present plays of violence might justly be accused of using "movie" tactics. It is a matter of fact it is just a going back to the days before the photo play presented any sign of rivaling the spoken drama.



From a portrait by Sarony

LENORE ULRICH

To appear under the Belasco banner in a play of the Canadian northwest by Willard Mack entitled "Tiger Rose." A Hawaiian in "The Bird of Paradise," an Indian in "The Heart of Wetona," Miss Ulrich's new rôle will be that of a half breed girl



Ira L. Hill



(Left upper corner)

HELEN ROGERS

A New York girl who made her debut a Lola in "Cavalleria Rusticana" at Columbia University during the summer season of opera, singing with charm and effectiveness



Hill

MABEL RIEGELMAN

The well-known singer who helped to make the recent operatic performances at Columbia memorable



The theory that only the movies can have multitudes for audiences is disproved by the recent open air performances of "Caliban" at the Harvard Stadium where 150,000 persons witnessed the Masque with Howard Kyle as Prospero and Alexandra Carlisle as Miranda

(Circle)

ANTOINETTE LAFFARGUE

A youthful soprano whose vocal ability has created for her a host of admirers in musical centers



Goldberg

MICHIO ITOW

Partly responsible for the production of the Japanese tragedy "Bushido," and now a successful dance exponent with Bolm and his Ballet Intime

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



BIJOU. "MARY'S ANKLE." Farce in three acts by May Tully. Produced on August 6 with this cast:

Doctor Hampton	Bert Lytell
"Chub" Perkins	Leo Donnelly
Stokes	T. W. Gibson
Clementine	Mae Melville
Mrs. Merrivale	Zelda Sears
Mary	Irene Fenwick
Mrs. Burns	Adelaide Prince
G. P. Hampton	Walter Jones
Steward	Barnett Parker

PERSONS in the neighborhood of Broadway and 46th Street, who, on the evening of August 6, heard a tremendous racket and naturally supposed that the long-expected bombardment of New York from the air had come, were slightly relieved to learn later that it was only Al H. Woods opening the theatrical season with a farce.

Said farce was "Mary's Ankle," a crude and incredible composition in which, for lack of any other sort of entertainment, everybody shouted machine-made jests of the Broadway-bludgeon type at the top of his lungs.

A doctor without patients sends out a wedding announcement in order to lure costly and pawnable presents from relatives in Fargo. He invents a bride by the name of Mary Jane Smith and locates her in Elizabeth, N. J. To his surprise, but not, of course, to that of any seasoned farce-goer, Mary in person very shortly turns up. Then the coincidences begin to accumulate. Of course, there is a rich relative who has to be fooled and who finally radiates forgiveness and \$10,000 checks.

And yet managers say what the American public want is novelty!

As for Mary's ankle, it is really Irene Fenwick's. She gets it sprained so she can be carried into the office of the doctor who has already announced his wedding to her. In the last act, for no reason in particular, everybody takes a trip to Bermuda and we are allowed to laugh ourselves sick over the comic steward's jokes about the bridal suite.

I hardly know how to distribute the honors among the cast—whether on the basis of acting or of the amount of noise made. For absolute uproar I commend you to the first five names on the list. These, ladies and gentlemen, as a quintette, put the little Bijou to a severe test.

Its walls are strong; its roof is securely attached to them. American soldiers preparing for the ear-strain of the trenches would do well to put in an evening listening to "Mary's Ankle."

Walter Jones administered his usual First Aid as the rich uncle. Miss Fenwick was, of course, charming. And Barnett Parker was genuinely funny as the steward.

BOOTH. "FRIEND MARTHA." Comedy in four acts by Edward Peple. Produced on August 7 with this cast:

Godfrey Mayhew	Edmund Breese
Sarah Mayhew	Lizzie Hudson Collier
Martha Mayhew	Oza Waldrop
Aaron Quane	Sydney Greenstreet
Arabella Neeks	Florence Edney
Ruth Grellet	Helen Lowell
Col. Shirley	Charles A. Stevenson
Harry Shirley	R. Leigh Denny
Judge Garnett	Wallace Erskine
Joe Fox	John L. Shine
Jonathan	Arthur Hyman

PERHAPS the most that can be said of Edward Peple's play, "Friend Martha," is that it is a comedy of rare quaintness.

Martha is a pretty little Quakeress who ultimately rebels against the iron rule of her stern father. She refuses to marry the grotesque elder, and elopes with a young Philadelphia aristocrat who has happened along. After unsuccessful efforts to be married the pair are pursued to an inn by two parties, one headed by the father of the bridegroom and the other by the father of the bride.

Dainty Friend Martha instantaneously banishes the hostility of her lover's sire. One glimpse of her is enough to overcome any lingering prejudice against Quakers. And when her own father demands her return home, she takes her stand with her lover and severs diplomatic relations with the elder and all his flock. No, not quite all. There is the little mother, who has suffered so long in silence. For her, Friend Martha will make any sacrifice. And so sadly she leaves her lover and returns to the household that is ruled with a hand of brass.

The last act takes place in a picturesque Quaker Chapel. Martha is about to be placed on trial. The Philadelphians come to claim her. After a tense scene in which both

Martha and her mother assert their rights, the lovers triumph.

Mr. MacGregor assembled for "Friend Martha" a remarkable cast. Miss Oza Waldrop was delightful as the quaint little Quakeress. Edmund Breese made the father stern without being cruel. R. Leigh Denny proved himself a most accomplished and ingratiating juvenile. The Quaker comics were played by Sidney Greenstreet, Helen Lowell and Florence Edney. Lizzie Hudson Collier and Charles A. Stevenson also distinguished themselves.

"Friend Martha" is tenuous and lacks variety, but it is often captivating. Pictorially it is most admirable. The debutantes ought to love it.

ASTOR. "THE VERY IDEA." Comedy in three acts by William Le Baron. Produced on August 9 with this cast:

George Green	Purnell Pratt
Gilbert Goodhue	Ernest Truex
Marion Green	Josephine Drake
Edith Goodhue	Dorothy Mackaye
Dorothy Green	Ruth Collins
Nora Tracy	Florence Oakley
Joe Garvin	William P. Carleton
Alan Camp	Richard Bennett
Miss Duncan	Mabel Allan

WITH the thermometer registering in the eighties it sounds somewhat paradoxical to talk about skating. But it's a fact that the Astor Theatre has been turned into a rink. True it is that the ice is thin, very very thin, but William Le Baron, author of "The Very Idea," is a perfect Charlotte when it comes to flitting over a glacial surface so attenuated that anyone less skilful would surely sink beneath it and plunge himself into the very depths of degradation.

Mr. Le Baron has written one of the cleverest and wittiest farces of the decade. It deals with Eugenics. It is manifestly unfit for the debutante or for that matter the young of either sex. For the sophisticated it will prove a treat. It is delicately indelicate or indelicately delicate, whichever you prefer. Yet it would be manifestly unfair to call it suggestive. It is not. True, its subject matter, at one time, anyway, was not discussed openly, but in these frank days of speech you can discuss almost anything if your vocabulary

is only sufficiently comprehensive.

Mr. Le Baron's command of words is entirely adequate. His finesse of expression ranks with the best of the Gaelic experts in such matters. Although he puts much reliance on physical contrast for theatrical value, there is such neatness of general expression and such real wit in his lines that the farce, or comedy, as he calls it, deserves a high rank for its fidelity to the truthful reflection of life. It is acted, too, with just the nice sense of seriousness that makes the obviously farcical take on the semblance of the real.

Gilbert Goodhue, a pompous little shrimp of a man and his silly little wife are childless. Her brother-in-law, Alan Camp, is a student of Eugenics. When they propose to adopt a child, Camp suggests it were far better to select potentially perfect parents in advance and let nature do the rest. A splendid chauffeur, physically, and an equally healthy maid,—fortunately be it said they love each other and between themselves settle it to marry—are picked out for the putative father and mother. Any one with a single eye can note the possibilities for humorous complications. There are many of them and Mr. Le Baron realizes them.

Ernest Truex, as the grotesque little Goodhue, proves himself a born farceur. He is deliciously droll and with it all finely and artistically reserved. It is a quaint characterization of fine value. Richard Bennett is expertly neat, dextrous, facile, glib and convincing as the experimental brother. The chauffeur has a fine physical exponent in William P. Carleton while his partner in biological experimentation is acted with a sincere delicacy of expression by Florence Oakley. The rest of the cast is quite competent. It is not wise to know too much in advance of the details of "The Very Idea." Let them be a surprise if you are going to see the piece and you certainly should put it on your list, for it's a chuckle, a laugh and a roar from curtain to curtain.

LYCEUM. "THE LASSOO," Comedy in four acts by Victor Mapes. Produced on August 13 with this cast:

Harold Brown	Shelley Hall
Byron Hawksley	Edward Abeles
Judge Brewster	George Backus
George T. Stockman	Burton Churchill
Schuyler Hazlett	Robert Adams
Jake Durkin	Sam Coit
McPherson	Walter Colligan
Bobbie Crocker	Guy Milhan
Mildred Brown	Phoebe Foster
Blanche Duval	Beatrice Noyes

Amy Crocker	Helen Westley
Mrs. Latimer	Eleanor Gordon
Pamela Gast	Lillian Cooper
Miss Stilton	Beatrice Warren
Miss Klinger	Florence Johns
Hilda	Florence Beresford

IT is a dangerous thing, even if you are only a part author, to write a very successful play. That is, if you expect ever to do anything else. That is the experience Mr. Victor Mapes is up against. For a successor to "The Boomerang" was sure to court invidious comparison.

The inevitable has happened and at the Lyceum there is on view a new modern society comedy in four acts from Mr. Mapes' pen called "The Lassoo." Appropriately staged, that is, attractive scenery and snappy frocks for the ladies, a company of superior excellence in the matter of talent and illuminative stage direction, there is still something wanting for an evening of entire enjoyment and satisfaction.

It is the author himself who fails in a complete realization. Mr. Mapes' character drawing is admirable and his dialogue, in spots, is pregnant with felicitous lines, but it is all so detached, so wanting in a sustained homogeneity that the value of the persons and their fable evade and what should be appealing drama fails in significance and melts into thin air.

Harold Brown is a young author who has by an enthusiastic actor been persuaded to turn his successful novel into a play. His young wife is socially ambitious and gets into debt. Brown backs his own play and money matters become still more acute. The wife has an admirer and further believes that the leading lady in her husband's play has robbed her of his affections. Result, separation and a threatened divorce suit on her part.

In the final act Brown writes for the movies, makes his pile, the wife acknowledges her errors and the ultimate curtain sees them clasped once more in each other's arms. A pretty human story. But for two acts nothing happens and when the separation does come it is the result of hysteria and not a deep doubt founded upon anything very logical. The material is there but of anything suggesting clash or suspense there is nothing.

Delightfully engaging, natural and pleasing is Shelley Hull as Mr. Brown. His wife is equally well played by Phoebe Foster, charmingly ingenuous, sweetly pretty. But the author, for the sake of pathological verity, sacrifices the sympathetic quality of the past. Edward Abeles is amusingly realistic as the egotistic

actor, George Backus is a really dignified father and Burton Churchill expertly sets forth the breezy vulgarity of the movie picture magnate.

There is a capital bit contributed by Florence Johns as a stenographer and an equally well sketched bit by Helen Westley of a perfectly extraneous character. As the disturbing factor Blanche Duval, the actress, pert, common, but withal generous and really good of heart, Beatrice Noyes completely realizes Mr. Mapes' conception.

In his contrasts of character Mr. Mapes is at his best; they are not mere stogy differentiations. The differing qualities are the result of keen insight and expert delineation.

LYRIC. "THE INNER MAN." Play in three acts by Abraham Schomer. Produced on August 13 with this cast:

Dick Bolger	Wilton Lackaye
Jack Slapmore	Richard Tabor
Frank Kepper	Thomas A. Magrane
Mr. Raymond	Charles White
Mrs. Werrington	Grace Henderson
Mr. Werrington	Eugene Ormonde
Lina	Maud Hannaford
Elsie Bolger	Julie Herne
Hon. Wm. Elvin	Harry Davenport

"THE INNER MAN" is a fairly interesting, if amateurish play. The interest, however, centers exclusively in the personality and skill of Wilton Lackaye. That dependable actor's interpretation of the rôle of "Devil Dick" Bolger simulates life in spite of the puppetization supplied by the author in lieu of a character.

It's very difficult in these parlous times to get much wrought up over the redemption of hardened criminals. The prologue of "The Inner Man" will perhaps appeal to the Mott Osborne fans, at least. It represents a meeting of a criminology society. After some tedious dull debate, an enthusiastic philanthropist wagers that he can reform the worst crook that ever happened.

"Devil Dick" becomes the subject of the experiment. He has spent his life in prison, as you might say, between drinks. He has abandoned his wife and child to take up with another woman with whom he works the badger game on the landlord's agent. The philanthropist reforms Dick by putting him in charge of a large charity fund, which the ex-criminal doles out to the needy. We presently find him explaining to a former partner in crime the struggle between man and the beast-in-man, a struggle which he himself is winning.

But Dick almost loses, after all. He says nothing about the deserted



Beatrice Warren, Shelley Hull and Phoebe Foster in "The Lasso" at the Lyceum



Julie Herne, Wilton Lackaye and Lillian Roth in "The Inner Man" at the Lyric



Photos White

David Torrence, Frederick Truesdell, Frank Goldsmith, Blanche Yurka, Isidor Marcell, Margaret Dale and Reginald Mason in "Daybreak" at the Harris

NEW PLAYS AT BROADWAY THEATRES

family and clings to the other woman. In Act III he comes, drunk, to burglarize the house of the philanthropist; but the man in him rises at the last moment, he comes to his senses and there is a final-curtain family reunion.

Maude Hannaford, as the other woman; Richard Tabor, as Dick's pal, and Harry Davenport, as the district attorney, did the other good acting besides that of Mr. Lackaye.

"The Inner Man" means well, but like so many other of our plays, before it finishes it has forgotten what it meant. We start out for regeneration dramatized, but we only get to low comedy and ancient melodrama.

ELTINGE. "BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE." Comedy in three acts by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced on August 15, with this cast:

Abe Potash	Barney Bernard
Mawruss Perlmutter	Alexander Carr
Rosie Potash	Mathilde Cottrelly
Ruth Perlmutter	Lottie Kendall
Keith MacDonald	George LeGuerre
Miss Cohen	Helen Sevilla
Robert Blanchard	Edward Mordant
Sam Pemberton	Frank Allsworth
Lionel Brandon	Willis Claire
Victor Curzon	C. Hooper Trask
Ralph Nevill	Jules Ferrar
An Actor	Robert Gibson
Rita Sismondim	Clara Joel
Mrs. Timson	Alice Endres
Vivian Haig	Jessie Dawe
Partington	Willis Claire
Harry	James F. Ayres
Casey	Joseph Stammers
J. J. Crabbe	Arthur Hurley
Samuel Feder	Stanley Jessup
Chauffeur	C. Hooper Trask
Policeman	Edgar Hill

IF the bucket is let down too often, the well is apt to run dry.

It's the same with plays. You can work a good idea to death.

Half a decade ago, "Potash and Perlmutter" made all New York chortle with glee. Charlie Klein's dramatization of Montague Glass' clever sketches of Hebraic life was a tremendous success. Mazuma poured into the managerial coffers like a mill stream.

The idea was too good to drop. So the following years we had a deluge of Potash and Perlmutter plays. The freshness of the first piece was gone, but the shows prospered, despite the labored efforts to keep alive this goose that laid the golden eggs.

But the fun begins to pall. The humor rings always the same note. Funny as Barney Barnard and Alexander Carr are, I found myself yawning long before the show was half over.

In meeting our old friends again we expected, of course, that there would be quarrels between the partners, that the wives would mix in, that their business venture would eventually suffer to the point of bankruptcy to be saved at the eleventh hour by some good angel—and I was not disappointed.

This time the worthy pair take a plunge in the film business. Why not? It is a natural outcome of the cloak and suit trade. As Perlmutter points out, was not William Fox a furrier, Jesse Lasky a tailor? Who are the big men of the trade to-day?

To furnish a seven-reel picture in which all the members of their families appear, Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter borrow \$50,000 from their bank. The picture is, of course, a dismal failure. To save the firm a new movie must be made. It must be a knockout, full of human interest, but above all a real vampire must have the star part.

She appears in the person of Rita Sismondim, admirably played by Clara Joel. The expenses are so enormous, however, that more money is required and is supplied by Blanchard, the vice-president of Potash and Perlmutter's bank who does it, however, more on account of the interest he has shown in Rita.

There are comical situations galore and in the second act the directing of a scene of the new film by Potash and Perlmutter is a scream. The inexperienced managers get into a lot of trouble owing to the jealousy of Mrs. Potash, but everything ends happily. The expected knockout is realized. The vampire turns out to be a real good woman in private life and is the savior of the firm.

Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr, whose characterizations are so familiar, repeat former successes.

However surfeited one may become in time by sheer dint of repetition of the amusing adventures of Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter, one never can tire of the acting of Messrs. Bernard and Carr in the respective title rôles. Surely this is the very essence of good acting, this ability to so completely submerge their own identities in those of the grotesque business types they so successfully portray. Long after Mr. Montague Glass' sketches are forgotten their performances will remain among the most remarkable character impersonations seen on our stage.

Mathilde Cottrelly has very little to do, but she does it well. Clara Joel scored an immediate success as Rita Sismondim. The rest of the company is well balanced.

HARRIS. "DAYBREAK." Play in three acts by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. Produced on August 14 with this cast:

Otway	Arthur Dennis
Dr. David Brett	David Torrence
Herbert Rankin	Reginald Mason
Tristano de la Casa	Frank Goldsmith
Arthur Frome	Frederick Truesdell
Edith Frome	Blanche Yurka
Hilda Stanton Browne	Margaret Dale
Carl Peterson	William B. Mack
Alma Peterson	Catherine Tower
Sullivan	Jack Grey

MODERN playwrights are still making valiant use of the element of dramatic surprise. The consequence is that if the critic tells the fable in lots a reader who turns subsequent theatregoer is robbed of his principal pleasure. Therefore I will not tell you too much in advance about "Daybreak," the new play in three acts by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin, which now holds the boards at the Harris. It begins with a pantomimic scene. A wife steals home at five o'clock in the morning. A brute in every sense of the word, it is not unreasonable that this husband should regard the action as suspicious to say the least. Well, it later comes out that she went to visit a baby—her baby. Silence on her part opens upon another pardonable query who is the father. For once *cherchez la femme* gives way to *cherchez le papa*. It is not until the end of the second act that the answer is given. But that doesn't bring the story to an end, on the contrary, there is still another act that is finely replete with scenes that get over. A pistol shot by a wronged married man puts a quietus on the brute, and friend wife is privileged to take on a new one in the person of a good honorable doctor. The hypothesis on which the play is founded is somewhat difficult to accept but swallow that and stomach a lot of society chatter, perfectly extraneous but useful as padding, and there remains several well-trying scenes that any player would love to get his teeth into and chew up for all they are theatrically worth.

As the misunderstood wife Blanche Yurka shows refinement, a nice method and real emotional capacity. The brute is faithfully revealed in all his coarseness by Frederick Truesdell while William B. Mack is as effective as ever in "the rôle" he seems eternally destined to play. David Torrence as the doctor is excellent and Reginald Mason and Frank Goldsmith are eminently satisfactory. Catherine Tower acts convincingly as one of "the brute's" seducees.



From a portrait by Sarony

MAUDE ADAMS

For many years the greatest personal box office magnet in the theatre, Miss Adams will this season give her countless admirers throughout the country a chance to see her in Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella"

THE PUPPETS ARE COMING TO TOWN

By ADA PATTERSON



THE Puppets are coming to town. Moreover, they are coming to the smartest theatre in town. Rehearsals have been in progress all summer, designers and mechanics have been at work for a year, to prepare the funny little folk for an engagement at the Little Theatre. Winthrop Ames has joined Tony Sarg as an impresario of the wee figures that ape the acts and stimulate the emotions of larger humans.

At a date not as yet determined in the autumn or early winter, a troupe of players, directed by fish cords instead of the voice of the stage manager, will take the stage whereon we have seen Norman McKinnel and William Gillette, Marguerite Clark and Ernest Glendinning. But no mute entertainment will the little folk offer. They will walk, and dance, will make love and fight duels, and will talk. Or you will think they are talking. Plays have been written, and others are being written, for their repertoire.

The engagement of The Marionettes as a part of the season's offering at the Little Theatre is a token of the renaissance of a dying art. Puppets there have been as long as entertainers of any kind have existed. Puppets were found in the mummy cases in Egypt. Goethe was inspired to write his "Faust" by watching a puppet performance of Dr. Johannus Faust, a play written for marionettes and that has outlived its contemporaries, for its age is 300 years. The Italian puppets were celebrated entertainers. London had its puppets. Paris likewise. Munich had development of puppet art so fine that that rich and artistic city built a puppet theatre.

But the art declined, for the reason that most arts decline. The public interest in it waned.



THEN Tony Sarg, the illustrator, known to London, to Paris, and New York, began playing with puppets. They amused him. Their quaintness made him laugh. "He loved them, even as we love those who make us laugh. He enjoyed them as counter-irritant for days spent at the drawing board, making fun of celebrities, were they presidents or kings, actresses or princesses. Mr. Sarg, who is accounted an Englishman, though he was born in Central America, owned that goal of American sightseers in London, The Old Curiosity Shop. Visitors examined and bought curios downstairs, then climbed narrow, perilous stairs to see the room in which Little Nell, beloved of Dickens and his readers, died.

On the second floor Mr. Sarg worked at his cartoons, but he played at puppets. His fad was not allowed to remain his own. It spread about London. It became the smart thing to visit the puppet shows above The Old Curiosity Shop.

For four years he played with his puppets and smart London played with them. The war pall that is covering the world fell upon the puppets and their owner. Mr. Sarg brought his drawing boards and his funny little folk to New York. Here between his drawings he has continued his playing with puppets but, which happens with the intelligent, as he played he learned much about his playthings and improved them. he gave private showings of the little people in New York drawing rooms and in his own high studio in the Flatiron Building.

The famous Italian puppets had been operated

by eight strings. Mr. Sarg went on with his play work until he achieved a puppet whose complex movements required the manipulation of twenty-two strings. Most puppets are one foot high. The Sarg marionettes achieved the great puppet height of three feet. Other puppets have slid or hopped across the floor. To his are given measured tread, whether gay or stately.

It has been regarded as a necessary evil that



Tony Sarg pulls the puppet strings

puppets do not walk. The nearest semblance to that feat heretofore has been a slovenly stamping of both feet at once. The sound has been unpleasant and illusion-destroying. This inartistic feature of a marionette Mr. Sarg has obviated by covering the stage with velvet.

Heretofore the producers of puppet performances have taken the audiences into their confidence, for they have naively permitted the strings that control the movements of the little men and women to be clearly seen by the audience. Mr. Sarg hides these strings by stretching gauze curtain between the audience and the mimes and their directors. The curtain, of the finest gauze, is attached to a frame at the front of the stage.

Puppets are like animate actors in that their feet are often in their way. Their feet, so to speak, are their own stumbling blocks. Tony Sarg has given much attention to the feet of his little players. He has weighted them so that the operator can always be sure that the mummer's pedal extremities are on the floor where they belong, instead of in the air where obviously they do not belong.

The puppets of the past, even the most distinguished of them, have been angular as to movement. They have described angles instead of curves. Mr. Sarg's six years of study and experimentation have resulted in the members of his cast bowing, dancing, kneeling, kissing, menacing, cajoling, much as human beings do. The triumph of the Sarg puppets which New York will soon see, is their humanness. Marionettes have been classed hitherto as absurd, awkward little creatures as unlike human beings as Mme. Tussaud's wax works. Tony Sarg has aimed at perfection. He has reached unequalled human semblance.

Do not confuse the puppet we are to see with the Punch and Judy shows of your more or less vague memory. If you visited the last Actors' Fund Fair and wended your curious way to the booth maintained by the Actors' Order of Friendship, you probably paid five cents and passed behind the parted curtains to see the Punch and Judy show. Punch alternately coddled Judy and beat her, and in the end was himself removed from this vale of tears and torments. If it was your first Punch and Judy show you may have been puzzled as to how the tiny folk were manipulated. The god in the machine was a perspiring man who hid beneath the stage and moved the small figures about at will.



IF you are permitted to attend a puppet rehearsal you will meet Mr. Sarg at his studio in the Flatiron Building. He will cover the half finished cartoon on his drawing board, wipe his perspiring brow, give instructions to his office boy, clap on his hat and lead you across Fifth Avenue at Twentieth Street to what was once a great department store. There the ghosts of commerce yield to living marionettes. For the marionettes seem to live.

You sit before a stage six feet high, twelve feet wide and seven or more feet deep. In proportion to their height the Thespians under Mr. Sarg's direction have more room for the exposition of their art than do their human brothers and sisters. Mr. Sarg and his assistants climb to the double scaffolding above the stage. Two assistants are Miss Agnes Gilson and Miss Lillian Owen, Wellesley College graduates, teachers of manual training, with memories of recent experiences in amateur theatricals in college. Another assistant who climbs to the broad scaffolding to aid the master is Will Chambers, upon whom Mr. Sarg gravely bestows the distinction of being "an exceedingly clever puppeteer." For know you that the person who manipulates puppets is a puppeteer. When the production is made at the Little Theatre the force of three will be increased to seven. They must of necessity be agile, these seven, for their control of the strings will depend in part upon their ability to step quickly back and forth across the space between the scaffolding. Woe betide the performance, if a puppeteer, grown clumsy, falls to the stage!

A weary work, unless you love it, is the labor of the puppeteer. Weary and ingenuity taxing, and demanding undeviating concentration.

The puppeteer must have not only nimble hands and brain but a trained and obedient voice. For he must talk for the puppets. He must speak in their various characters.



The puppets sometimes attempt tragedy. This is a rehearsal of a death scene in which a puppet snake is the villain



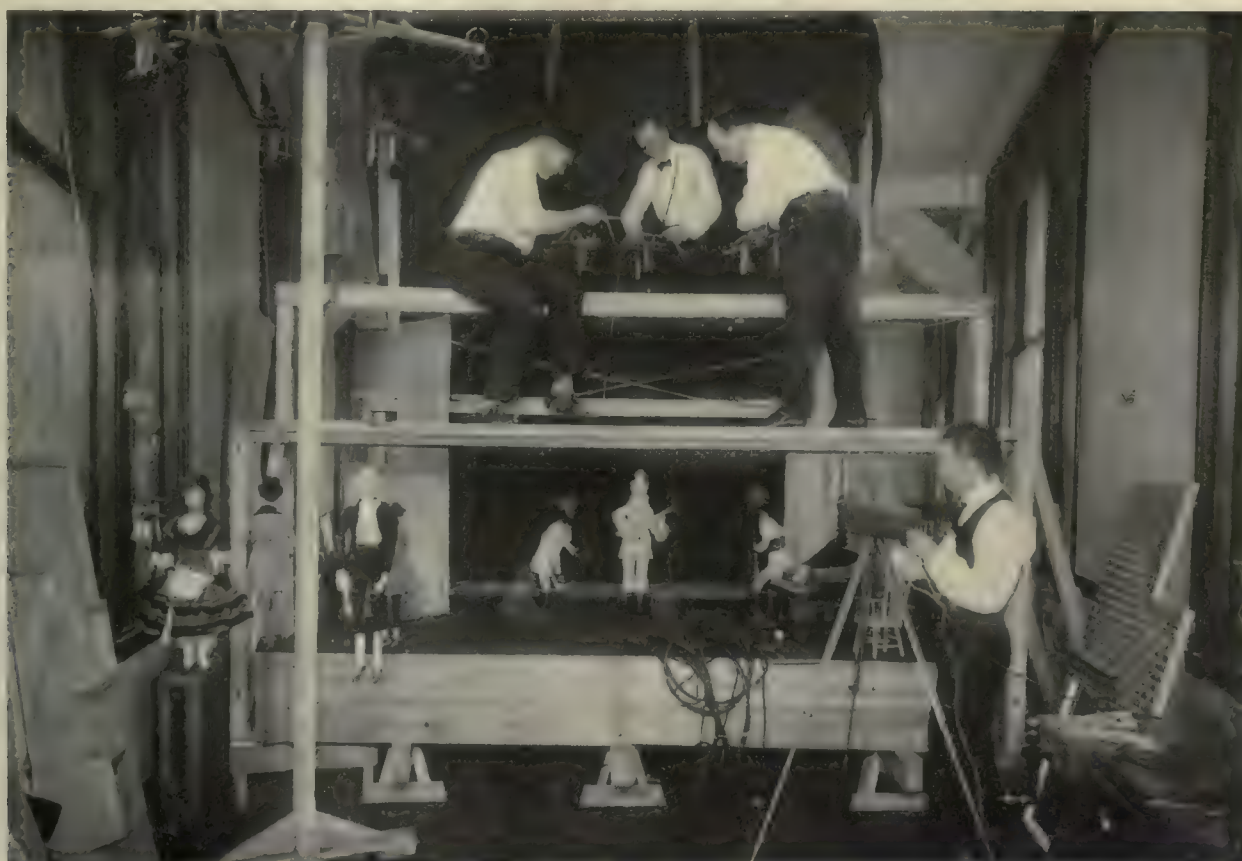
A puppet troubadour



A puppet pianist who displays much temperament



A puppet duet



Mr. Sarg and his assistants at a puppet rehearsal

THE STAGE HOLDS NO CARES FOR PUPPET PLAYERS

THE OUT OF DOOR DANCE

By MARION MORGAN



WITH the thrill of freedom pulsing through the veins of the world, the world's emotions to-day more than ever before, seek expression in the interpretive dance. Everybody dances nowadays, while in other times, when dancing was a feature of national gaiety, national expression, national life if you will—only a small paid class translated the national emotion into terms of the dance.

In general phrase we speak of the Greek dance as the parent of the free and graceful interpretive dance of to-day, because the Greeks have left us on imperishable frieze or in deathless sculpture the loveliest of all recorded dances; but it must not be forgotten that each of the older civilizations possessed and carefully cherished and carried along from generation to generation, its own traditional dance. Nor does the student of rhythmic motion forget that not captivity, not conquest by alien nations, not banishment and slavery erased from the national memory the rhythms and paces of the distinctive national dance whose motions and meanings seemed stamped upon the race memory—unforgotten and unforgettable.



OUR own America has lagged behind in the dance for good reasons. First, possibly, because of the puritanical prejudices of our pilgrim forefathers, but secondly and most markedly because we as a nation have been overoccupied with those interests natural to a young country. We have had a deep love of art—of all arts—but the day of creative leisure is yet red in the East for us. Inventions of utilities rather than creations of beauty have preoccupied the national mind. But if we have produced no Phidias, no Praxelites, neither did Greece produce an Edison to chain the lightning nor a Wright nor a Curtiss to conquer the ethers above the clouds.

And to-day, even with the wildest alarms of war ringing in our ears, we are more creatively artistic than ever before, and American painting, American sculpture, yes, and American dancing, are feeling out their wings and giving expression to their lofty vision, as never before. Especially is this true of the dance. Not that a distinctive American dance has as yet developed. Indeed, without doubt we are too big a country to express our national heart throb and dream in a single dance as did the Greeks, as do the smaller nations. For through every variant of the slav dance Russia speaks in the same sharp syllables of protest, as Spain's pride and languor breathes through each of the Basque, the Castilian and Andalusian dances we call "Spanish."

In our own country, we are developing a broad and beautiful school of dancing, and we are developing it largely under the soft benignant eye of Nature, that mother of us all, and that mother of the dance. Nature who sets all young things to dancing as soon as they find feet or wings to flutter upon. Our babies leap and dance in their mothers' arms before their little voices learn to crow; and the newborn child stirs restlessly to show its needs before it wails. Out of these earliest motions of life grows the dance. As the baby's first restive movements are "interpretive" so is the studied dance in its highest form Nature's own expression of feeling translated into terms

of plastic grace and beauty. With my own group of lovely American girls, I have learned the wider, deeper, higher rhythms of life, by transplanting the dance from the artificial indoor amusement, to the natural out-of-door freedom of physical expression. And I am glad to see out-of-door schools of dancing springing up on every side. Why should not our groves like the groves of Greece, be templed with lovely "gyms" sacred to the dance? We who dance are gradually drawing away from mere technical movements with no meaning above the action of the feet. Out-of-door dancing is rapidly becoming the pleasure and study of American girls. The freedom and exhilaration obtained through dancing in the open create new thought, emotions, desires and ideals to be portrayed in the dance; awaken the elemental in the individual where custom and restraint of years have bound and fettered, veneering the real, the strong, the natural.

Why should we not run, jump and leap when we are the better and stronger for obeying the demands of nature? Such movements necessitate proper unrestricted clothing when the lungs and heart are free to expand, the waist muscles pliant, the arms and neck free to express large harmonious movement, making one realize for the first time, perhaps, that we are just an atom of nature herself, part of the great Universal Plan in process of development—just as the plant life, which is our source and inspiration.

Through the dance, we can feel in harmony with the swaying trees, the soft earth, the winds that blow the hair, the immeasurable space beyond our one world, the planets that only give us a faint glimpse of the Infinite Power and Mind, of which we are but an atom in the Universal Plan.

So-called "interpretive dancing" is rapidly

becoming the pleasure and study of thousands. Throughout the country, through educational institutions, colleges and private schools, outdoor schools and camps, people of means and leisure have long recognized its value and their children have their private and class lessons regularly.

If the emotion is strong, elemental and sincere, the body expression of it will be in harmony with the impulse. To develop and guide these thoughts and emotions, to awaken the body to harmonious expression of them, is the work of an educator—not a dancing teacher. It is the soul of the individual which dances, not the feet. The idea should always be so much larger than the individual that the mere person would be submerged in giving expression to something infinitely more noble and larger than himself. Upon this fundamental I have based my work with "The Marion Morgan Dancers."



TECHNIQUE is essential as in giving perfect expression of the voice or causing a musical instrument to respond in exquisite harmony, but technique is merely a means to an end, as the alphabet in reading. It is the "ABC" of dancing, but it is not the dance. A proper appreciation of harmony of line, of sound, is essential, but they are merely tools—not the finished creative work. To develop charms, we are charming; to develop strong muscles, we do strong exercises; to develop any quality, we must do that which draws forth an expression of that quality. To develop spirituality, we must use spiritual means, not material. The thought will determine the expression of it. To give forth an exaltation of spirit, a moment of inspiration, to our material commercial people, one must be lifted far above the concrete surroundings into the idealistic abstract, the soul freed from conventionality, insincerity and self. This is not possible if the dancer is thinking of how much salary they should get or whether the costume is becoming.

Simple grace, great music, an atmosphere above the artificial and insincere, an ever increasing desire to attain perfection of mind, these are the stimulæ of the spiritual dance.

We are fast becoming an out-of-door people. We are going through a phase of new development, a back to Nature, or outdoor movement.

For some time now we have had municipal and private endeavors to help humanity through fresh air and space. Our municipal playgrounds and parks, our school-roof playgrounds where ground is not possible, our recreation piers built over the water which afford breathing space for the congested districts, municipal open air swimming plunges, and many other features of philanthropic effort to bring us into natural surroundings of Mother Nature. Colleges have their stadiums, where thousands witness their big events. A few companies of outdoor players have toured the country much like our Shakespearian players of England. The wonderful Greek theatre of the University of California, Berkeley, has long been a perfect amphitheatre amid ideal surroundings and the inspiration to many artists.

Now we have not only colleges but wealthy individuals who are building Greek or Italian open air (Concluded on page 170)



Gentle

MARION MORGAN

Whose dancing, with her lovely pupils, has been as enthusiastically received by society as it has by vaudeville audiences



© U & U
A study in flexions and reflections
taken at Prospect Park, Brooklyn



Nymphs at the Santa
Monica Canyon, California



© U & U

"Chaste and lovely like the lilies"—at play by the Lilly Pond

MARION MORGAN'S DANCERS IN OUT-OF-DOOR POSES

THE PLAYERS' WORKSHOP OF CHICAGO

By ALICE GERSTENBERG



EVERY night for one week of every month automobiles line a dark street of low buildings once constructed for stores but since appropriated by artists for studios, and from these automobiles



Matsene

ALICE GERSTENBERG

Well-known writer and author of "Overtones," and a leading spirit in The Players' Workshop

step men and women who have driven from long distances to enter a certain door darkly curtained. They join inside a crowd of people who have come from the immediate neighborhood or have travelled there on street-cars or trains. All are in every-day attire and are chatting without restraint.

The air is dense for lack of ventilation but no one mentions it. Near the door it is

cold, near the quaint stove that sends a stove-pipe the length of a ceiling, none too clean, it is red hot; those near the stove endure the heat with smiles for they have the box seats on the window platform once intended as a show-case and from there they have vantage ground of what is to be revealed when the soft brown curtains part at the other end of the room. On brown walls, otherwise suggestive of poverty, glow gems of stage designs rich in color and imagination.



THE lights go out. There is complete darkness. The stage lights slowly to reveal a set of mystery, of magic, of endless depth! Where and how can such space be possible, surely one knows the stage is small! The answer is the secret of the artists experimenting divinely in this laboratory called the Players' Workshop at East 57th Street, Chicago.

The Workshop began its activities on the tenth of June, 1916, and a year later finds itself the molding wax of one hundred active members who have paid a five-dollar initiation and continue to pay a dollar a month for two seats at every monthly bill. The active members are players and playwrights, amateur or professional, desiring to experiment, scenic artists wanting to experiment, and the associate members are friends to the cause who pledge themselves to purchase two tickets every month at the rate of fifty cents apiece. They are entitled to guest tickets at fifty cents apiece but the public at large, not having a monthly guarantee, is charged one dollar for one ticket. In this way the box-office receipts made possible the expenditure of two thousand dollars for rent, light, and the cost of materials for ten programs, or in other words, made possible the first production of 31 original one-act plays (by Chicago writers) in ten months. Many of these deserve further production in commercial theatres; some are now under negotiation.

The most interesting leap from amateur writer of no experience to *arrivé* was made by Elisha Cook. His play "No Sabe," on the March bill, was not only much better than his first attempt,

produced in October, but so much better, that it is now scheduled for vaudeville. And for this swift growth in knowledge of stage-craft Mr. Cook thanks the Workshop for all that is not due his own perseverance and latent talent.



IT is easy to understand why the Workshop should appeal to writers and players and artists in need of a place in which to experiment but not quite so obvious the interest that a certain portion of the public takes in paying for the entrance privilege of being "tried out upon." Perhaps our audiences are good gamblers and are rewarded by a thrill of surprise when now and then a play is very worth while. Also they are friends and relatives of the participants and come through duty or friendship but it takes more than these to make steady box-office receipts. The great majority of the audiences supporting the Little Theatres all over the country are not the people who attend the moving-pictures, the vaudeville and the musical comedies. They are the people who have almost stopped going to theatres because they did not find satisfaction. But they crave drama none the less and are gravitating to the small theatres to find new inspiration. In the Workshop they admire sincerity, simplicity, and the joy of creation.

The seed of this organization was not put into the ground artificially. It was deep in the soil waiting only for a little care and sunshine to bring it forth. Given that it has blossomed, not like a hot house flower, under glass, but with all the virility of a wild flower in the free open country.

Without endowment, without solicitation for gifts, without much advertising, the Players' Workshop has existed for a year on the strength of its workers and the box-office receipts of a satisfied public. And still more unique is the Workshop's desire to grow firmly if slowly without endowment, without gifts, except those that come as an overflowing of devoted hearts. The fact that the Workshop has many times made that magic and stimulating answer "sold out" is ample proof of the Shop's right to existence, and the conviction that it is a wild flower to be conserved as truly native to our soil.



ELIZABETH BINGHAM, who turned her studio into a theatre laboratory, is the pivot around which these various elements rotate. She stands centre, strong with faith, watching the merry-go-round of prancing players, timid or cock-sure playwrights, flaming artists and paying audiences. In her wise and generous desire to keep an open door to the Workshop so it may be accessible to all who need it, lies its strength. Through that open door pours the talent of the city; every month more and more speak of "our" Workshop, recognizing in it not the handiwork of one individual but the enthusiastic expression of many.

The programs for the year were as follows:

JUNE—"Brown," by Maxwell Bodenheim and William Saphier. Stage setting by J. Blanding Sloan. Produced by Lou Wall Moore. "The Home Coming" and "The Wonder Hat," by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. "Ten Minutes," by Owen Taft, Jr. Last three produced by Clarence Thomas.

JULY—"Pierrot in the Clear of the Moon." A

pantomime by Gretchen Riggs. Setting by Sloan. "An Idyll of the Shops," by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Goodman. "A Man Can Only Do His Best," by Kenneth Goodman. "The Red Flag," by Kenneth Goodman. Last three produced by Clarence Thomas; first by Mrs. Riggs.

AUGUST—Repetition of June bill in the garden of Mrs. Erich Gerstenberg.

SEPTEMBER—"The Hero of Santa Maria," by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Goodman. Setting by Sloan. "Dregs," by Ben Hecht. Stage setting by Sloan.

OCTOBER—"Civilization," by Elisha Cook. "Snow-White," by Marie L. Marsh. "The War Game," by Alice Gerstenberg and Rienzi de Cordova. Setting by Sloan.

NOVEMBER—"The Magnet," by Mary Corse. "The Man," by Oren Taft, Jr. "The Pot-Boiler," by Alice Gerstenberg.

DECEMBER—"An Idyll of the Shops" and "Snow-White," repeated with "The Lullaby," by Louise Hubbard added.

JANUARY—"Poet's Heart," by Maxwell Bodenheim. Setting by Sloan. "The Children of Tomorrow," by Maude Moore-Clement. "How Very Shocking!" by Julian Thompson. Setting by Sloan.

FEBRUARY—"Mrs. Margaret Calhoun," by Ben Hecht and Maxwell Bodenheim. Setting by Sloan. "Skeletons Out of the Closet," by Elisha Cook. "You Can't Get Away From It," by Frederick Bruegger. Setting by Sloan.

MARCH—"Rumor," by Frederick Bruegger. Setting by Sloan. "Out of the Dark," by Donovan Yeuell. "Tonsils," by Marie L. Marsh. "No Sabe," by Elisha Cook. Settings by Chas. P. Larsen.

APRIL—"Where But in America!" "Banbury Cross," by Frederick Bruegger. Setting by Sloan. "Beyond," by Alice Gerstenberg. Setting by Sloan. Japanese Pantomime by Gretchen Riggs. Setting by Larsen.



PLANS for the new season are taking shape, greatly influenced by the geographical divisions of Chicago. The "Players' Workshop" is situated so far South that the North Side enthusiasts feel the necessity of a workshop nearer home and Elisha Cook is now issuing pamphlets to concentrate a neighborhood audience in the North Side "Play Shop."

This is to be run with the same "open door" policy, to give the widest possible field for original and creative work, although a little more ambitious, inasmuch as Chicago writers will be preferred but not to the exclusion of playwrights submitting from the world at large.

The mailing address for the "Play Shop" is 4030 Clarendon Avenue, Chicago. The location for the theatre, to be near East Ohio or East Division Streets, is still under consideration; it may be a new building or an old stable remodeled but delay in the mere matter of construction will not prevent the eager members from producing the first bill in September under any available roof.

Chicago is still hot iron in the fashioning and glows red with burning ambitions to achieve. The years have twisted it many ways on the dramatic anvil and no doubt the future has more tortuous shapes in store, but the Players' Workshop and the Play Shop are none the less monumental expressions of Chicago's faith.



Photos Florence Hendershot

An unusual setting for "Mrs. Margaret Calhoun" by Ben Hecht and Maxwell Bodenheim



Scene in "The War Game" by Alice Gerstenberg and Rienzi de Cordova



"Pierrot in the Clear of the Moon"—a pantomime by Gretchen Riggs

STRIKING SCENES IN THE PLAYERS' WORKSHOP PRODUCTIONS

Fletcher Free Library
BURLINGTON, VT.

DO PLAYERS SELDOM MARRY?

By BILLIE BURKE AND WILTON LACKAYE



UNTIL an actress has known the joys of wifehood and motherhood her emotional education is incomplete, the full meaning of her life has not been realized. Marriage will refresh her womanhood, amplify her art, expand her power of artistic expression. Theatrical marriage has its failures, but these fortunately are far outnumbered by its successes. There are storm clouds as well as sunshine in most married lives, but the sun keeps on shining behind the clouds. With mutual faith, loyalty and forbearance, the adjustment of balances may always be reached.

The question whether an actress should marry presents no vexatious problem. Yet it has been seriously raised and gravely discussed as if the actress must be classed as an abnormal specimen of her sex.

Actresses are just women after all. They live and love and suffer and are made glad, like every member of the great sisterhood of womankind whether she be duchess or dairy-maid, society leader, shop-girl, or scrub-woman. We are all the same under the skin, swayed by the same emotions, the same longings, the same hopes and fears, the same feminine instincts, intuitions and impulses.



AN actress is a woman, first, last and all the time. Just because she has been endowed with some special gifts, mental, physical, temperamental, that qualify her for stage achievement, there is no reason why she should be pinned under a microscope for curious examination, as if she were some rare specimen of human butterfly.

This is an era of woman's work in many spheres of activity—of independent thought and individual achievement in the arts and sciences and learned professions, as well as the humbler, but not more self-sacrificing fields of usefulness. But every woman pursues the eternal quest for love, for sympathy, for understanding, for happiness, and in her heart is the great, holy yearning for motherhood.

This is just as true of the actress who has tasted the sparkling cup of success and achieved fame, and been petted and fêted and idealized, as it is true of the glorious little grey mouse of a mother unknown outside the narrow domestic and community life of a small environment. God bless and protect all mothers!

Love is inevitably the great compelling force that inspires and makes possible the happy and enduring marriage. Love has been the theme of poet and philosopher for ages, and still remains the insolvable mystery. It is idle in this connection to speculate upon its birth, its growth, its enduring vitality, or its premature decay. But there is one point that should be emphasized. No woman can better appreciate all that marriage means in its best and truest sense than the woman of the stage. And no woman has less temptation to seek matrimony from sordid motives of selfishness or convenience. The actress is an absolutely independent wage-earner, and better compensated than the great majority of women who make their own livelihoods. She need not marry for money, or social position, for these are her natural possessions.

The private lives of stage folk, as well as their artistic undertakings, are unhappily embellished with much misleading fiction. And if a theatrical marriage barge does go on the rocks,

the catastrophe is magnified as being typical, instead of exceptional.

A fierce light of publicity beats constantly upon the stage. Too often it magnifies and distorts the very human, but quite innocent and harmless motives and acts of its people.

Most unfortunate, too, is the tendency to classify as an "actress" every girl who has just stepped inside the stage door, and many a one who has not even progressed that far. Because she may have gained a remote, indefinite, or temporary identification with some form of public amusement, it does not logically follow that she is an actress. It is not quite fair, therefore, to sensationalize her mistakes or her misfortunes.

Many women of the stage, of greater or less distinction, have married and given up their careers to settle down as devoted wives and happy mothers. That was their unquestioned right and privilege. They are to be found foremost in good works, in gentle charities, in patriotic deeds, in everything that typifies devotion to home and country. They are justly honored, loved, respected in their chosen spheres of usefulness.

But there is no reason why marriage should necessarily compel an actress to forego her career. An actress who has the gift of swaying the emotions of an audience, of compelling the tribute of tears, or of moving the public to joyous merriment, cannot always be satisfied to set aside her whole career, in the work that she loves, simply because she has married.

No purely material advantages can satisfy the longings for artistic expression that well up in the heart of such a woman if she possesses the divine spark of inspiration and has known success. No man who really loves her will demand that supreme sacrifice.

In marriage, the most intimate, sacred and exacting of all partnerships, there must be the broadest sympathy and understanding—the utmost harmony of tastes and interests—the mutual striving toward kindred objectives. The inspirational forces must co-ordinate, or chaos threatens.

If an actress has found in her vocation that which appeals to every fibre of her being, she may well continue to follow it without disloyalty to her obligations to home, husband and children. It has been done, and will be done again.

This is an urgement, not an apology, for theatrical marriages. Every woman on the stage should marry when she finds the man she loves—and the greater will be her joy if that man is related to her own profession. A couple so mated will understand each other, and mutual understanding and unity of purpose constitute the keynote in the enduring arch of perfect marriage.

BILLIE BURKE.



MR. LACKAYE'S VIEWS

THE profession of marriage is entirely unknown to the actor. There was a time, not so long ago, when everybody seemed to have a mania to marry Nora Bayes. There have always been epidemics about this time, that have attacked the health and happiness of stage beauties.

I cannot entirely agree with the suggestion that actors seldom marry. We have some distinguished evidences to the contrary. Marriage, is

not necessarily a habit with actors, but I believe there are very few actors who are not married, or hope to be. I remember being cornered one day by a newspaper man, who presented me with a formidable list of typewritten questions, which of course he expected me to answer. Some of them I have heard before, most of them he had used before with other people whom he was obliged to meet.

"What do you consider is the best line you ever spoke?" he asked me.

Being happily married, I told him that the best line I had ever spoken was: "Alice Evans, will you be my wife?"

I have often wondered why the world should not be quite as interested in the opinions of a cook, or a grocer about marriage, as it seems to be in the opinions of an actor. The cook is certainly quite as useful to the world in his career as an actor, and I am sure he is often more useful to himself. But nobody seems to care whether the cook is romantic, or whether the grocer marries for love.



THAT is a great question which stirs the curiosity when an actor marries.

"Did he marry her for love, or did he marry her for money?" In my wide acquaintance with actors and actresses I am convinced that the actor marries for love. So do some painters, grocers, so do policemen, firemen, janitors, and other useful human beings. The reason I pick upon the cook or the plumber as a symbol of a sincere endeavor to clear the actor of his reputation for illicit romance, is because they are equally practical. The business of acting, like the business of plumbing is becoming more or less humanized. We may not realize that the plumber, in his working clothes, can have any attraction for the opposite sex, and we do realize that there may be lure in a juvenile lead, who makes love to a beautifully dressed young woman in such a way that the girls all envy her, and the men all pity her. Many a true heart beats under the lead-stained jacket of the honest plumber. Appearances are deceptive. Many a game leg is hidden behind the creased pair of trousers. So actors marry for love, just as plumbers do when they get the chance. And, I think that the chances are rather in favor of the plumber, because though he rests nearly all the time, he is not so often out of a job.

I hate to impose the dreaded question of economics into a subject so tender and sentimental as that of marriage, but it has been my observation that a great many attractive and beautiful women, make a profession of marriage. It so happens that young women are brought up with the sole object of getting married. Young men study law, or medicine, or high finance, or pool, but young ladies seem to have but one great profession open, and that is marriage. It is a mighty hard profession too, because there is much technique in it. It is a profession which is based largely on finance. Once the young woman succeeds in attracting a man with money, she marries him if she can. If she can't, there are others who will respond to her professional skill. Her professional success is accomplished when she marries. Then follow disappointments, relations that are uncomfortable, and possibly divorce. However, regarding the question of divorce, which we in America have been accused of more



From a portrait by Sarony

GRACE VALENTINE

A leading rôle in "Lombardi, Ltd.," a new play by the Hattons, is Miss Valentine's plum from the new season's theatrical pie. This sympathetic and talented young player will appear at the Morosco about the middle of September

than any other nation, it seems to me that as the women have become more expert in the profession of marriage this business of divorce is becoming less active. The ladies who make a profession of marriage are equal to an endurance test, that few men could endure. They will continue to live year in and year out in exquisite unemotional relations with a man who contributes nothing to their lives but the clothes on their back, and the home trimmings with a garage attached.

The profession of marriage has been entirely neglected by the actor. He marries for love, and if that fails him, he marries again for love, there is no definite limitations to his continual search for ideal conditions. He believes in marriage.

Actors marry often, not seldom. Those who marry seldom, are the happy marriages, the one husband and one wife affair, with no stop-over on the matrimonial journey.

Marriage to an actor is sometimes difficult, because should he marry out of the profession, he is likely to be misunderstood by his wife. If she happens to be the daughter of a rich but worthy unknown, she cannot understand how he can hold the leading lady in his arms every evening, and her too after the performance. It does look suspicious on the face of it, and it has been the cause of much misunderstanding. For this reason perhaps I think there are more stage villains happily married, than stage heroes. When a man has spent his whole evening committing the most dastardly crime, in a most cold-blooded way, he

wants to restore himself to the decent laws of society, which the playwright has compelled him to violate. He wants to look into the clear, honest eyes of his beautiful wife, and be real sure that he is not the scoundrel the audience has taken him to be. The stage villain is the happiest of all married men, he is good and kind. He may be a bad actor, but he is a wonderful husband. However good actors make the best husbands.

The hero of the play, if he happens to be married, however, is the man who has my sympathy. After a night of passionate emotion with a being more beautiful than any wife could ever look like at home, he reaches his domestic hearth convinced that he loves his wife more than ever. But, she still has in her mind's eye the picture of that great love scene in the third act, and no matter how sensible and convincing his adoration for her may be, she is thinking of that love scene.

These are merely suggestions of what the public thinks of actors who are married, not what the actors think themselves.

What the actor thinks about marriage is, that he loves the girl he marries, that she loves him, and that they are both becoming or should be, economically independent.

Actors should marry actresses, then there is no confusion of feeling through misunderstandings of their work. An actor knows if he marries an actress that she is not dependent on him. He knows that she can leave him at any time, should he fail to hold her through the delicate

ties of love. They are economically independent. There is no need for them to make a profession of marriage.

A young bachelor friend of mine, an actor, was being congratulated upon his forthcoming marriage.

"You are going to be very happy, Jack?" I asked, amiably.

"I expect to be, I am marrying an actress," he replied.

"Well, it's the finest thing in the world," I said to him.

There is nothing so comforting to a man's work as an artist, than the marriage state. At night, after the performance, you go to your home, after a bit of supper. You might put on your smoking jacket, your slippers, you light your pipe, you settle comfortably into an easy chair to rest. Then suddenly you remember that your wife is playing somewhere in Milwaukee, and you send her a wire asking her how she is doing.

He winced a little at the picture, but it is the usual one among actors and actresses who are happily married. Long separations are, of course, hard to endure, but endurance is one of the most important elements of marriage, on the stage or off.

Comic opera comedians make the worst husbands—and oftenest.

Any audience at a musical show can tell you why.

They lack a sense of humor.

FRANK CRAVEN — COMEDIAN — PLAYWRIGHT



IF you want a laugh-in-every-other-line comedy address Mr. Frank Craven, Craven Corners, Great Neck, Long Island, N. Y.

"It may not be very good, but it won't be terrible," is the guarantee the young author gives of his output. The public displays greater enthusiasm. To three sketches, variously named, but including "April Showers" it gave welcome. His farce comedy, "Too Many Cooks," that is in its fifth year and its third phase, having passed through metropolitan and road success, to stock and to the gateway of motion pictures, was greeted as a liverish world greets a spring tonic.

"This Way Out," which opened August 20, is his second play. Of it he made the promise quoted. Agreeing with the great majority of doers and lookers-on in stageland, he believes that every new play is pursued by a huge, shadowy question mark. The author can be reasonably sure only that his brain offspring will not be "terrible."

Behold in Mr. Frank Craven, of Craven Corners, a stage child that came to no bad end but to a prosperous middle of life. Led upon the stage when he was three years old, his one line being a complaisant "Goo! Goo!" and his exit being a violent attack of colic, he is at thirty-five one of the best comedians on the American stage and an author not merely of promise, but of promise fulfilled.

"Too Many Cooks," a comedy built upon a young bridegroom's efforts to build a house to please his bride, himself and all their relatives-in-law, has yielded him a profit which has taken the substantial form of a picturesque home at Great Neck, Long Island. It stands, of English aspect and somewhat isolated, at Elm's Point. Neighbors, at a respectful distance, are Jane Cowl, George M. Cohan, Sam Harris and Raymond Hitchcock.

"And there's a little left," our host admits to callers at Craven Corners, with the grin of the man who is more than content with what life has granted him.

Life has been generous to Frank Craven, aside from the rich comedy gift evinced in his rôles of actor and playwright. Its greatest gift, he will tell you, with that sobering of expression that comes to a man when he faces the big realities, is his wife.

"Mary is a great woman," he will remark as he saunters about Craven Corners, hands in his pockets, a smile in his eyes. "She has the quality my mother had. She knows a play. My mother used to see a try-out play and come home and predict,—correctly—its fate. Mary can do the same. One season we saw twenty-eight plays and she was right about all but three."

The story of Mr. Craven's latest play is one of which Mary Craven is the heroine. As the actress Mary Blythe, before her marriage, she had been known for her breezy, vigorous style. In her capacity as Frank Craven's wife and voluntary general manager those qualities again became apparent. Her husband discovered a story, "Nothing But the Truth," in a popular magazine, that contained the germ of a comedy plot. Mrs. Craven said: "Certainly, there is a play in it and you are going to write it."

Mr. Craven harbors the delusion that he is lazy, but he entertains no such fancy about his wife. She told Manager Fred Zimmerman about the story.

"Good! Tell him to write it and I'll produce it," was the message that came quickly by way of Mrs. Craven. To which she added: "And now, Frank, go to work. I'm going to be the agent. I've declared myself in on this."

Her spouse was playing the worried young man who had to get married in "Seven Chances." He

observed that he had trouble enough without writing a play. When he saw her look of disappointment he said: "Well, I'll get to work on the title anyway." "Nothing But the Truth" was discarded because of a previous story and play by that name. "Needles and Pins" was chosen but abandoned because there was once an English play by that name.

"Meanwhile, Mary, the heroine, meeting Mr. Zimmerman, would answer his eager managerial questions with 'Yes, he's at work.' She lied for me, then she'd come home and bullyrag me to get to work," is his report. But he hadn't gotten farther than the title when an heir arrived at Craven Corners. That the author who says he is lazy but whose assertion no one believes, says he hailed as a new excuse for not getting to work at the play.

"I really am stuck for a title," he said.

"There's a way out of it," returned his relentless spouse.

"There is and you've said it."

"What?"

"This Way Out." So it was christened and the christening over, the actor set speedily to work to bring forth his play.

He has but one recipe for a play. "If you have fun writing it the audience will probably have fun seeing it." That is all. If you talk ponderously to him of technique his boyish blue eyes twinkle and his mouth takes on a double whimsical curve.

"I wouldn't know a technique if I met it coming up Broadway," he says. "I don't know how to write a play. I suppose it's like telling a story. The man who can tell a story well, and get all the points in, and hold the interest of his hearers, is writing a play."

Of a theatrical family, son of John G. Craven and Ella Mayer, both of the old Castle Square Stock Com-

(Concluded on page 170)



Craven Corners, the picturesque home of Frank Craven at Great Neck, Long Island



Photos Press Ill.

The bedroom, the furniture of which is as English as the exterior of the house itself

WHERE AN ACTOR-PLAYWRIGHT SEEKS REST AND RECREATION

SISTER TEAMS IN VAUDEVILLE

By NELLIE REVELL



SOMEWHERE in Webster's it is recorded, firstly, that a "sister is a female who has the same parents as another person" and, secondly, she is "a woman closely allied to, or associated with, another person, as in faith, social relations, etc."

And somewhere in the theatrical dictionary it is promulgated that a sister team is composed of two women closely allied to, or associated with each other by partnership arrangement for the purpose of stage exploitation and profit. That they should be born of the same parents is a matter of lesser importance and would be the occasion of greater surprise.

Nevertheless, sisters in fact and not in fiction constitute the mainstay of vaudeville for the current month. The summer crop has been exceptionally bountiful and ranks in importance in its own particular sphere of influence with the nation's corn product in the larger field of endeavor.

The harvest of sister teams includes the delectable Dolly dancers by divine right and permission of A. H. Woods; Nellie and Sara Kouns, daughters of social prominence and concert singers of ability; the Barr Sisters, late of the Century Theatre, and associated with Lew Brice in a singing and dancing divertissement; Helen Trix and sister, the latter a dancer and singer fresh from a convent; the Ford Sisters, Mabel and Dora, of the famous family of dancers, with Henry Marshall; the Wright Girls, with Lew Reed, another dancing combination and others whose names would swell this list to voluminous proportions.



SISTER SUSIE may be sewing shirts for soldiers but it looks very much as if Sisters Rosie and Jennie, Nellie and Sara, Helen and Josephine and Mabel and Dora were busy making hay while the vaudeville sun shines and they are still on speaking terms.

Not only are these girls genuine, honest-to-goodness sisters but at least two and possibly more of the teams are twins and three pairs look so much alike from the audience's side of the footlights that it is necessary for them to wear distinguishing beauty marks on some conspicuous location that the spectator may know that he is not seeing double.

Curiously enough all but one of the sister teams enumerated are dancers although most of them combine singing with their offerings. Still, on reflection, it isn't so strange that they should be dancers for dancing dominates most vaudeville bills these days, neither the war nor the hot weather having an apparent effect. The spectacle recently of five dancing acts on the same programme at the Palace attests to the truth of this.

Entertainers of the eminence of the Dolly Sisters are expected by their fashionable following to constantly produce novelties, so the occasion of their re-appearance in vaudeville, limited though it be by the interval between the closing of "His Bridal Night" and the opening of a new production for them by Mr. Woods, was no exception. This time their principal accessory was a female jazz band composed of six colored girls who first assisted them as maids in dressing in view of the audience, and later assumed their more conspicuous rôles. Ultra costumes made of the Dollys' return the real fashion show of the season and this combined with their terpsichorean skill made their performance in vaudeville one of surpassing charm and achievement.

Looking as much alike as proverbial peas, the Barr Sisters, twins, who first came into metropolitan notice at the Century Theatre last season and have more recently been doing cabaret work, with Lew Brice, former husband and partner of Muriel Worth and brother of Fanny Brice, contribute a singing and dancing skit which the program lends impressiveness to by ascribing the music to Dave Kaplan, the lyrics to Arthur J. Jackson and the staging to Mr. Brice. A special stage setting also adds distinction.



A YEAR or so ago society débutantes in Chicago and daughters of the late Charles Kouns, general manager of the Santa Fé Railroad, Nellie and Sara Kouns, soprano singers of rare ability and distinctive personal charm, reverse the time-honored story of the press agent about being "discovered" in a cabaret or obscure Western theatre and "rescued" from din or squalor. Instead they came from an atmosphere of refinement and artistry which they have successfully transplanted to the vaudeville stage under the inspiration furnished by Martin Beck, managing director of the Orpheum Circuit who first heard them in concert.

Authoress, lyric writer, songstress and enthusiast are some of the descriptive adjectives which may be applied to Helen Trix, who has augmented her offering by bringing her little sister Josephine from a convent to aid and abet her in providing entertainment. As it is to be expected under the circumstances the younger Miss Trix does not equal her more experienced sister in stage poise and deportment but otherwise measures up fully to requirements and under the latter's excellent tutelage will in due time become more mature in her art.

While on the subject of sister acts it doesn't seem at first glance appropriate to mention Jack Norworth and Lillian Lorraine in that connection, still retrospection of their performance encourages the thought that after all such a heinous offense would not be committed by such reference. If there ever were two entertainers better suited to each other in talents and temperaments they have yet to make their presence noted on the variety boards, and as for *esprit de corps*, well it isn't possible for real sisters to behave so well towards each other and mean it.



ANOTHER thing his happy combination impresses on the onlooker is that Miss Lorraine no longer has to depend on her beauty or gowns although she possesses more of both than should be one woman's allotment on earth. Whether or not it was study, long rest or Mr. Norworth's recognized ability as a coach is still a matter of conjecture but the fact is Miss Lorraine's reappearance was a very pleasant surprise. Heretofore the former "Follies" star's principal claim to distinction has been her feminine charms supplemented by her ability to wear clothes, but she sacrificed both of these for art to appear as a bedraggled scrub woman when in the parlance of the varieties she literally "cleaned up."

And as for Mr. Norworth, while the material of his numbers suggested songs in favor with former partners, he was decidedly in his best singing mood and furnished plenty of food for comment for the Palace regulars.

Donald Brian of the comic opera stage in colorful tights, a braided form-fitting Hussar jacket

and an ostrich-plumed helmet, and backed by the scenery and accessories of a girl-and-music production, is not the same Donald Brian of the vaudevilles. There is as much difference between them as there is difference of opinion between Chairman Denman and General Goethals over the merits of wooden and steel ships.

Undoubtedly Mr. Brian's popularity in the two-a-day suffered from the lack of appeal of his vehicle, Robert Mears MacKay's "Somewhere in Mexico," which first saw the light of day at a Lambs' Gambol, for as the American aviator who sacrifices his brother and himself for his country, he doesn't add any laurels to his reputation as an actor. This playlet done at the time of the Mexican excitement rather than now when the attention is focused on the real war might have fared better, but the theme is altogether too belated.



UNTIL a more advantageous sketch can be obtained for him, one with a love interest preferred which can be planted and played in less than half an hour, Mr. Brian will find two-a-day audiences strangely unresponsive.

John Sainpolis as Villa and Roy Fairchild as the traitorous brother discharged their obligations competently. Mr. Fairchild has in more instances than one while playing in support of a legitimate actor in vaudeville helped materially to "put acts over" and it is to be hoped will one of these days fix upon a playlet worthy of elevating himself to at least the feature class in the varieties.

The fate of Mr. Brian's effort only goes to emphasize the oft-repeated admonitions made in these columns that legitimate actors exercise the greatest care in first determining the sailing qualities of their craft before embarking on the tumultuous sea of vaudeville.

Another storm warning was sounded recently by Hassard Short, an actor of standing in the \$2 production ranks, but hopelessly adrift in the farcial concoction "The Ruby Ray" by Maurice Hennequin. Outside of an artistic drapery forming the setting this sketch had little to commend it. Deriving its name from a cocktail which three of the four characters quaffed to various degrees of supposed inebriety, "The Ruby Ray" offered one explanation of why the prohibition movement has gained such momentum in this country. Further than that its function was nil.

Another legitimate artist of the month in the varieties was Rose Coghlan with a sketch of decidedly military flavor, a study in mother love and a surprise finish, three factors contributing towards success. "The Deserter" is the title of her vehicle which was the brain child of Willard Mack and Thomas F. Fallon, and its adoption by vaudeville audiences was due in a large measure to Miss Coghlan's histrionic skill.

A seventeen-year-old boy whose paternal ancestors had ocered themselves to their country enlists in the navy without the knowledge or consent of his mother. He returns home a self-confessed coward and deserter and the mother is torn between conflicting emotions. In the end she upbraids him for his cowardice and demands he return to his ship. An officer friend of the family calls in search of the boy and the mother secrets him. The son, however, gives himself up and then it is disclosed that he isn't a deserter after all but had merely entered into this plan with the officer in the effort to win his mother's necessary consent to continue as a bluejacket.

Lumière

BARR TWINS

Who made their vaudeville début with Lew Brice. They were formerly at the Century Theatre



Apeda

DOLLY SISTERS

Stars of the legitimate stage, these well-known players, as alike as the Siamese twins, are now lending their talents to Variety



NELLIE AND SARA KOUNS

Daughters of a Western railroad official whose success as concert singers, won them recognition in vaudeville

TALENTED SISTERS GIVE NOVELTY TO VAUDEVILLE

BERNHARDT'S VISION OF VICTORY

By HELEN TEN BROECK



I SHALL never forget the first time I saw Sarah Bernhardt. A reluctant, protesting child martyr, I was being dragged through the Louvre by a French governess bound and bent upon giving my infant American mind a correct leaning toward art. At the foot of a broad stairway whose majestic upward sweep, even to my infant eye, was splendidly noble, Mademoiselle seized my elbow. "Look, American child," she hissed "*c'est Sarah!*", and floating down the stairs, (floating is the only word to describe her progress), I beheld a vision in a bluey-green gown clinging and long, and trimmed with wide bands of deep colored golden fox fur. The eyes of the woman, her hair and the tawny fur she wore all had the same look of deep red gold, as she approached the "American child" whose eyes were glued upon the vision silhouetted against the background of that epic in marble, the Winged Victory, which stood at the top of the staircase like a benignant goddess of conquest.

From that day to this I never see the "Winged Victory" which, of course, is as much a feature of every actress' flat as is the box couch or the refrigerator, without a vision of a stained glass Sarah, all green and violet and blue with the wide spreading pinions of a Samothrace as a background.



HALF an hour ago, I chatted with Mme. Bernhardt and all our talk was of winged victory—the victory of France, whose sweeping, sweeping pinions are plumed this moment for conquering flights.

"Is it not wonderful—is it not prophetic, is it not of the very substance and spirit of France," cried Sarah, "that the miracle of the twentieth century should work for her the miracle of victory over the marshalled host of Huns that are sweeping to-day across the face of civilization? Always the gods of victory rode in winged cars, and to-day's aeroplanes, the winged car that America gave to the world as the great poem, the great invention, the great heaven-cleaving miracle of the century, beautiful in peace, terrible in war, is indeed the winged victory which France has always loved, and which shall serve her to-day."

A rumor that Madame Sarah had so strongly pinned her faith to the flying corps as a means of victory, that she herself had taken a dash or two into the clouds in a Long Island aeroplane, had reached the editorial sanctum of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and it was to investigate that report that I had made a warm weather pilgrimage to Madame's retreat at Long Beach.

"And have you made a flight in one of these heaven-cleaving war wagons?" I asked as Madame concluded her apostrophe to the aeroplane.

"But yes, my child," she replied.

"Ah, for once rumor was correct," I cried. Madame's eyes were fixed upon a point miles and miles beyond the distant horizon. I tried to divine what she saw. Victory for her beloved

France, of course; fleets, perhaps of airships, cruising among the clouds and dropping defeat upon the heads of enemies; galleons of glory sailing close to the stars and carrying the tricolor at their victorious prow. "You have been

earth. To see the whole world sink out of sight below you, to feel buoyed and uplifted as on the rustling wings of victory, ah, who that has experienced that sensation can ever forget it? Or who, having once conquered the air can ever again know fear of anything on earth?"

"No wonder, my child, no wonder that Victory has wings. Why, wings beat down timidity and despair, they are the symbols of courage and of victory—the symbol of the spirit of France. Well did my friend Rostand know that when he chose Chantecler as the typification of young France. A brave bird—Chantecler—the bird of his moment when France, with her strong wings beat exultant, still like Chantecler held her feet to the earth. But to-day has been born a new France—a France baptized in sacramental blood of her best and youngest; and the new France lifts the wings of the young eagle—L'Aiglon—and seeks her victory where Freedom has ever had its home, in the high ethers of the unchartered air."



AGAIN came one of those pauses which, when Bernhardt's voice sinks to silence, seem to fill the air with unuttered words. I hesitated to break the spell of mystic quiet by a question; but presently Madame's golden voice began again.

A new note—it would be blasphemy to call it querulous, it would be blasphemy to call it complaining, but distinctly and without doubt it was filled with a note of feminine protest.

"Why," she wailed, "why must the woman who flies array herself life a female troglodyte? Me, when I ascend in an aeroplane, I shall wear nothing hideous. Flight is too beautiful. A man in his flying uniform looks like a shining knight of the stars. A son of freedom, a victorious conqueror from the stars and of the stars, but the flying woman—she who should be the most beautiful of created beings, the winged goddess of the twentieth century, wears masks and mufflers and the garments of wrath instead of the robes of glory. I shall be different—"

"Then you are going to fly," I gasped as Madame paused to contemplate the air-drawn picture of her own flying apparel.

Madame Sarah leaned confidentially toward me. "Dare I tell you?" she murmured—

"you newspaper women are so reluctant to keep a secret, and if *ce cher* Connor—but hush!" for at that moment Mme. Bernhardt's manager, "Will" Connor, tapped on the window ledge and stepped out onto the piazza where we were sitting, and Madame's confidence was silenced.

But this I may tell you. A French pilot instructor, at a nearby aviation field, has had for a passenger a closely veiled feminine figure, who scorns the regulation aeroplane uniform, and wears flowing robes like the garments of Winged Victory, and if her France needs Madame Bernhardt to ride the clouds among her victorious legions of the air—Sarah is not afraid of flight



© Rochlitz

SARAH BERNHARDT

The most recent portrait of the actress taken in August, 1917 showing her for the first time as Shakespeare's heroine Portia

up?" I questioned again when the silence became uncomfortable.

"In spirit, yes; I am a passenger in every machine that flies across the German lines," she said, "but my only flight until to-morrow was made so many years ago, that most of the daring young navigators of the air were unborn when I went for that trip above the clouds in "Donna Sol," a balloon which was the most advanced vehicle science had then constructed for aerial flight. Ah, the lovely terrors of that voyage among the stars! Fear? No, indeed. One felt only the terrible joy of conquest in cleaving the clouds and spreading wings far beyond sight of



Photos White

Bert Lytell and T. W. Gibson



Bert Lytell and Zelda Sears



Bert Lytell, Irene Fenwick and Adelaide Prince

AN impecunious physician and two chums conceive the idea of obtaining pawnable presents from the doctor's distant relatives by sending them announcements of his marriage to an imaginary person. A bride named Mary Jane Smith is invented by the trio and to their surprise such a person actually turns up. Then the farcical situations begin. They end with a rich relative who is fooled and finally grants his forgiveness and \$10,000 checks.



Walter Jones, Bert Lytell and Irene Fenwick



T. W. Gibson, Leo Donnelly, Bert Lytell and Irene Fenwick

SCENES IN MAY TULLY'S FARCE "MARY'S ANKLE" AT THE BIJOU

THE MARK TWAIN OF AMERICAN MUSIC

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



HENRY F. GILBERT, whose ballet, "The Dance in Place Congo," will be produced by Gatti Casazza at the Metropolitan Opera House this coming season, is the most American in spirit, composition and personality of any of our composers, and this new ballet, which was inspired by a description of a dance that he read in one of George W. Cable's stories, will, it is predicted by those who have seen the score, prove one of the greatest novelties that has ever been produced by the Metropolitan's director.

It is rare in this generation that an American composer receives proper recognition of his work at home. It is even rarer for him to receive recognition abroad. But when he achieves both, his friends have every reason to congratulate him. And such has been the experience of Henry F. Gilbert, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, whose "Comedy Overture" was performed in 1914 by the Imperial Symphonic Orchestra at Moscow and Kiev. Reinholdt Gliere, conductor of the orchestra, was quite enthusiastic about the American composer's work and it was performed at a special concert in conjunction with the works of Scriabine and Richard Strauss.

Henry F. Gilbert is the Mark Twain of American music. His compositions, like Charpentier's, are the outgrowth of life and not textbooks. They are full of melody, daring and original in theme and thoroughly saturated with the nervous restlessness of the American people. One finds constantly in his work the whimsy, the buoyancy, the optimism, the quaint humor and that touch of exaggeration and eccentricity which characterize the work of Mark Twain. The one is doing in music to-day what the other did in his prose.



NO one will deny more emphatically that he is writing "American music" than Gilbert himself. That is because the real artist in the man resents being limited by anything that smacks of provincialism. Nevertheless he is writing genuine American music in spite of himself. His genius, and he has plenty of genius, is tinged by a something that cannot be defined by any other word except "American."

"I don't think American music exists as yet," says Gilbert. "The American race is in process and I believe American music is also only in process."

"But you cannot deny that your symphonic music is more characteristically American than that of any other native composer," said the writer.

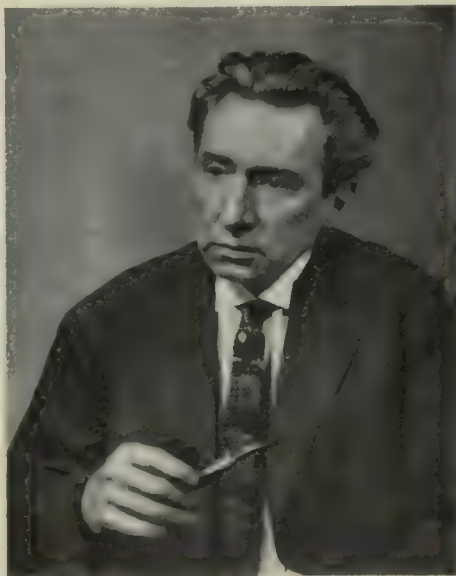
"If that is true," replied Gilbert, "it is not due to any conscious effort on my part to write so-called 'American music.' But I have striven to be myself and not to write music that resembled the work of foreign composers. In 1901 I made a trip to Paris on a cattle-boat just to hear Charpentier's 'Louise,' then the musical sensation of Paris. That opera made an unforgettable impression upon me and I determined to devote the rest of my life to the composition of music.

"But I had allowed myself to be influenced by European music. Shortly after my return to America, I sent to Paris, for review, a song that I had written after the modern French idiom. The critic who reviewed it said that 'this is another example of those invertebrate melodies with

which we are so well acquainted on this side of the water.'

"I immediately saw that if vital musical art was to be started in America, it must not be based forever on the imitation of the art of another country, but must be founded on suggestions of the life of our own country."

There is a very close parallel between the lives of Mark Twain and Henry F. Gilbert. Gilbert has always had an insatiable



HENRY F. GILBERT

The most American in spirit, composition and personality of any of our composers

curiosity about life. He never had the desire to spend his time in a Morris chair with his pipe in his mouth (he always smokes a pipe) and his feet on the fender, reading what someone else had done. He always wanted to do things himself. Born in a small New England town, he early determined to break away from provincialism. So he did not waste much time over academics. Beyond the borders of the town, Life was calling to him. So after going through the grammar school, he obeyed the insistent voice and went adventuring into the world, carrying with him an old fiddle whittled by his grandfather from a cigar-box, on which he soon learned to play, and a bag full of ideals that he has never lost to this day.

Of course he had adventures. Life always has adventures and romance for the man that looks hard enough. Gilbert started on his musical career by playing the violin in various summer hotel orchestras and at dances. He did not use the cigar-box fiddle that his grandfather had made, but he still has that ancient instrument and treasures it with loving care.

After playing in orchestras for awhile, he decided to teach music, but he soon grew tired of the routine of this life and went into the real estate business. All the time he was asking questions, learning things and drinking in life with great gulps.

But inside this unique personality was a passion for nature that was almost as strong as his passion for music. Gilbert loved butterflies and liked to collect rare specimens. Soon growing weary of inflated real estate values, he decided to go to Florida and collect butterflies. To think was to act, so he went to Florida and more than

paid his expenses by the wonderful collection of gorgeous-winged insects he brought back to Boston. Many of these rare butterflies he mounted and sold, and to-day he has in his Cambridge sitting-room many beautiful specimens to remind him of those happy butterfly days in Florida.

In 1893, when Chicago had its World's Fair, Gilbert's insatiable curiosity was aroused again. He just had to see that fair. He had barely money enough to carry him to Chicago, but he had plenty of optimism and energy. And it meant another adventure!

When the Cambridge composer landed in the Windy City he was penniless, but he soon had a job as a pie-and-bread man in a restaurant. He had to cut up one hundred and fifty loaves of bread and fifty pies each day. When the waitresses wanted to supply hungry customers, Gilbert would pass the bread and pie through a hole in the wall. And any one who saw him at his daily task, wearing a white apron, could not, in their wildest flights of imagination have pictured this smiling, energetic little man writing music that would some day be played by orchestras in Moscow and at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

One day, while Gilbert was cutting up his pies, he heard that Prince Galitzin of a noble Russian family was in the restaurant outside. It has been stated before that, with Gilbert, to think was to act. He was at this time very much interested in the work of Rimsky-Korsakoff, the great Russian composer. So he rushed impetuously out of the kitchen into the restaurant and sat down beside Prince Galitzin, still wearing his white apron. Words burst from him and he began to discuss Russian musical art with avidity. Prince Galitzin was naturally rather surprised to find an American waiter with such intelligent views on music. But he was too well bred to show his surprise, so these two incongruous figures sat there for half an hour talking music. To Gilbert's great delight, Prince Galitzin knew Rimsky-Korsakoff personally, and told the young American idealist many interesting things about the composer.



AFTER that adventure, Gilbert returned to Boston and for a while was engaged in making musical charts. Then he became associated with his uncle, who was at that time the owner of a large music printing plant. Here he learned to set up music as well as to play and compose it. It was while he was holding this position, dreaming of the future and wondering just what line he should take up permanently, that Gilbert heard Life calling him again and this time it called him to Paris.

"Louise" furnished the answer to his question what he should do in life. He knew now that there was only one thing for him to do and that was to write music.

Gilbert knew a great deal about musical composition at this time. While playing the violin in a summer hotel orchestra on one occasion, the young musician, by his playing of a small excerpt from "Lohengrin," aroused the interest of a very cultured woman who had been a pupil of Liszt and had known Richard Wagner. She thought Gilbert had real talent and wanted him to study composition under Edward MacDowell. She had a talk with Gil-

(Concluded on page 170)

THE MAN OF FASHION, AUTUMN 1917

By BEAUNASH



THE dance frock of A. D. 1917 sets you wondering whether that sophisticated *débutante*, Miss Goldilocks, is dressed for a reception or an operation. Similarly, civilian fashions in men's clothes for early Autumn make you feel almost, if not quite, that you are accoutred for the trenches rather than for town.

With Europe staging the world's greatest tragedy, it is natural that the military *motif* should play the leading rôle in contemporaneous dress. Indeed, outside of that, Fashion is letting its bucket down into an empty well.

Saville Row and Conduit Street in midmost fashionable London are sending over nothing but styles of soldierly set-up, as grenadier-like great-coats and adaptations of aviators' jackets, shoulder-strap cavalry coats, army capes, Blucher field boots, spiral puttees, oilskin slickers and a regiment of other modes of which cramped space allows one to marshal but a corporal's guard.

* * *

Due to the worldwide spread of luxury and self-pampering, men's fashions, before the War, were in danger of being feminized. We went in for the slim, attenuated figure of the dandiacal philanderer accustomed to padded ease. Fashion, instead of being vertebrate and red-corpuscled, was sponge-spined and milk-and-waterish.

To-day, we owe an incalculable debt to the soldier, always "the men's man," for lifting civilian dress out of the slough of womanishness and making it interpret something of the deep-chested toughness and virile matter-of-factness of barracks and billet.

Even after the olive branch has set aside olive drab, it is greatly to be doubted whether men's modes will ever return to the old devitalized standards. It seems almost certain that the drub of the drum and the clank of the sword, now in their heyday, will continue to stiffen the backbone of Fashion for many years.

* * *

When one speaks of civilian styles for Autumn, this means a soldierly sparseness and spruceness in body-lines and a compact-and-erect set-up of chest and shoulders. It does not signify the adoption, *verbatim et literatim* of types of garments, which are purely intended for the profession of arms.

Nobody cuts a more unheroic figure than the blustering pretender in "cits," who gives himself no end of airs in the sort of clothes grimly suggestive of the fighting front—voluminous "trench" coats, army evening cloaks and the like. His natural-born predilections are for suffrage and crochet.

* * *

It is fatally easy to overdo this military thing, thus making a mock of the fashions of the day, which are military only in the broader sense of trigness, carriage and grooming.

Lounge jackets for Autumn carry the full-fold drapery of skirt, jutting inward at the waistline and falling into natural ripples below. This is not a flaring effect, as you see it on the soldier's jacket, but a modification. The waist is set a

bit high to convey the tallish, upstanding figure and to stress length of limb. Neither are well-turned-out men going in for the shortish jacket to which military men are indulgent. On the contrary, the jacket is rather long, with higher, blunter lapels than heretofore.

Such a jacket may have the conventional plain back, or, for a pseudo-sporting effect, it may have an expanding pleat between the blades with a similar pleat taking the place of the familiar vent at the bottom.

* * *

Jackets with side pleats, instead of the centre pleat, are again the mode, if you wish to accen-



Full Dress Suit, Fall, 1917

tuat the military out-spring below the waistline.

Then, there is a sheaf of full-belted and half-belted jackets all of a type, but most of them hardly befitting the semi-formality of town wear, unless you have just run in from the country.

There is a sharp line of demarcation between town clothes and country clothes to which John Bull punctiliously subscribes, but which to Brother Jonathan seems negative and nebulous.

* * *

A kit which smacks of the links, the nets, the race meet or the hunt is capital in its place, but that place is not in town. According to the code

of the modern of moderns, each turnout is governed with exactitude by time, occasion and circumstance.

One is comically reminded of the knowing bride, who, badgered by her husband as to how she contrived to tell his breakfast jacket from his dinner jacket, replied that it was easy—eggs on the one and gravy on the other.

* * *

Seriously, however, the stage is an admirable mentor in making your dress appropriate to the place and circumstance. Producers and actors rarely overlook the importance of verisimilitude in clothes and do not commit the unpardonable sin of jumbling field with function. If they did, the audience would be up and at them, beak and claw, for such lapses are instantly and painfully noticeable—in others.

Waistcoats for Autumn may be of the same stuff as the jacket, cut with a rather low opening, or one may wear light silks or soft woollens in tints of snuff-brown or dove-gray.

* * *

So-called "fancy waistcoats" in bold stripes or loud checks were long ago outmoded, savoring, as they do, of paddock and stable. However, such patterns are sometimes to be met at the races, where they are wholly proper with dark-colored lounge suits.

Though trousers are cut without turn-ups for urban wear, many men prefer them with turn-ups. It's an affair of preference, rather than propriety. The smartest cut in trousers is that with the belt-bottom flare, slight, but quite apparent, though not at all with the exaggeration of a sailor's.

* * *

This forward spring is intended to let the trousers-leg flex smartly over the instep—just enough to break that square look, which is stiff and stodgy.

In the colors and patterns of Autumn suitings you may have free rein—blues, greens, browns, grays, iridescent shades, black-and-whites and in-between tones—solid colors, fine stripes, broken stripes, small checks, pepper-and-salt mixtures (they're by way of coming back) and countless other "rich suitings in genteel mixtures," as the middle-class tailor puts it.

* * *

As concerns Autumn topcoats, their name is cohort, if not legion. Most of them denote the military trend in their belts, pleats and yokes, though the most fashionable types are never short, but of goodly length, so as to drum the legs in walking.

The ancient and honorable Chesterfield topcoat is still preferred by many well-turned-out men, perhaps because the crowd has dropped it.

In truth, it is the oldster, not the youngster, who sets the fashions in this country. The sophomoric stripling has not one iota of influence upon the modes of the day. It takes well-poised maturity to dictate styles and keep them away from bizarre and audacious eccentricity.

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

By MLLÉ. MANHATTAN

COMÉDIE—SALONS—MODES



THE gracious but intangible quality of absolute correctness which marks the toilette of the true grande dame on all occasions and in every circumstance, is achieved by few American gentlewomen. But how completely it belongs to the toilette of Lady de Bathe, the erstwhile Lillie Langtry, who has just sailed for Spain en route to her fine estate in England.

When I see a woman gowned as Lady de Bathe always befrocks herself, I am reminded of the British painter who declared that he mixed his paints "with brains, sir." Her ladyship certainly befrocks herself "with brains"—even with a spice of humor, sometimes.

Shortly before the Jersey Lily left New York, I saw her chatting in the Plaza Palm with Cathleen Vanderbilt and her mother Mrs. "Belle" Neilson. Her ladyship wore the wickedest gray frock these two eyes have ever beheld. It fairly twinkled with malice and humor, that gown, and it was as lovely as a Whistler symphony, besides being fascinatingly wicked.

The creation was of palest mist-colored net, cut in sharp points as to tunic, which, of course, was one of the new single affairs which have crowded the triple tunic out of vogue, and the round underskirt was of beautiful black chantilly lace. The tunic was very, very closely plaited and fell quite to the foot in front and at the back, with high vandycks at the side. The bodice was an extraordinarily effective arrangement of gray net over the same lace with long sleeves of unlined chantilly disclosing the still girlish and beautiful arms which are Lillie Langtry's strong point. A hat of white lisere with ostrich fringes and a silver flower of some unknown species—completed the very beautiful toilette.

"Are you wearing light mourning?" murmured Mrs. Neilson sympathetically.

"How clever of you to notice it!" cried her ladyship. "It isn't really mourning, only a sympathetic symbol. You know dear 'Shuggy' has just sustained a heavy loss."

Lady de Bathe's voice sank to a confidential whisper as she explained just what bereavement had stricken "Shuggy," who, as you know, is her husband, Sir Hugo de Bathe. But her frock—well! if one desired to show proper respect to the memory of a distant mother-in-law, beautifully blended with triumphant relief, I can prescribe no more charming sartorial triumph than her ladyship's wicked little gray gown.

* * *

Cathleen Vanderbilt, by the way, is looking very ill these days, and her fad for black frocks and sombre hats is one not to be recommended. At a recent gathering of "relief" workers in Newport, Mrs. Vanderbilt, in a get-up that suggested that of a Belgian widow, knitted diligently on a black helmet with a sacrificial air of constructing a shroud for some dear one.

I suppose such things come under the general classification of "horrors of war," but they are as depressing as the garments of woe in which Rita Lydig chose to array herself last Winter.

By the way, the mad craze of the moment is for the lace frock without which no Autumn wardrobe is likely to be complete. Chantilly is the favored choice of the woman whose treasure chest yields up an old family scarf or shawl to be the foundation of her robe dentelle. One may drape the lace under clouds of net or over

a foundation of chiffon, satin or any of the gleaming crêpes that are the fabric of the moment. Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney chose a gleaming silvery charmeuse to drape with long panels of beautiful white point d'esprit for wear at one of the smart racing events at Saratoga, and presto! Overnight dozens of women produced from their Saratoga trunks lengths of chantilly or lierre or escurial and the club-house lawn was checkered all over with lace frocks next afternoon. Thus do we copy the gowns we admire!

* * *

In some respects Saratoga is a better background for nice frocks than Newport. The dry air of the New York Spa doesn't wreak such havoc on frills as do the fogs and sea mists of the Rhode Island resort, and I have not seen lovelier dresses this year than those that have been shown on the beautiful lawns at Saratoga. Edna May Lewisohn, who with her husband has ardently "followed" the races at the Springs, has worn some very beautiful frocks, one of which will be widely copied for early Autumn wear. It is cut in the new one-piece effect that simulates a jacket in front and shows a wide flat bow at the waistline in the back. Mrs. Lewisohn chose a heavy white faille of beautiful lustre for her gown, and the deep tab fronts of the loose bodice were handsomely braided in that hand-knitted soutache which is a novel feature of the latest and smartest frocks of Jeanne Lanvin. A deep braiding of the same sort decorated the closely plaited skirt to a depth of quite ten inches at the hem, and reappeared on the circular Cromwell collar. At the waistline in the back was posed a flat kimono bow of flame-colored velvet. A white lace hat with a frilled brim simply trimmed with rosettes of black satin completed the costume. Developed in street colors, in satin or serge, this frock is a stunning model for town wear.

* * *

But to run back to Newport. This has been a gingham summer, and the belle who failed to stock her wardrobe with dozens of dainty dimity or gingham frocks for morning wear, found herself obliged to send to town for numbers of these cool, crisp dresses in pretty hair-lines, checks or plaids with hat, parasol and handkerchiefs to match. I am mentioning the gingham frock because the checks and hair-lines of this fabric have been reproduced in charming silks for early Fall wear, and although not yet seen except in the most exclusive shops, are a feature of the present activities of the smartest modistes. Black and white, combined with black velvet ribbon, blue of the Chinese and powder shades checked with white, and pin plaids of violet and mulberry are ravishing. With these charming costumes will be shown shortish wide scarfs of velvet trimmed with fringe.

This novel and exceedingly jaunty type of frock made its first appearance at the marriage of "Polly" Disston to John Wanamaker—which wedding, by the way, was the August event in that stratum of society known to Newport as "the court circle."

Carnation and white taffeta with hair-lines of black separating the tiny broken plaids was

chosen for this "gingham" frock, and the scarf was one of puffed white tulle very wide and laid flatly across the shoulders. Carnation maline was used to line the scarf which ended abruptly, but most smartly at the elbows.

Already hints of Autumn gaieties are seen in the out-of-door frocks designed for wear when the heavens begin to turn and the crack of the sportsman's rifle is heard in the haunt of bird or deer.

Like the touch of a vanished hand or the sound of a voice that is dead are last year's "sport" fabrics. The sturdy corduroy, the elastic jersey and the winsome sport silk will give place to tweeds and khaki in Milady's favor, and knickers are a feature of the smartest costumes for golf as well as the shooting and riding turnout. By the way, a new khaki of forest green appeared recently on the golf links that lured some smart men and women away from the race-course in Saratoga, and was greeted with a buzz of admiration from all beholders. I was not able to see from my chair on the club-house piazza whether the handsome blonde wearer of the new khaki was the former Mrs. Ben Ali Haggin (now the bride of Magistrate Corrigan) or a double of that famed beauty. But the costume was a success.

* * *

The edict of Bellona, goddess of war, has declared that no wardrobe for the out-of-door season this Fall should be complete without at least one aviation costume. If it is true that "every lassie loves a sailor," it is certainly just as deep a verity in these troublous times of war, that every woman loves an aviator, and if our sky soldiers who are training near to the various Long Island country places to which society will soon be flocking aren't disconcerted by the crowds of admiring girls who fight like Prussians to get past the line of defenses and storm the hangars on the aviation field, they have certainly learned the lesson of fearlessness to the last word. Later on when the girls of the Long Island set begin visiting the fliers, it will be seen that aviation suits are a feature of the approaching modes. To-day fashionable women are as keen as mustard about flying and although no one may prophesy until actual experience has demonstrated the possible union of smartness and practical adaptation in a flying costume, what the correct wear will be, there seems no doubt that the hideous diving suit effect hitherto chosen by professional women fliers, will find no favor with Milady of the clouds when she climbs along the pilot for a spin among the stars.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, whose high heart knows no fear, is an enthusiast about the aeroplane, and it is only a matter of time (perhaps the event will have been accomplished before you read these words), when she will elude the lynx-like vigilance of her retinue of managers, secretaries, physicians and *dames de compagnie* and make her maiden flight.

But if you think the great and gracious French woman will make herself hideous even to cleave the clouds, you are quite wrong. The divine Sarah is an apostle of beauty, and she has devised the most fetching and feminine of flying costumes during her hours of summer idleness at Long Beach.



Sarony
Allyn King adores free Russia. That's why she wears the newest of Russian coat frocks



White
Hawaiian embroidered sleeves are smart features of Alice Brady's newest evening frock



© U & U
Why be hideous in an aeroplane? Madame Sarah says one may fly and still be chic



© Mishkin
No wonder Mme. Flore Revalles is smiling! Her one-piece tailor frock is the *dernier* chic of the moment!



Sarony
The famous love lock of Wilda Bennett is copied by the smartest girls of the Newport set



Campbell
Julia Sanderson in one of the new lace frocks. Note the Rambler Rose pattern of grandmama's chantilly shawl

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(Continued from page 164)



H JAECKEL & SONS INC.

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Black Eastern Mink Coat
designed and made for
Miss Margaret Hawkesworth
by H. Jaeckel & Sons.

Over undergarments that might be worn at the pole, Madame Sarah will fly in a soft, long robe of clinging monk's cloth, and a graceful coat, like a glorified motor wrap. I am sure you would approve the poetry of the Bernhardt air costume and agree with Alan Hawley of the Aero Club that the divine Sarah looks like a priestess of the clouds in her flying attire. Of course Sarah wouldn't be Sarah if she omitted a bunch of flowers from her scheme of decoration, and so the utterly trivial and giddy veil she wears upon her utterly trivial and giddy *chapeau*, is caught with a nosegay of her favorite gardenias.

* * *

Flore Reválles is seen here and there, these days, wearing some very beautiful frocks. Mme. Reválles was the first of stage women to show the new lace frock. Her selection is a very delicate chantilly (black) laid without draperies to hide the beauty of the pattern, over a slip of pearly faille. A fichu of white *pointe de venise* of quite marvellous age and beauty (ah, if our sex were only like Venetian lace that gains beauty and charm with the years!) almost covers the bodice, and only ends at the narrow girdle of black velvet ribbon with depending loops that sweep the ground. Madame Reválles has a new dressmaker—a Frenchman who has been "gassed" in the trenches, but who has not lost his sight, as a delightful feeling for color, stamps each of his artistic creations. One of the gowns he has sent to New York for Madame shows the new tailor frock of the hour in Paris, which has the yoke effect—very closely shaped to the shoulders, with an all-round pleated one-piece bodice and skirt loosely belted with pockets placed high upon the *ceinture*. A hint as to how Madame Reválles keeps her wonderful figure is found in the athlete's wand with which she was exercising when snapped for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Mishkin.

* * *

Elsie Janis, much against her will, is recognized as one of the most charmingly dressed girls on the stage. Miss Janis' only unsuccessful imitation is that of an actress who pretends she isn't smartly frocked. One of the most fascinating gowns worn by Miss Janis for out-of-door wear in the country is a novel sport costume of *velours de lange*. And if you are puzzled as to the identity of *velours de lange*, let me explain that it is a very fine quality of that familiar and intimate fabric known as Turkish toweling. As employed by Miss Janis' inspired dressmaker, this linen velvet, both in French gray and white, is exceedingly smart and graceful.

* * *

The popularity of Hawaiian dances and the dreadfully doleful ukulele, seems to have reminded smart

modistes that Honolulu produces other fabrics for wearing apparel besides sea grass and betel beads.

Some very beautiful Hawaiian gauzes and embroideries are appearing on the new frocks and Miss Alice Brady, who finds it difficult to divest herself of the enormous salary she earns as a movie star, has a new evening gown whose Hawaiian gauze sleeves might almost be cut out of Liberty bonds, so precious is the lavish South Sea embroidery with which they are almost solidly covered.

The old-fashioned lovelock has again come to the fore, and we are all striving to look like grand-mamma's portrait as painted by Madrazo in his bright youth. If the hair is done closely the lovelock is like the old-fashioned "beau catcher," a semi-circle of hair plastered close in front of the ear. With hair dressed in artistic carelessness, it is a stray wave that seems carelessly caressing the cheek. But unless one shows a lovelock somewhere around the brow, one has not achieved the ultra of smart coiffing. Wilda Bennett is credited with having revived this bit of coquetry, and it is an open secret that a poet has written sonnets to Miss Bennett's lovelock and that Victor Herbert set the same coquettish tendril to music.

* * *

Before I drop my pen, I must make mention of the Russian coat costume which is featured for the coming Autumnal wear by several smart tailors, and has even won the high acclaim of Faibisy himself. Developed in heavy serge, cheviot or broadcloth it is exceptionally chic and practical and adapts itself to town and country wear with equal smartness. The front may be closed or open over a vestee and the favored high stock collar is a feature of the detail of this costume.

Miss Allyn King chooses a soft Havana tailor cloth for her costume russe, and its clean-cut smartness speaks for itself.

* * *

Julia Sanderson has fallen a victim to the rage for lace frocks and sends me a photograph of a chantilly creation "made out of grandmamma lace shawl." Miss Sanderson admits that she chose a foundation of silver taffeta shot with rose for her gown and contributes the further quite obvious detail that it is really a big witching dream! And there you are!

* * *

I notice at the season's earlier First Nights, that:—

The newest frocks are unreserved in display of back-bone and ankle.

The chic of the Tobe-Gill gown makes them recognizable at a glance. Faibisy is developing new ideas every day.

"Twilight mist"—a new pink gray, seems the color of the moment.

The ungloved hands of the smartest women show no rings except the fetter of engagement or marriage.

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Anna Wheaton, star of "Oh, Boy!" writes: "What I most like about BABCOCK'S Corylopsis of Japan Talcum—an important detail of my daily well grooming—is its positive daintiness. To me, it is adorably feminine.

Photos posed for by Catherine Hurst, (at left), Evelyn Greig (upper right), and Kathryn Rahn (in circle), all of the "Oh, Boy!" cast.

10c brings samples of BABCOCK'S Corylopsis of Japan Talcum and Face Powder, trial sizes of BABCOCK'S new odor-creations—"Violet Elice" and "Cut Roses" talcums, and samples of Corylopsis of Japan and "Cut Roses" perfumes.

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Posed by

Anna Wheaton
★ of "Oh
Boy!"



ANGELINA GIVES FIRST AID

By ANNE ARCHBALD

ANGELINA, who had finished her ten o'clock breakfast of iced coffee and eggs *en cocotte* sat puffing her cigarette musingly. What of all the numerous things to choose from should she do on this beautiful day? There was a hint of early Fall in the crispness of the air coming in through the window and early Fall always smelled like new clothes. Angelina would have liked to go out and browse around the shops, but that was too tantalizing when you'd spent your allowance and there wasn't a ghost of an excuse for replenishing your wardrobe before another month at least.

The telephone bell rang. Eagerly Angelina snatched Fidelity and her guarding pink taffeta petticoat from off the receiver.

"Is this you, Angelina?" came an excited voice over the wire. "This is Betty. I'm in town with Aunt Sarah. And I'm going to be married day after to-morrow. Frank has ten days' leave before he goes with the *camouflage* corps. And Aunt Sarah is feeling terribly wobbly, poor dear, and wants to know if you won't be so good as to go round with me in her place and help me pick out one or two things. She thinks you have such perfect taste, and besides you always know just the right places to find everything. I may have one imported French

hat, Aunt Sarah says. Oh, do say you will go, dear."

"Surely. I'd love to," responded Angelina, without a moment's hesitation. (Would she, indeed? It had happened like rubbing a wishing ring.) "What do you have to have? I see. Well, meet me at Altman's at eleven. That's the best place to start."

* * *

Half an hour later found Angelina in her element, seated with Betty in the spacious gray salons of the big Fifth Avenue House, while the newest Fall models in evening gowns and suits were brought up and "demonstrated" for them.

They learned, in the first place, that all lines for the coming season are to be long and slender, the skirts narrow and on some of the afternoon and evening gowns draped softly and pulled in round the hem. That all clothes are to strike a more conservative note, as befits the war-time, and that the extreme décolleté of last winter will not be considered in good taste for those having relatives at the front. In its place the so-called "dinner gown" will be featured, which though cut as generously low as individual taste may wish in the front of the neck and as to the lining in the back must have a strip of net veiling the skin in the back and net sleeves of some sort coming to or below the elbow.

Dark browns and bronzes are very popular for these "dinner gowns" and Angelina finally decided on a bronze one for Betty criss-crossed with tiny bronze beads and embroidered further with a rose and its leaves done in glistening Chinese-blue beads, a most unusual and altogether adorable frock, compact of subdued radiance and color. Angelina felt it a great injustice that she couldn't carry away for herself a dancing frock of silver cloth—after all she wasn't a war-bride, yet—with one smashing velvet black poppy, diamond centered, as its sole ornament, but didn't dare risk Dad's displeasure.

* * *

"I wanted one all last winter," she *sotto voce* plaintively to Betty, "ever since I saw the first actresses wearing them on the stage, and how tremendously effective they were, but something always stood in my way."

"Cheer up, darling," responded Betty callously. "It isn't your party to-day, anyway. Pay attention to me and say whether your honorable taste approves of this suit. I'm crazy about it."


"It" was a wine-colored burella, Angelina noted, with plain skirt, save for the regulation patch-pockets, not more than two yards round and about six inches from the floor. The jacket, which fitted Betty to perfection, had a jaunty cut, many pockets and a utilitarian air, such as



The bronze net "dinner gown" that Angelina had Betty buy at Altman's for her war trousseau criss-crossed with tiny tubular bronze beads and furthermore stunningly decorated with a rose and its leaves embroidered in glistening blue beads



The silver cloth evening gown with the black velvet diamanté-centered poppy, that Angelina had to "pass up" because all her allowance was spent, and that therefore is still at Altman's waiting for another purchaser



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"NO one need know you wear dress shields any more. This wonderful new flesh color of 'KLEINERTS' blends with the flesh so perfectly that the new flesh-colored shields cannot be detected.

"The cleverly overstitched edges are so flat that they make no tell-tale ridge even under the thinnest fabric.

"And these shields are prettier and daintier than any one ever dared to imagine dress shields could be. They are exquisitely soft and silky and beautifully made—just as dainty as my finest lingerie. Like all 'KLEINERTS' they are as washable as a handkerchief.

"To have that comforting assurance of being well-groomed, one must wear dress shields—not to mention the protection of one's gowns,

waists and suits. In my evening gowns I wear the 'GEM' flesh-colored Crescent shape illustrated, and no one knows I have them on. I wear small flesh-colored shields in all my sheer waists and dresses. In my heavier gowns and suits I wear a white 'KLEINERT GEM' which is a trifle heavier than the flesh-colored shield.

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"All dealers sell 'KLEINERT' Dress Shields in all sizes, shapes and colors, and many sell ready-to-wear garments with 'KLEINERTS' in them. I know all 'Betty Wales' dresses have them."

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ANGELINA GIVES FIRST AID

(Continued from page 158)

the going-away suit of a war-bride should have. Angelina's keen eye thoroughly approved of the figure Betty made, the rough weave and claret tone of the burella being most becoming to her dark brown and red coloring. So the suit went the way of the bronze dinner gown.

"Now let's pause before we go on to the French hats," said Angelina, as master of ceremonies, "and get a bite of lunch. I'm poverty-stricken, so I'm afraid it will have to be a tea-room. Don't you wish we'd run into someone," she remarked as they came out onto Madison Avenue, "who'd give us a real lunch?" At Claridge's. I feel just like Claridge's, don't you?"

And with that the same imaginary wishing ring that had produced Betty over the 'phone raised up right before their very eyes in the midst of the held-up traffic, Angelina's "dearest Tubby, the sweetest middle-aged old thing, —oh, over forty," and Tubby assured them it would give him the greatest pleasure in the world to lunch with them at Claridge's if they wouldn't mind first going with him while he kept a short business appointment.

"It occurs to me, by the way," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "that it wouldn't be a bad idea for you, Betty my war-bride, to come in with me. Angelina can chaperone."

Tubby's car stopped before a large and imposing office-building and Tubby took them up in the elevator and into an office suite paneled in dark wood, with cubby-hole rooms running along one side. There, after a little negotiating, he handed them over to an efficient young person and went to attend to his business. The young person proceeded to bring out of show-cases and lay on the table for Angelina's and Betty's inspection pile after pile of lingerie,—"nighties," envelope chemises, camisoles, combinations in luscious striped Georgette, in satin, in "trousseau" silk, the heaviest and finest grade of crêpe de chine made. Betty was most taken by a pink crêpe camisole, the top threaded with blue baby ribbon and embroidered with two blue mercury wings, and Angelina with a pink chemise delicately wrought in medallion form with wools of pale blues and yellows and lavenders and surrounded by lace insertion. Every garment was beautifully made, the same attention being paid in each case, in the simplest as well as the most elaborate, to cut and detail; and in each was a little mark of three feathers, "just like the Prince of Wales' crest," and the name "Plumebrand." Angelina called Betty's attention to it. "Remember that," she said, so that we will

know what to ask for when we go to the shops."

Then the young person took them further up on the elevator and showed them the cool, light rooms of the model factory where the lingerie was made and by that time Tubby was ready.

And so on to Claridge's, where they struck a particularly good day running into people they all knew, and then up to Gidding's because a little bird had told Angelina that their French hats had just come in on yesterday's steamer. There they found just the thing for Betty, not only a hat, but a whole set, hat, muff and collarette, from Lewis—"I'll be



The new Fall tailor suit of Betty, which Angelina considered entirely in character for the honeymoon of a war bride. The sketch explains its cut and beyond that it is of burella cloth in the new claret color

responsible for Aunt Sarah," said Angelina—made of plum velvet. The *chapeau* was the new poke shape somewhat high in the crown and covered with gathered velvet; the collarette was of two pieces of the velvet put together and shirred through the middle, and the muff was a round cannon-ball in shape, with a ruffle stuck on it at an angle ending at either end in jaunty ears, one cocked up and one down. Through the middle of the shirrings, on hat, on collarette and on muff ran a delicate flower vine made of little bits of colored silks and velvets and beads.

Most hats were high in the crown they learned,—Lewis didn't seem to care how high he went—and that two colors to be very much favored were brown and a delicious "putty" gray.

Also that veils were to trail from the side instead of the back Maria Guy had sent over a turban with such a veil effect,—a turban picturesque as it was chic, of beaver in a collar-box shape with beaver colored tulle tacked in loose fold across the crown so that it might be drawn down to film the face. At the left side was a satin bow in paste blue from under which fell a long streamer of the tulle.

"And that's quite enough for today," said Angelina.



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RICHARD MANSFIELD'S REAL SELF

(Continued from page 126)

a personality of abnormal extremes. When such a nature is successful we call it genius.

When it fails we term it lunacy. His ambition was to be the regent of the American stage. He achieved it, not so much by dramatic skill as by the aggressiveness of insistent vanity; portrayed in princeliness of production, luxury of personal living, unlimited investiture of determination, conspicuous exclusiveness, courtship of unique notoriety, fascinating contempt for public opinion, and the most startling imperious arrogation of incontestible supremacy.

The budget of brilliancy bore the name of Mansfield!

While many affect oblivion to money matters Mansfield was by nature absolutely uninfluenced by the plenty or a dearth of cash. To be sued or attached scarcely annoyed him. For judgments he had a fine contempt. Money was to him purely a medium. He bought, whether or no. If he had the cash, he paid, if not he would have it some time and then he would pay. But he went ahead and acquired just the same. Discordant decorations, mispronounced words, errors in music, either would disturb him sooner than any process of law; while to owe a fortune disturbed him less than the fit of his wigs.

ONE evening during an engagement of Denman Thompson at the Boston Theatre in "Josh Whitcomb," Thompson's manager, J. M. Hill, was waited upon in the box office by a short, stout man who introduced himself and declared he wished to talk with Mr. Hill relative to managing "young Mr. Mansfield."

"He is rather a difficult individual to handle, Mr. Hill, but naturally he will bow to a successful man; and I want you to take him. I'll back him to any amount necessary to put him where he aspires to be."

"Mr. Mansfield doesn't interest me," answered Hill. "He has a reputation already as a crank; a man impossible to get along with; and I am disinclined to add to my worries. No, I don't think I could be induced to undertake his management."

"He has great ability, and a future!"

"True," answered the shrewd, conservative Hill. "I'll grant you all that. But I have had too much experience with the caprices of players to knowingly put myself in contact with a man of Mansfield's temperament, as already demonstrated in his brief career. I'm not interested. Get somebody else to handle him."

"But won't you see him, and have a talk with him? He is very anxious to get with you. See him to-morrow and talk it over."

"Oh, I have no objection to seeing him," said Hill, "but 'twill do no good. I'll talk with him. Bring him along."

The following day Mansfield arrived at the theatre.

"If we do any business," declared Mansfield, immediately civilities were over, "I want it distinctly understood, Mr. Hill, that you are in no way to interfere with the stage. That is to rest entirely with me."

"Don't be alarmed," was the rejoinder, "we'll not do any business. I couldn't manage you under any circumstances. But I wish it understood that anybody I do manage must subordinate themselves to me in everything, stage and business; for I am responsible to the public for the quality of every production, and I make it a rule to take entire charge of everything."

Mansfield, in high dudgeon, abruptly took his departure.

JOHN MCKINNEY thus described his experience with Mansfield:

"After several had had him and all had gone the one way—abandoned the task as impossible, he sent for me.

"McKinney," he said, "I wonder how you'd like to manage my tour?"

"Well, Mansfield, I'll tell you. My price is \$....."

"Oh, that'll be all right!"

"But there's another point. You have a very bad habit of addressing epithets to people; and it is said that you are given to hurling missiles at them; some contending that you have an inclination to chastise people with your boot...."

"Oh," broke in Mansfield, "we'll have no trouble of that nature."

"No, you can bet your life we won't! For I tell you now that the first time you swear at me, or fling anything at me, I'm going to kill you! Do you understand—kill you! You're a great artist, Mansfield, and all that; but I'm one who won't stand for abuse! You've tried it on others, and they've put up with it. But I won't! If you want to do business with me with that understanding, all right!"

They tied up, but it didn't last long. McKinney didn't kill him, claiming that their relations were always harmonious.

(To be concluded next month)



AT THE McALPIN

ERNEST HUSSAR'S Saturday Afternoon Tea Concerts on the McAlpin roof, inaugurated several weeks ago, have grown steadily in importance with summer sojourners in the city, and usually take on a distinct military atmosphere through the presence of officers and enlisted men. It is not unusual to see half a dozen or more European countries represented in the uniforms of the officers.

Miss Hazel Allen, in her "Dances of All Nations," in costume during the Supper Dance on the McAlpin Roof, has made a distinct hit. Each evening since beginning her engagement she has "staged" an entirely new creation, until her repertoire appears unending.



THE VESTOFF— SEROVA SCHOOL

SINCE the first primordial savage whirled round his fire in the night, humanity has danced its way through the fleeting ages. Wherever a band of sequestered mortals grouped themselves together even as they gratified their appetites and built some crude abode, so did they dance.

The Russian School of Dancing represents the zenith of artistic attainment in the rhythmic movement of the body. M. Veronine Vestoff has long been recognized and revered as a supreme master of the Russian Dance in all its manifold expressions and renditions.

Mlle. Sonia Serova, graduate of the Russian School, and of the Wordsworth School, London, England, is one of the foremost exponents of the Russian Dance in America; she and M. Vestoff have created two new methods of dancing, rivalling each other in success. Mlle. Serova and M. Vestoff have trod in the sacred places of inspiration, they have sacrificed and toiled and their reward is their prominent place among the masters.

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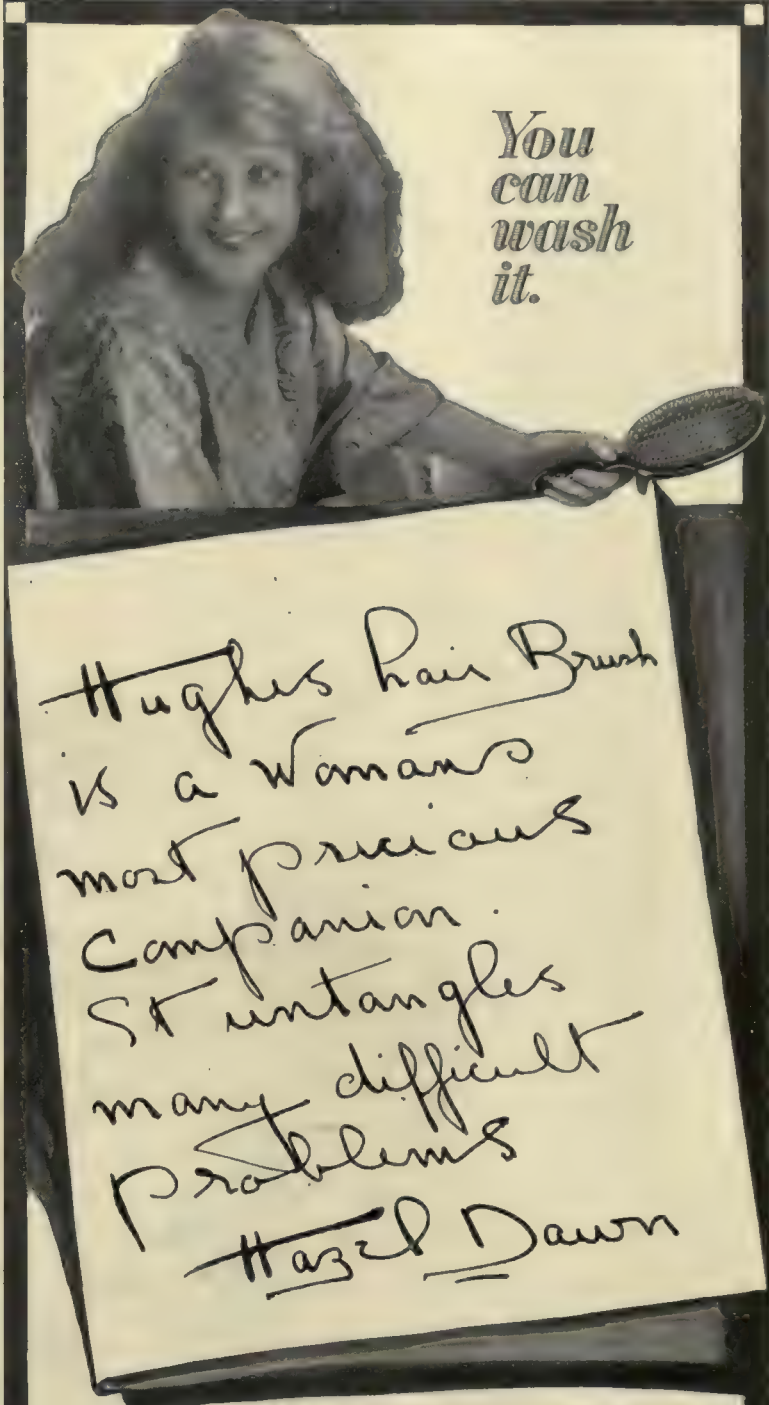
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REVIVE THE TAILORED SUITS

WINTER knocks at the door and we must immediately forget the frivolities of Spring and Summer. The season of organdies and diaphanous frocks, gala sports attire in crying colors, the season of roof gardens and country clubs, the warm and gentle season passes and with September the Autumn is officially heralded in. The light frocks and gay colors of Spring and Summer are so eminently feminine, so dainty and delightful that it is with regret that we turn from them to costumes of heavier weight and more serious aspect which must be considered for the Fall and Winter. Yet at this moment in the year fashions are of much more interest because they are of more importance.

The frivolous modes are taken more or less lightly by creator and customer alike but it is with the beginning of the Autumn with which also begins the social season that the most interesting changes take place in the style world.

He who has an entirely new development in the silhouette and he who merely has evolved newer lines from the old take this moment to present them, new fabrics are introduced, new colors are suggested, entirely new combinations attract and altogether it is a season when the *dame du monde* should be offered a feast of fashions and fancies to select from.

The great question is what will absorb her attention for the season of 1917-18.

Inconsistent with the idea of war economies but justifiable in view of the vast wealth which is at present centered in this country, all indications point to a season of very handsome types, their distinction will be achieved by the use of gorgeous fabrics and rich furs yet the impression is one of quiet elegance rather than of display.

It is safe to say that the very first type that attracts with the return to city life of all the fashionables who have been summering in pleasanter climes is the Tailleur.

Personally, I believe that this style of costume, whether it be a frock or a suit, will be of the greatest moment for her who must be always smart at whatever cost.

I believe firmly in a strong revival of the tailored suit, although the one-piece frock will be more seen in the earlier days of the season. When I say the tailored suit I mean the very severe costume. It is a type which all can wear and which respects at the same time a harmony of form and of silhouette.

This winter will see augmented the vogue of the social tea hour and afternoon affairs will be given a certain prominence as there will be many women whose usual escorts will be away on serious business and this too will make the daytime cos-

tume desired in its greatest perfection.

Couturières are usually as discreet and secret in their workings as diplomatists and have the same prejudice against revealing until the crucial moment the interesting developments in their metier. Then, too, it is undoubtedly certain that women love a certain mystery in their clothes. They rather prefer to remain ignorant of their sources of inspiration and meet the latest evolution in style as an utter surprise. Notwithstanding these facts there has been little secret about the lines for this season, it has been quite certain that straight lines will obtain in the tailored models and every detail of the suit will give length in order to increase this line. There is nothing new in this, the straight line has been vaunted for several seasons but it continues to draw because of its sobriety and youthful charm. The tailored suit, as it will exist this winter, will be a return to logic and discretion which will be much to the taste of the American woman.

With the straightness of the skirt we must be careful not to exaggerate

the narrowness of the bottom as there is an inclination to do, lest we should repeat the uncomfortable hobble which inflicts on the wearer an awkward Japanese walk.

The effort of the suits for the season is to be plain, the greatest simplicity of line will effect the greatest smartness and this means that they must be wonderfully tailored and fitted. Only the most perfect workmanship can make of an utterly plain model a thing of distinction and beauty and in these designs there will be no neglect of beautiful lines; they will be paramount and in order to satisfy, they must be the work of an accomplished artist-tailor.

The straight effect is also to be accented by the longer coats, the narrowness at shoulders and hips and the high collars which in many cases reach up over the ears, almost hiding the nose.

Fur trimmings are lavish but many of our suits will be made in the so strictly tailored lines that even this diversion of fur trimming will not be permitted and the fact that this winter bids fair to be a season of sable will make them practicable.

Luxurious stoles and cape effects will be worn in this fur which will require the plainest of garments beneath. Soft velours and duvetyns are the preferred fabrics and in the fur-trimmed garments velvets are to have a splendid season, especially in colors such as taupe, tête de nègre, dull greens, brown and black. Where some ornamentation is desired it will be introduced in a waistcoat effect of some contrasting fabric. These effects may be trimmed but not the suit proper.

Showing conclusively that the leaning is more to suits, even the trotteur frocks, and there will again be many of these worn, have affected the suit style, in interpretations including the bolero, eton and redingote. Semi-fitted effects are seen in these frocks, the high, choker collar and other novel collar developments of fur or fabric. Even in the fitted models an ease and flexibility will remain.

Those who desire more fantastic creations may gratify this desire in their afternoon and evening models.

It is pretended by some that frocks will bring in a change of waistline and innovations in outline but I firmly believe there is nothing to this prediction.

The union of many nations in a common cause and common interests will tend to bring the national costume thought of each of these into vogue and the vogues of other war periods find their way into the mind of the artist, producing a note of quaintness. Everything will be done in moderation as fabrics and workmanship are too high to admit of wasteful experiments and conditions are too uncertain for the launching of anything startling and bizarre.

In the two models shown, simplicity is dominant but a simplicity controlled by charm of line. The suit is of dull green velour, the right front crossing and giving a surplice suggestion to the belt. The high collar tapering to narrow revers at the front is of Kolinsky as are the shaped cuffs with tab reaching to the elbow.

The very young misses' frock is of navy blue tricoline combined with gray cloth.

It borrows its thought from the navy lads whose costume has been rather neglected for the braiding and brass buttons of the military. Collars and cuffs are of the gray cloth braided with black as is the tiny skirt yoke with point at the front and gray is also seen in the skirt slash at the front.



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Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

C. R., St. Louis, Mo.—Q.—Please give the address of the publisher of the book or play, "The Little Minister." 2. Where can pictures be bought?

A.—You can obtain a copy of the book, "The Little Minister" at any of the book-stores. It has been published by Grosset & Dunlap, 1140 Broadway, New York City. 2. A full-page scene from "The Little Minister" appeared in the March, 1916, issue (price 85c.). You can obtain other pictures from White Studio, 1546 Broadway, this city.

R. N., Washington, D. C.—Q.—What back numbers contain pictures of Marguerite Sylvia. Please state prices of issues.

A.—A picture of Marguerite Sylvia in her automobile appeared in our March, 1912, issue (price 40c.), a portrait in colors was on our November, 1911, cover (50c.), a small picture in January, 1911 (50c.), one as Tosca in February, 1910 (50c.), as Manon in September, 1909 (50c.), as Carmen in October, 1909 (50c.), and a good sized picture in March, 1909 (50c.).

L. H. C., New York City. Q.—Will you publish the casts of "The Melody of Youth," "The Cinderella Man," and "Grumpy?"

A.—The cast of "The Melody of Youth" was: Cathleen Linnett, Lily Cahill; Mary Powers, Eva Le Gallienne; Alice, Mary Leslie Mayo; Sara Ann Powers, Maggie Holloway Fisher; Henry Sly, Charles McCarthy; Phil O'Grady, William Harrigan; Lord Kiltartan, Wm. J. Kelly; Mrs. Elizabeth Hilpert, Florine Arnold; Pastor Paul Knox, George Giddens; Anthony Beresford, Brandon Tynan; Blind Man, Thomas J. McCrane.

The following is the cast of "The Cinderella Man": Morris T. Caner, Berton Churchill; Dr. Joseph Thayer, Theodore Babcock; Blodgett, Percival T. Moore; Albert Sewell, Hubert Wilke; D. Romney Evans, Charles Lane; Marjorie Caner, Phoebe Foster; Celeste, Hazel Turney; Walter Nicolls, Reginald Mason; Anthony Quintard, Shelley Hull; Jerry Primrose, Frank Bacon; The Great She-Bear, Lucille La Verne.

"Grumpy's" cast was as follows: Andrew Bullivant, "Grumpy," Cyril Maude; Ernest Heron, Edward Combermere; Ruddock, John Harwood; Mr. Jarvis, Montagu Love; Isaac Wolfe, Lennox Pawle; Dr. Maclaren, Hunter Nesbitt; Keble, Arthur Curtis; Merridew, James Dale; Dawson, Stanley Groome; Virginia Bullivant, Margery Maude; Mrs. Maclaren, Margaret Swallow; Susan, Maud Andrew.

A Reader, Cincinnati, O.—Q.—In what plays has Henry Miller appeared? 2. Has "The Easiest Way" ever been printed in book form?

A.—Henry Miller made his stage debut in "Amy Robsart," in Toronto. He first appeared in New York in "Cymbeline," with Adelaide Neilson. Mr. Miller has been seen in so many plays that it would be impossible to give a list of them here. We would suggest that you look up John Parker's "Who's Who in the Theatre," published by Small, Marynard & Company. This book can be found in the Public Library. 2. Yes. Communicate with the author, Eugene Walter, address, care THEATRE MAGAZINE.

A. B. C., Atlantic, N. J.—Q.—What is the title of the piece in which the Dolly Sisters made their recent appearance on the legitimate stage

A.—"His Bridal Night."

L. B., Newark, N. J.—Q.—When did the last picture of Estelle Winwood, leading lady in "A Successful Calamity," appear in the THEATRE MAGAZINE? 2.—In what will she appear this season?

A.—August, 1917, issue. 2.—Miss Winwood will continue in "A Successful Calamity."

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WHY LIGHT OPERA SINGERS CAN'T SING



COMIC opera singers ought to sing better according to Mme. Gina Ciaparelli-Viafora.

"There is no reason why singers of light opera should not sing with the same correctness of tone production as grand opera singers," she said recently in discussing things musical at her studio in West Sixteenth Street. Mme. Viafora formerly was a prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company and she has sung in many of the opera houses of her native Italy. Now she sings little, but teaches much. She is imparting the results of her wide experience to young American aspirants for operatic honors.

"Vaudeville singers, too," she continued, "and song and dance artists might just as well learn the rudiments of singing and producing a pleasing tone instead of shouting at their hearers with hoarse voices. It's all a matter of interpretation. The musical comedy star cannot indulge in grand opera airs and the vaudeville performer cannot neglect the enunciation as can the artists who sing in French, Italian and German to American audiences at the Metropolitan. The whole business of interpretation is different for each branch of the singing stage, but the vocal production should be the same.

ONE of the great difficulties that presents itself to comic opera singers is the question of alternately talking and singing. Grand opera singers often refuse to talk during a performance. Unless properly done it is a strain on the singing voice. But the light opera artist must talk, laugh and cry, just before singing.

Many do not even know how to laugh without straining the vocal apparatus and in consequence their voices wear out at an early age.

"Of course when one is interpreting a comic rôle that requires a certain queer intonation to give a queer turn to the character it is all right to deviate from the smooth, beautiful singing tone. It may be a strain on the voice, but nevertheless it must be done if the rôle requires it. As a rule, though, I think musical comedy singers should study more. There would be less singing off the key and fewer rasping husky voices. The theatre-going public would be thankful if some of their idols who have personality, also had voices.

"There is a good deal of talk going on about the French, German and Italian schools of singing. To my mind it is all nonsense. There are only two kinds of singing, good and bad. The tone production must be properly developed. That is all. Again it is only a matter of interpretation. The tone is the same, but

the style, the manner of interpreting the music is different for Italian, French and Russian works. Each has its proper spirit, but it is not a matter of making over the voice for each country. There are Italian singers

who can sing French rôles just as well as the French, and no one can deny that Mme. Margaret Matzenauer, though German trained, sings as smoothly and as beautifully as any Italian or French singer. It is simply a matter of right and wrong, not of nationality. If many singers of German opera sing roughly, it is not to be excused on the grounds that they were German trained and sing in accordance with some German school. They are merely good singers or bad.

"There is a practice among certain vocal teachers that I very much deplore. It is the giving of fifteen-minute lessons. Certain teachers are so important or so busy, it seems, that they can give only a quarter of an hour at a time to a pupil. It is all wrong. A pupil, after sitting in a close waiting room,

must all of a sudden go into the lesson room without so much as a few minutes of vocalizing to limber up the vocal cords. It takes them fifteen minutes to 'warm up,' so to speak, and by the time their voices are fit to begin serious work the time limit is up. I never take any pupil for less than half an hour. It is not fair to students. It may sound all right to one not versed in matters vocal, but it does not work out right. The voice requires long and careful training.

ANOTHER thing which appeals to me as next to useless is the taking of occasional lessons. For instance, a pupil who has but one lesson a week has little chance of progressing with anything like a satisfactory speed. It takes three lessons a week at least to get results. Students do not always realize the importance of careful training and steady work. Singing is not easy even if it looks that way.

"It is not always the singer with the best voice that succeeds the best. More is required than merely a beautiful voice, if one is to appear in public. American girls have beautiful natural voices. In all of the world there are none better on the average. But they do not succeed as well as their European rivals because their voices are cold and colorless. One has to knock life into most of them. They cannot put the fire and enthusiasm into their work that they ought. Of course there are exceptions, and these get along best. If the American girl had the temperament of an Italian girl she would get along much better at singing.



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SCOTMINTS

THE NEW SEASON

(Continued from page 124)

clares it one of the most inspiring books ever given a librettist. Early November will witness the Broadway premiere of "Her Regiment."

It is pleasant to herald the return to dramatic activity of Grace George who will resume her career as a producing actress-manager early in the autumn.

Other pleasant promises made by W. A. Brady are the appearance in New York of his newest star, Miss Florence Nash, in "The Land of the Free," in which she will be seen in one of her inimitable character creations—a Russian immigrant girl.

VARIOUS and vigorous are the activities of Arthur Hopkins, who is credited with having performed a coup in securing the services of Billie Burke for a term of years beginning with the coming season.

By way of living up to his reputation as a manager with a respect for the serious and significant in the drama, Mr. Hopkins has made his first production "The Deluge," a drama adapted from the Scandinavian of Henning Berger. Other thoughtful plays will follow, but their titles are as yet not announced.

Henry Miller, whose productions always command the respectful interest of playgoers, will do a number of new pieces during the coming season. "The Better Understanding" will be his first Broadway offering. Miss Ruth Chatterton will continue under his management, and it is possible that he will present another feminine star in a production of magnitude later on. Henry W. Savage has already launched the perennial, "Everywoman," on her annual tour of uplift and is now giving his attention to the more fluffy offering of Mizzi Hajos in her bubbling rôle of Pom-Pom in the musical comedy of that name. Other Savage enterprises will be announced in due time.

JOSEPH RITER will present Laura Hope Crews in "Sentiment and Arabella," by William Hurlbut, who has also furnished a comedy to Winthrop Ames entitled "From Saturday to Monday." William Harris, Jr. and the Estate of Henry B. Harris will make a number of early productions, the first named, of course sending out several companies in Bayard Veiller's greatest success, "The Thirteenth Chair." The Selwyn Company is not so devoted to the movie idea as to abandon the field of the spoken drama, and will continue the management of a number of plays and stars, including, of course, Miss Jane Cowl in her own "Lilac Time," while an elaborate production of at least one comedy by Miss Cowl and her collaborator has already been seen and will shortly reach Broadway with an impressive cast.

A. H. Woods will launch the usual number of "grip" plays and several comedies.

Frank Craven will be seen under J. Fred Zimmerman's management in a new piece of his own called "This Way Out."

The plutocratic firm of Smith and Golden are in line with several productions each of which is declared to be the heaven-born successor to "Turn to the Right" and other plays already in the course of active preparation prove conclusively that America's entry into the World's great war strikes no dismay to the managerial bosom.

THE Bramhall Players will open their third season at The Bramhall Playhouse in October with "The Lost Leader," a tragedy by Butler Davenport. This will be followed by a condensed version of "The Taming of the Shrew" and scenes from "Hamlet," with occasional performances of

last season's successes, "Keeping Up Appearances" and "Difference in Gods."

The Bramhall Play Shop for Student-Players opens its season October first. These players will have the advantage of playing in the productions at the Bramhall during the season in New York and in the summer at the Bramhall Playhouse, Davenport Ridge, Stamford, Conn., under the direction of Butler Davenport.



FRANK CRAVEN—
ACTOR-PLAYWRIGHT

(Continued from page 146)

pany, and brother of Edward Craven, in him the sense of the theatre and the scent of dramatic values were inbred. He developed his comedy talent through many parts culminating in his exhilarating success as Jimmy, the brother with an idea, in "Bought and Paid For."

It was William A. Brady's plaint for a play that should have a laugh in every other line that prompted him to finish his play, "Too Many Cooks."

TO one corner of Craven's Corners none but the master has access. Ordinary folk would term this Forbidden Room the library. Frank Craven will permit no such euphemism. "It's my office," he doggedly insists. To quell all disputatious persons he hung on the door the sign, "Office." As no one enters a private office without the consent of the owner, Mr. Craven's reign is undisturbed.

"I think there are things pasted on the wall no one ought to see," his wife says.

"She's wrong there. If there were her curiosity would not allow her to stay out," he insists. "If notes or a part of a little stage set were moved I wouldn't know where to find it. One of a man's individual rights is an uninvaded work room."

"The furnishings are all Mary's," he says, with a wave at the sombre glory of mahogany and the Titian lights in rosewood.

Mrs. Craven collected the furniture of the English house from quarters where English furniture hides. One piece is her shopping magnum opus. It is a huge four-poster hung round with gold-tinted curtains.

"I bought it because it looked like such a comfortable place to die in," she avers.

Her husband threatens to put the line in his next play.



COLUMBIA RECORDS

AMONG the new popular records announced by the Columbia Graphophone Company for September is, "Where Do We Go From Here?" the song that is said to be the American successor to "Tipperary." It is a typical march-song, in its spirited swing and lift.

Other songs and music in the same patriotic vein are "Over There" and "I May Be Gone for a Long, Long Time," sung by the Peerless Quartette; two descriptive sketches by Prince's Band; "Our Boys in a U. S. Training Camp" and "The Assembly of the Allies," and the splendid rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner," "America" and "The American Patrol" by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

The craving for lighter music is met by a list of thirty popular hits among which are Al Jolson's singing of "Tillie Titwillow," his big parodist hit from "Robinson Crusoe, Jr." and Billy B. Van's clever topical song "Napoleon," which he features in "Have a Heart." In addition, there are fourteen dances, exquisite song gems by Charles Harrison and Oscar Seagle and hymns by Rodeheaver.

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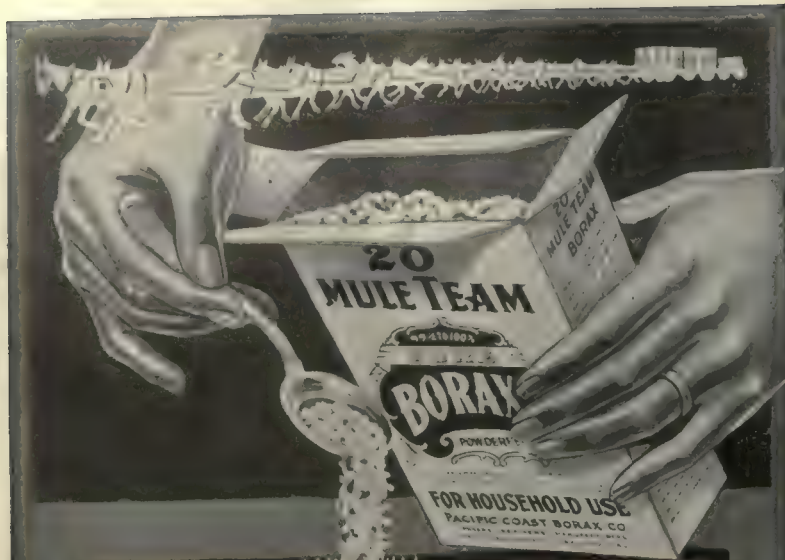


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For the
Bath

THE MARK TWAIN OF AMERICAN MUSIC

(Continued from page 152)

bert's parents, but, as MacDowell was at that time in Wiesbaden and it would be necessary for their son to study abroad, Gilbert's father and mother were not very optimistic and the lady was rather discouraged. A few days later, however, it was announced that MacDowell was coming to America and Gilbert's friend wrote him joyfully: "You need not go to Europe, my child; Europe is coming to you." Gilbert was Edward MacDowell's first pupil in this country.

After Gilbert had heard "Louise," he threw himself heart and soul into the joy of musical composition—for, to him, it has always been a joy to do creative work. There is something of the eternal child in Gilbert, and musical composition is the toy that he never gets tired of playing with. This new adventure promised more permanent pleasure than anything else, and Gilbert entered upon it in characteristic fashion. He moved into a barn in Quincy, Massachusetts, installed a rusty-looking piano and started to compose music. There he was found by Arthur Farwell, who soon discovered his genius and aided him in getting some of his earliest musical compositions published.

SINCE that time, Gilbert has produced numerous orchestral and piano pieces and songs, and his work is now commanding the serious attention of critics and music-lovers everywhere by reason of its strong individuality. He established a solid reputation for himself by his "Comedy Overture," which was originally intended as a prelude to an opera based on the Uncle Remus stories of Joel Chandler Harris. It was performed for the first time by Franz Kaltenborn's orchestra in Central Park, New York, in 1910, and by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in April, 1911.

It has also been played by symphony orchestras in Chicago, Philadelphia and many other cities, and was performed several summers ago at the Peterborough musical festival, under the auspices of Mrs. Edward MacDowell, widow of the composer. It aroused great enthusiasm.

Gilbert's "Negro Rhapsody," written for the Norfolk Festival, was played at Norfolk, Conn., for the first time in June, 1913, and the composer was given a tremendous ovation by the large audience.

THE most widely known of all Gilbert's compositions, from a popular point of view, is the "Pirate Song," which is a characteristic and robust setting to music of the verses beginning, "Fifteen Men on the Dead Man's Chest," which is recalled by every lover of Stevenson's "Treasure Island." This song was sung throughout the country by David Bispham and may be heard to-day in any well-stocked phonograph shop. The composer captured the spirit of the verses admirably and the songs always shared honors on Mr. Bispham's programs with the more grown-up "Danny Deever."

SUCH is the career, in brief, of Henry F. Gilbert, America's most individual composer—a man who has always dared to be himself and whose picturesque roving in quest of the ideal led him to the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House. And we predict that whatever reception may be accorded "The Dance in Place Congo," every critic will admit that it is different from anything else ever heard. It is no transplanted bit of European music, but the voice of America calling through a new interpreter.

THE OUT OF DOOR DANCE

(Continued from page 140)

theatres on their private estates. Artists whose work is in harmony with the surroundings will be asked to give performances. Amateur plays will be given, the community will be educated to the Greek ideal of open air plays. Pageants will become more a part of the community life, fostering the altruistic group spirit.

There is a natural freedom and exhilaration from out-of-door playing that is missing entirely from a closed theatre, roofed or walled. This year has marked many Shakespearean plays given in wooded glens with stage setting more perfect than any painted scenery could be. Big photodramas which call for breadth of atmosphere, natural beauty of surroundings, have all contributed to the call for the great out-of-doors. Out-of-door dancing schools and schools of dramatic instruction are becoming very popular and many. This is a great impetus toward the natural. Particularly is this true of dancing. Modern dancing fails to satisfy and we are struggling for self-expression through interpretive dancing, which needs the open to afford exhilaration and inspiration. My company of dancers are giving out-of-door dancing in indoor theatres, and I often wish I could transplant performance and the audience to the open where the dancing would be unrestricted and seen and felt as it should be.

I LOOK hopefully at these signs of returning to the Greek ideal of education and amusements and believe that it is an upward trend of evolution, away from the stifling, unhealthy, artificial pleasures back to the classic Greek perfection of beauty, of body and surroundings, with their marvelous architecture of perfect proportion. We might even hope for a deliverance from modern dress, so inartistic and unhealthy, and know the joy of wearing the classic Greek drape, unconfined by narrow waistlines, high necks or long sleeves. With sandaled feet, we might once again walk as Nature and not man intended.

The Camp at Plattsburg, besides stimulating the patriotic and preparedness qualities of the individual, is forming a foundation for a similar widespread movement creating desire for the open camp life in the business man. The Woman's Military Camp at Chevy Chase has done a great work, many society girls who need training in concentration and application in serious work will learn the joys of simple vigorous life in the camp, involving early rising and obedience to authority. One can hardly estimate the increased vitality and health of a nation where open air living was the rule and not the exception. And out-of-door dancing as a gracious means to hygienic ends has its place in the science of health as well as in the arts of grace and beauty.



A DELIGHTFUL SAIL

One of the finest sails during the warm summer days is the trip to Coney Island and Rockaway on the Iron Steamboat fleet of steamers. Mr. Fred A. Bishop, the enterprising president of the Iron Steamboat Company, has insisted on the trip being clean, wholesome and enjoyable. Due to his untiring efforts the Iron Steamboat Company has earned an enviable record this year, and it has steadily increased its patronage. The boats leave 129th Street at Pier 1 North River every hour and after a two hours' sail arrive at George C. Tilyon's Steeplechase Pier where Mr. Tilyon has one of the most modern pleasure parks in the world.



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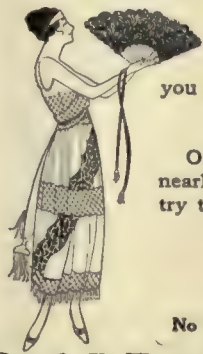
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VICTOR RECORDS

Of all the Hawaiian melodies which have fascinated music-lovers, "Aloha Oe" (Farewell to Thee) is undoubtedly the greatest favorite. This pathetic air by Queen Liliuokalani is remarkably beautiful, and as sung by Alma Gluck it is full of the tenderest poetry. The addition of the male quartet for the refrain makes it still more charming, and it is sure to prove one of the most popular numbers in the list of new Victor Records for September. In "For Your Country and My Country," Irving Berlin has written a spirited song which will likely prove to be one of the great marching songs for the American soldiers, and a thrilling interpretation of it is given for the Victor by no less a singer than Frances Alda.

"Keep the Home-Fires Burning" is the successor to "Tipperary" as the favorite war song of England, and it has rapidly become very popular in America. John McCormack presents this number as his contribution to the new list of Victor Records, and gives a magnificent interpretation of this simple but heart-stirring march song. Emmet's famous "Lullaby" is sung by Mabel Garrison with beautiful tenderness.

Caruso has a beautiful love song in the aria "Love Me" from Bizet's tuneful opera, "The Pearl Fishers." The melody is hauntingly beautiful, the song becomes more passionate as it proceeds and reaches a fine climax in which Caruso's golden tones have full play. Frieda Hempel is heard in a beautiful vocal version of "Wine, Women and Song," and it makes a brilliant coloratura number such as Hempel knows so well how to sing.

Julia Culp has made a fine record of "Silver Threads Among the Gold" which will make a strong appeal to the public.

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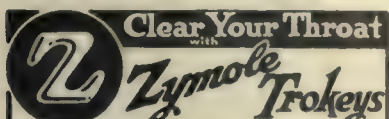
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Edited by MIRILO



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Alfred Hickman and Nance O'Neil
As the Czar and Czarina



Kitty Galanta as Anna
Edward Connelly as Rasputin



Scenes from Herbert Brenon's "Fall of the Romanoffs." A stirring picturization of the abdication of the Czar of Russia, and the contributing causes, which are now history, with Nance O'Neil as the Czarina, Iliodor as himself, Conway Tearle playing the part of Prince Felix and Alfred Hickman as the Czar

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES



CRITERION THEATRE. "THE WARRIOR," with Maciste.

Do you remember "Cabiria?" Do you remember the giant in "Cabiria?" Well, he is with us again—this time in "The Warrior," a picture production far out of the ordinary. Marvelous Maciste, as he was named in a picture released last year, uses his wonderful strength, this time in a worthy cause. The settings for the picture have been furnished by the great war—that portion of it showing a bit of the conflict along the frontiers of Italy and Austria. Maciste and a company of motion picture actors are arrested by an Austrian Cavalry Troop as suspicious characters. They and several hundred other suspected persons are herded like sheep and imprisoned in a barn. Maciste contrives their escape and from then on the picture is a riot of action. Particularly good are soldiers of Italy scaling cliffs and crossing chasms in full war regalia. All of these scenes provide Maciste with opportunities of displaying his supernatural strength. The photography and direction are both good. Altogether "The Warrior" is a delightful and unusual evening's entertainment.

* * *

GLOBE THEATRE. "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," with Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin.

William Fox's first kiddie picture, "Jack and the Beanstalk," is a delightful film which will undoubtedly please young and old alike.

A prologue in which a fairy tale is read to two children, Francis and his little neighbor, Virginia, leaves them determined to find the Enchanted Forest. They steal off and come to a forest where they fall asleep and the Dream God waves his magic wand and Francis becomes the Jack of Beanstalk fame, and Virginia is the Princess Regina.

Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin are two clever youngsters who in "Jack and the Beanstalk," directed by C. M. and S. A. Franklin will probably acquire fame. Thirteen hundred girls and boys were used in this huge production which took almost one year to complete. Jim Tarver, who plays the giant, is eight feet six inches tall and weighs 480 pounds.

These pictures fill a long-felt want and Mr. Fox is to be congratulated upon taking the initiative in making productions for children. My one objection is that the price of fifty cents is charged. It seems out of proportion and if adhered to it will prevent many children from enjoying "Jack and the Beanstalk."

* * *

BROADWAY THEATRE. "THE LONE WOLF," with Hazel Dawn and Bert Lytell.

"The Lone Wolf," by Louis Joseph Vance, is bald melodrama that gets over because of the superb direction of Herbert Brenon. As a crook picture "The Lone Wolf" differs little from others except that the picture has been capably cast and worked out with extraordinary care as to detail.

The scenario, by George Edwardes-Hall, is a clever adaptation of the novel. Bert Lytell, as The Lone Wolf, a crook since childhood, has been taught to work alone and above all to put women out of his life. Eventually he meets Hazel Dawn who, as Lucy Shannon, a trained nurse, is in reality a detective attached to Scotland Yard, who has been sent to Paris to track down the Lone Wolf.

The plans of an invention of a new submarine destroyer play a prominent rôle throughout the picture and are the excuse for various and many thrills offered. A detail which seems to me to be in very bad form, especially in these times, is the depicting of the French Minister of War as an effeminate dandy and dilettante. In fact these scenes lend a sort of Keystone Comedy effect absolutely uncalled for.

"The Lone Wolf" should prove a big box office attraction.

* * *

STRAND THEATRE. "THE SLACKER," with Emily Stevens.

Someone in authority was probably on a vacation when the Strand Theatre booked "The Slacker," produced by the Metro Pictures Corporation and directed by William Christy Cabanne. "The Slacker" is about the slackest and poorest form of entertainment the writer has seen in some time.

As a patriotic, propagandic film "The Slacker" would have been all right in its way had it been produced and shown before conscription became necessary. The draft did away with the slacker automatically. Therefore, a picture with the slacker as its basic idea was totally unnecessary in the first place. Naturally, the poor production of this feature helped to mitigate against it.

"The Slacker" consists of several thousand feet of titles technically known as applause titles—that is to say, that demand applause from the audience. Projected on the street corners, in public squares, or at recruiting stations before conscription they would have made their mark. In a theatre like the Strand, they fall far short of our idea of entertainment.

Emily Stevens has been horribly miscast as the wife of "The Slacker." In fact, she looks old enough to be his mother. As a whole "The Slacker" is an unprofitable evening's entertainment.

RIALTO THEATRE. "DOWN TO EARTH," with Douglas Fairbanks.

The Artcraft Pictures Corporation presents Douglas Fairbanks in his own story, "Down to Earth," directed by John Emerson.

There is no use talking. You can't keep pie and eat it too! Fairbanks is responsible for this story of "Down to Earth." He is also responsible for his own performance in the stellar rôle. In trying to do two things he has missed one. "Down to Earth" is full of funny situations inspired by Fairbanks, but his own inimitable gymnastics are missing.

As Bill Gaynor, a man who buys a sanitarium in order to cure his sweetheart of a nervous breakdown, Fairbanks has invented many novel situations which were well received. But throughout the entire picture with the exception of one or two scenes Fairbanks failed to dominate the picture. Not that the smile was missing, but Doug wasn't as wild as usual and the audience missed it.

Compared with his other pictures, "Down to Earth" is not up to the standard.

* * *

GLOBE THEATRE—"THE SPY," with Dustin Farnum.

A William Fox exclusive special release entitled "The Spy" was shown to a specially invited audience at the Globe Theatre, Thursday morning, August 9th.

"The Spy" has for its star Dustin Farnum. It has for its author George Bronson Howard. To Richard Stanton is given the credit for the direction. Only one of the three has made good. Dustin Farnum as the Spy, an American sent over to Germany by a patriotic league to obtain for them the names of German spies in America, proved most convincing in a difficult part. Playing opposite to him was Winifred Kingston who also registers forcibly. As to the story itself, it is hard to believe that George Bronson Howard is the author, for a more unconvincing story would be hard to find. Richard Stanton, the director, has overlooked much. The lack of attention paid to detail is most appalling.

As for calling "The Spy" an exclusive special release—there is nothing exclusive or special about it. In fact, it makes a most ordinary programme picture.

* * *

EIGHTY-FIRST STREET THEATRE. "SUDDEN JIM," with Charles Ray.

"Sudden Jim," by Clarence Buddington Kelland, ran in the Saturday Evening Post about a year ago. It is ideal picture material, and Thomas Ince showed rare judgment

when he purchased this story. Charles Ray is featured. It may be added in passing that Ray here portrays a character quite different from any he has heretofore played. It gives him a chance to be a bit of a hero.

The picture is a story of the clothespin industry and it is a mighty interesting one. Sudden Jim gets his name from his habit of making quick, immediate decisions. Naturally, they get him into trouble, but, like all good stories, all's well that ends well. "Sudden Jim" is a picture that will draw well in any locality.

* * *

ASTOR AIRDROME. "A DEPARTMENTAL CASE," with Mary Cunningham and Charles Kent.

"A Departmental Case" is one of the O. Henry stories, now being released by the General Film and produced by Broadway Star Features. Most of the O. Henry stories have made excellent screen material and this picture is no exception. The one fault seems to be that most of these pictures have been padded. The action is not fast enough. Mary Cunningham is a girl who will bear watching. A newcomer in pictures, she has all the earmarks of a star in embryo. "A Departmental Case" is a good short-reeler.

* * *

RIALTO THEATRE. "THE LAW OF THE LAND," with Mme. Petrova.

The screen version of "The Law of the Land," from the play by George Broadhurst, may be the reason why Mme. Petrova is no longer connected with the Paramount Pictures Corporation.

"The Law of the Land" was directed by Maurice Tourneur. "The Law of the Land" was, first of all, no vehicle for Mme. Petrova. Secondly, if Mme. Petrova hopes to become an idol of the screen, she must first get over the habit of hogging scenes.

It is quite interesting to note that her supporting cast, which by the way, is an excellent one—in fact, each and every one of them is superior to the star—are rarely allowed to dominate any scene in which Petrova appears. It is also interesting to note that it is almost impossible to get a full face view of Mahlon Hamilton. In fact in all his love-making, etc., his profile only is visible while Petrova glares out at you.

"The Law of the Land" lends itself admirably to the screen, and in the face of what Director Tourneur was undoubtedly up against he did remarkably well.

"The Law of the Land" would be an excellent picture—minus Petrova.



Pauline Frederick, Paramount star, and a favorite vampire of screen audiences

A charming debutante type—Evelyn Greeley, of the World Film Corporation, bids fair to develop into a full-fledged star



William S. Hart, homely, but beloved hero of the screen, will in future devote his talents to Artercraft Productions



Olive Thomas, a youthful reason for the charm of Triangle pictures

Charles Ray, now an Ince-Paramount Star



UNWINDING THE REEL



HAVE you been stung? How? did you say. Why, by going into a Motion Picture Theatre that advertised Billy West comedies. Billy West is a young man who imitates Charlie Chaplin. He does it poorly and coarsely and yet looks enough like Chaplin to get away with it. The brand name of these comedies is King Bee. Now do you get the connection between the first and last line of this paragraph?

* * *

The Clara Kimball Young controversy is at last settled. C. K. Y. will hereafter make eight pictures a year for the next four years for Paramount-Artcraft. Everybody seems happy. Evidently Lewis J. Selznick has gotten what he wants, Miss Young has what she wants, and Paramount-Artcraft wins all around.

* * *

Motion picture fans have a treat in store for them. Walker Whiteside, whose excellent work in "The Melting Pot" will be remembered, has completed a picture directed by Sidney Olcott of Famous Players fame, entitled "The Belgian." This is not a war picture in the strict sense of the word—there is, however, enough of the GREAT CONFLICT shown to bring it up to date.

* * *

The Advanced Pictures Corporation, comprising Arthur Hammerstein, Lee Shubert and Ralph Ince, have completed their first production entitled "The Co-respondent," which is the same piece that Irene Fenwick played last season. The picture is in seven reels and has Elaine Hammerstein in its stellar rôle.

* * *

"To put together a programme of Motion Pictures and music which will satisfy the advanced audience of to-day requires the same sort of showmanship necessary to construct a perfect vaudeville entertainment, plus a wide knowledge of music and an expert understanding of motion picture making in all its branches," says S. L. Rothapel, Managing Director of the Rialto, New York.

Presenting motion pictures to a clientele of the sort which has given The Rialto its present standing is far from being a mere matter of renting the films and reeling them off. That did well enough when motion pictures were a novelty in themselves and people were interested in anything that was shown to them. Nowadays, since music has joined hands with the films in providing entertainment in a language that is universal, each unit in the programme must be studied carefully in relation to every other unit presented as part of the same bill.

Public preference varies greatly in respect to the component parts of

our programmes nowadays. An increasing proportion of our patrons come primarily because of the music. The largest proportion no doubt is sure of the bill, whatever it may be. Still another proportion is most keenly interested in our Animated Magazine, with its new events, its bits of scientific phenomena, its droll cartoons, and its patriotic features. The problem, then, is to present each week something which will have such a strong appeal for each group in turn that, so far as the patrons who make up that group are concerned, the programme is well worth while regardless of its other factors.

Naturally this requires painstaking consideration. The several offerings on the bill must be arranged in such sequence that their interest is cumulative. They must succeed each other smoothly and harmoniously so that the tempo of the programme is never allowed to flag. The suggestive values of the units preceding the feature should be in keeping with the spirit of it, so far as possible, so that the feature comes as the climax of interest aroused up to that point and finds the audience in the proper mood to receive it. Experience has shown that a good comedy can follow a feature without seeming an anti-climax and in this way it is possible to round out the bill with the spice of laughter so essential to any well-balanced entertainment.

Properly handled, the orchestra in the modern motion picture theatre does more toward producing a cohesive, well-sustained entertainment than any other factor involved. Introducing the programme with a dignified overture, it not only accompanies the various soloists and contributes light selections on its own account, but it provides at all times an unbroken background of melody upon which everything else is superimposed. By a thoughtful, sympathetic selection and arrangement of the incidental music each scene on the screen is interpreted and emphasized in a way that enhances its appeal beyond measure.

At The Rialto special stress is laid upon this matter of interpretative music. Its proper application requires familiarity with the psychology of crowds, coupled with a natural sense of the emotional values to be found in various kinds of musical compositions. By a shrewdly chosen and well-timed piece of music an audience which might otherwise accord certain pictures only perfunctory applause may be—and at The Rialto repeatedly has been—inspired to a noisy demonstration akin to the roar that goes up when some one on the home team knocks a home run with the bases full. Less spectacular but equally effective are the love motifs, the dramatic agitato, the old folk-songs and other compositions by means of which many a



**The Czar
is greatest
criminal
of all says
Vladimer
Vourtseff**
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YORK HERALD
OF JULY 17**

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the Czar and Czarina
reveals on the screen how
Gregory Rasputin an illiterate
unwashed peasant from
the wilds of Siberia became
the uncrowned Czar of Russia

Produced by special arrangement
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Talmadges may come and Talmadges may go, but we believe Constance will live forever. Incidentally the young lady has just completed a picture entitled "The Lesson"



This is Irene Castle, or if you choose, Mrs. Vernon Castle. You may keep track of her public life for some time to come providing you look for Pathé pictures



Not a trio from "Hansel and Gretel"—Just Jim Tarver, the Giant, of "Jack and the Beanstalk" getting acquainted with Jack and the Princess, in the William Fox production of the fairy tale of fond memories



Lillian Walker and Jack Mower as they appear in "The Lust of the Ages," produced by the Ogden Pictures Corporation

Goldwyn Stars



Mae Marsh



Jane Cowl



Madge Kennedy



Maxine Elliott



Mary Garden



Mabel Normand

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**Beginning In September They Will Be Seen
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On Four Continents In
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UNWINDING THE REEL



photoplay of only average merit has been raised to an artistic level that insured popular approval.

Having selected the units of his programme, the modern exhibitor provides special scenic settings to give them the proper artistic atmosphere and at The Rialto we have elaborated upon this with a unique illuminating system that enables us to bathe the entire auditorium in whatever color or combination of colors will intensify best the psychological effect of a given offering. In short, from the cheap "store show" of a few years back, the motion picture programme has been elevated to a point where it requires to-day almost as much detailed preparation, hard work and brains as the production of the average musical comedy.

Commodore J. Stewart Blackton, whose big productions, "The Battle Cry of Peace" and "Womanhood, The Glory of the Nation," will not soon be forgotten, has signed a contract with the Arctcraft Pictures Corporation to make four special super features during the coming year.

"Between Men," a stirring outdoor movie, starring Irving Cummings and Ruth Sinclair, has been completed.

"Jack and the Beanstalk," the first of the Fox kiddie pictures for young and old, is said to cost in the neighborhood of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars, which is going some for a fairy tale.

Lillian Walker has completed her first production for the Ogden Pictures Corporation of Ogden, Utah, entitled "The Lust of the Ages." This production is in seven reels and includes five episodes.

The Italian Government official war pictures opened at the 44th Street Theatre on August 7th to capacity audiences. It seems as though the entire Italian population of New York has turned out to see these pictures which are truly remarkable.

The picturization of Hall Caine's "The Manxman," is daily enticing New Yorkers to the Criterion Theatre. "The Manxman" is an elaborate production directed by George Loane Tucker and is well worth seeing.

Nazimova has signed a contract to appear in pictures under the Metro Banner. The only surprising thing about this is that she should

have chosen to appear for a programme whose roster of directors shows none capable of bringing out her best efforts. That Nazimova in "War Brides" proved an extraordinary picture was due to the fact that Herbert Brenon's was the directing hand.

Speaking of Herbert Brenon, his production, "The Fall of the Romanoffs," will undoubtedly occasion much surprise. The story is by George Edwardes Hall and Austin Strong. The cast includes Nance O'Neil, Ilidor, Edward Connelly, Conway Tearle and Alfred Hickman.

After completing a run of two hundred performances at the Globe Theatre, Benjamin Chapin's "Lincoln Cycle" has been released for further showing throughout the country. If it plays your town, go and see it—incidentally, take the family.

Perhaps you will remember "The Law of Compensation," with Norma Talmadge, directed by Julius Steger and Joseph A. Golden. If you do you will recall having spent an evening wisely and well. Closely following upon "The Law of Compensation," Steger and Golden have produced a picture with Evelyn Nesbitt entitled "Redemption." The production of this picture accomplished two things—it proved Evelyn Nesbitt worthy of stardom, and moved Julius Steger up into first rank of directors. "Redemption" is the story of Evelyn Nesbitt's life cleverly transposed.

Cyclonic Eva Tanguay, of vaudeville fame and fortune, has completed her first picture with Lewis J. Selznick. We have not seen it yet, so we are not hazarding any guess as to its worth.

The late lamented Sir Herbert Tree's last work in motion pictures was his original creation of the part of John Coburn in the Triangle five-reel feature, "The Old Folks at Home." The Triangle Pictures Corporation will undoubtedly preserve this, the last motion picture effort of Sir Herbert Tree.

The Exhibitors League of America has re-elected as its President, Lee A. Ochs.

The perpetuation of the Chas. Frohman successes in motion pictures will have as their stars Ann Murdock, Julia Sanderson and Olive Tell.



Little Mary insists on personally responding to all the public's requests for autographed photographs. Here she is, stranded in a sea of mail, looking not like the Queen of the Movies, but a sadly depressed correspondent. This view of the most popular star in filmland may help disillusionize those who think that joy unalloyed is the lot of the movie favorite. Little Mary is assuredly paying the penalty of success



We are about to reveal a dark secret. Ssh! This is Linda Griffith, otherwise known as Mrs. D. W. Griffith. How talent does run in some families. There is something positively weird about Linda's ability to take character parts

UNWINDING THE REEL



Julian Eltinge's first picture for Paramount will be entitled "Countess Raffelsky," by Gillette Bergess and Caroline Wells.

* * *

Mae Murray is now a Bluebird star. The Universal signed Miss Murray to a long term contract and her first picture will be released shortly on that programme.

* * *

Edgar Lewis who is responsible for "The Barrier," "The Bar Sinister," "The Nigger" and many other feature productions of note, is completing a picture. The nature of the story and its title are both being kept sub rosa. Mr. Lewis has built a town consisting of twenty-seven buildings three miles northwest of Ticonderoga. A church, a dance hall, a Hudson Bay Company post, a northwest mounted police station and even a Chinese laundry are among the structures erected, and the natives of that section have named the village after its creator, calling it Fort Lewis.

* * *

Putting the funny section of the daily papers into pictures is assuming the proportions of an epidemic. Polly and Her Pals will shortly make their advent on the screen as will our old friends the Hallroom Boys, Ferdie and Percy.

* * *

Charlotte Walker is making a picture for the Triumph Pictures Corporation entitled "Just a Woman." Miss Walker's best work for the screen heretofore has been "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "Kindling."

* * *

The Overland Film Company announces that they are going to make a picture with Rae Tanzer. Of course, everybody knows of Miss Tanzer's notoriety in the Oliver Osborne case. Capitalizing notoriety such as this and making productions with women or men as stars whose only claim to that position is the newspaper publicity they have received in connection with a murder or blackmail case, is one of the menaces that threaten the motion picture industry. If the trade papers and the exhibitors were to band themselves together, the former to refuse the advertising, and the latter to book productions of this calibre, fly-by-night companies whose only aim is quick profits with no thought as to the injury they are doing the motion picture industry would soon be squelched. Let us hope that in the case of the Overland Film Company such action will be taken.

* * *

The first Goldwyn picture to be released is Mae Marsh in "Polly of the Circus." This production will

be reviewed in a later issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. Goldwyn stars now include Mae Marsh, Madge Kennedy, Maxine Elliott, Mary Garden, Mabel Normand and Jane Cowl.

* * *

It is Taylor Holmes of the Movies now, and have you seen Taylor Holmes' latest picture, for Holmes is completing his first picture for Essanay entitled "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," by Clarence Buddington Kelland.

* * *

"The Barrier," by Rex Beach, having proven a box office attraction out of the ordinary, the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation immediately sought Mr. Beach and have contracted with him for his other novels. The first Rex Beach novel to be pictured will be "The Auction Block."

* * *

The newest recruit to the list of screen stars who will produce and market their own picture productions is Mme. Olga Petrova. Mme. Petrova has authorized the following statement: "It is true that I have formed my own company, the Petrova Picture Company, for the production of my own pictures in my own studios, under my own supervision. This company has unlimited capital behind it, and I have unlimited time in which to get the best results. I want to make a few very big pictures each year. All producing and distributing arrangements are in the hands of Mr. Frederick L. Collins, my partner in the new company. Mr. Collins is president of Super Pictures, Inc., who will distribute Petrova productions, and is also president of the McClure publications."

* * *

The General Film Company announce that they have ready for release a new series of George Ade's "Fables in Slang." The first picture is entitled "The Fable of the Twelve Cylinder Speed of the Leisure Class."

* * *

"Seven Pearls" is the title of a new serial to be released by Pathé, starring Mollie King. The Hearst newspapers will print the story in novel form and sixty of the biggest publications in the country will participate in the advertising which is designed to bring the picture to the attention of every movie fan in America.

* * *

Anna Case has followed hard and fast in the footsteps of Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden and is the third operatic star to succumb to the lure of the movies. This time however, Julius Steger is responsible and under his direction Miss Case will start work on her first picture sometime in February.

PAULINE FREDERICK

one of the *greatest* emotional stars on stage or screen, whose photoplay successes in the past promise *brilliant* triumphs for the future. Her next Paramount Pictures will be Hector Turnbull's "Double-crossed" and David Graham Phillips' "The Hungry Heart"

A Safe Guide to Better Films

In five years of *progressive* leadership, Paramount has *built* a library of motion picture classics commencing with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt — not one star or ten, but a hundred.

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Paramount Pictures



George M. Cohan's second production for Artercraft will be a screen adaptation of "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Those of you who saw the picture version of "Broadway Jones" will undoubtedly look forward with keen anticipation to this, the "Yankee Doodle Boy's" second screen appearance



We have with us, Douglas Fairbanks—the smile that won't come off, and Miss Eileen Percy, his leading lady. Doug has just shown Eileen how to clean clam shells. If you want to know the sequel, you will have to see "Down to Earth," his latest Artercraft picture



Miss Elsie Ferguson is studying her script of "Barbary Sheep" from the novel by Robert Hichens, with her Director, Maurice Tourneur. Miss Ferguson's screen advent should be an auspicious one

CHARLES FROHMAN

SUCSESSES in Motion Pictures

Now, at last, the famous successes of Charles Frohman—the splendid plays that have proven such stupendous attractions on the speaking stage—will be presented in motion pictures. By special arrangement the Empire All Star Corporation has secured the use of the plays, players, properties, etc., of all the Charles Frohman Successes for their presentation in motion pictures. Among the first of the Charles Frohman Successes to be offered in motion pictures are:

ANN MURDOCK in "OUTCAST," "THE IMPOSTOR," "THE BEAUTIFUL ADVENTURE"
Directed by Dell Henderson

JULIA SANDERSON in "THE RICHEST GIRL," "THE RUNAWAY"
Directed by Dell Henderson

OLIVE TELL in "THE UNFORESEEN"
Directed by John B. O'Brien

Ask to see these plays at your nearest theatre All the best theatres will show Charles Frohman Successes in motion pictures

Produced by
EMPIRE ALL STAR CORPORATION
James M. Sheldon, President

Distributed by
MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION
John R. Frouler, President



ANN MURDOCK

CHARLES FROHMAN

JULIA SANDERSON

OLIVE TELL

NEGLECTING THE PUBLIC

MOTION PICTURES have been termed a species of entertainment. They have been proved almost a commodity. They rank fifth in the world's industries. They are proclaimed one of the seven wonders of the twentieth century. The public spend more to see them and know less about them than they do about any one other mentionable thing.

The motion picture producer has handled his product differently than the manufacturer of any other article could do. All his time, money and effort have been expended on the exhibitor, the man who books his pictures. From the start he has neglected the public. He has not striven to create a demand for his particular goods. He has not created a demand from the public for his particular brand of pictures. Why did he avoid the man, woman and child whose nickels, dimes and quarters make the exhibitor possible? For after all, the exhibitor like any other dealer is simply a retailer and the same effort and money to sell him goods should be applied—no more and no less.

What do you suppose would have been the result had national advertisers stopped advertising after reaching the dealer? After a fashion they might have existed as do dozens of motion picture producers. Instead of which they have placarded street cars, subways, billboards, the sides and roofs of buildings with advertisements of their products. They have used thousands and thousands of pages of advertising in our national magazines, and the result is that they have created a demand for a particular brand.

Motion Pictures have reached that state of progress which demands public enlightenment. So wake up Mr. Producer, put the motion picture industry on a business basis—tell the public something about your wares—stifle the word "game" which is applied so often to the industry and so often justly. Nationalize your business—make it your slogan—and the results you will achieve will more than compensate you.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

35 Cents
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OCTOBER, 1917
VOL. XXVII NO. 200



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The New "ONYX" Offerings for Fall show complete assortments of the latest colorings in Plain Silks, also choice and original hand embroidered designs in great variety. These "ONYX" Embroidered effects will become deservedly popular this Season.

The Quality Shops everywhere, large and small, make a Specialty of "ONYX" HOSIERY.

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New York



In the Cathedral at Rheims

Its wondrous organ is now dead, but if you ever listened to that famous instrument, you have felt its very wizardry—thunderous, overwhelming billows of sound dying away to the merest echo, then swelling again in a glorious wave of music.

You have marveled at this absolute perfection of tone control in every great organ you have heard.

While volume of sound is determined by the number and character of pipes employed, yet the secret of the delicate gradations of tone lies in the swell-box—in shutters that open and close at the player's will. Only the Columbia Grafonola is equipped with the same device for tone control. Shutters that open and close and make it possible for you to play the world's great music with the depth of expression that it deserves.

It is in these perfections of tone—the very heart of music—that this masterful instrument stands supreme; tone is the heart of your Columbia Grafonola.

Look for the "music-note" trade mark—the mark of a genuine Columbia Grafonola

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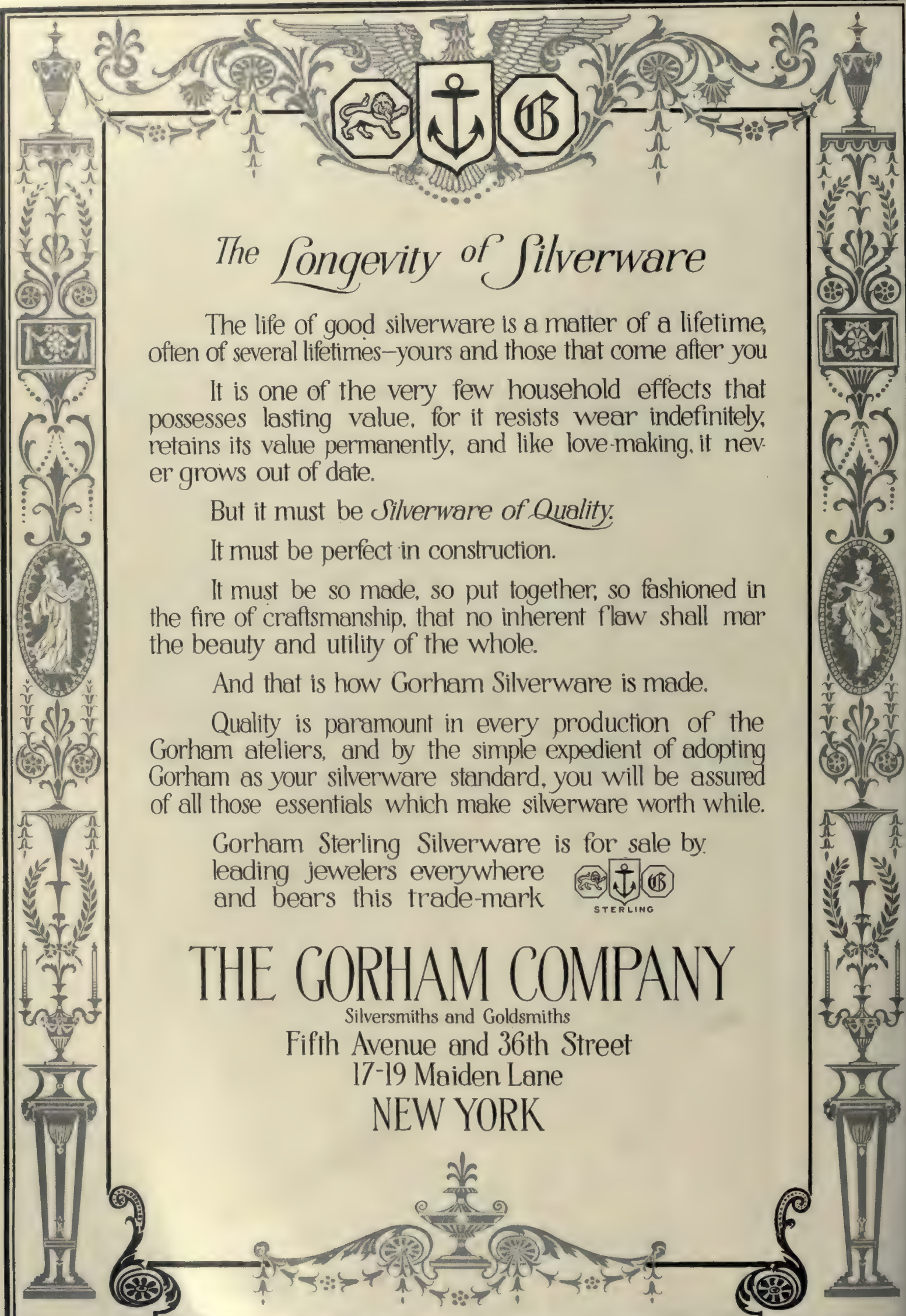
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It is one of the very few household effects that possesses lasting value, for it resists wear indefinitely, retains its value permanently, and like love-making, it never grows out of date.

But it must be *Silverware of Quality*.

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It must be so made, so put together, so fashioned in the fire of craftsmanship, that no inherent flaw shall mar the beauty and utility of the whole.

And that is how Gorham Silverware is made.

Quality is paramount in every production of the Gorham ateliers, and by the simple expedient of adopting Gorham as your silverware standard, you will be assured of all those essentials which make silverware worth while.

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NEW YORK



THEATRE MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1917



IS Bernard Shore sincere?

Can anyone fathom the secret of this sphinx, this literary enigma whose wit and subtlety—yes, we can't deny it—has made the whole world sit up and take notice?

We're going to make the attempt in the November number!

William Faversham, Arnold Daly, Mary Shaw, George C. Tyler, Grace George and Brander Matthews, who have all had personal dealings with the satirical G. B. S., will give you their opinions.

Our only request is that after reading the article you won't sit up all night discussing the pros and cons with a Shaw fan. True, the subject is interesting, but we mustn't deprive our dear readers of sleep!



IT'S an established fact that most plays adapted from novels and short stories are failures.

There is an author, however, whose adapted plays always get over.

And he's no other than

Yours patriotically,

GEORGE M. COHAN.

In the next issue, George, of the stage, screen and the flag, will write on "The Difficult Art of the Dramatic Adapter."



WHO put "pep" into the Hippodrome shows?

R. H. Burnside is the culprit.

The producer of the mammoth Hippodrome pieces for several seasons and a wizard for staging spectacles, Mr. Burnside will tell in his article in the November number of the stupendous task that confronts a producer who wishes to put on a large show without any dragging moments.

Do you want to be amused or thrilled?

Then watch for the laughable and near tragic incidents he has to relate.

STAGE women have been renowned for their beauty, their charm and their ability.

Now another attribute has been added—patriotism!

Among the first to heed the call "Your

WE'RE glad you like our Motion Picture Section.

We were sure you would!

Mirilo will inform you of the news of movieland in such an entertaining fashion that you will think you're in wonderland!

Inside news of the studios, reviews of the latest releases, who's who in filmdom—and pictures, pictures galore!

We wish Uncle Cy in Oshkosh could see Mary Pickford's latest, just to hear him say, "Ain't she grand!"



ALL the world's a stage and the actors always play their parts, even though the scene is a battlefield.

History repeats itself. What happened yesterday is recurring to-day.

In the Civil War the stage was impoverished by the number of young actors drafted.

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country needs you," they banded together and to-day the "Stage Women's War Relief" can look back and see behind a trail of work which will bring cheer and comfort to many.

Read about their activities in the next issue.

But first—Hats off to the Stage Women's War Relief!



From a portrait by White

G E O R G E A R L I S S

As Alexander Hamilton, the title rôle of the new play in which he is starring this season

THEATRE MAGAZINE



A DEMAND FOR SERIOUS DRAMA

By CLAYTON HAMILTON



THERE is at present an unprecedented opportunity for developing a serious drama in America, but there is little indication that this opportunity is generally recognized.

Our theatre-going public, though contented for the most part with lighter types of entertainment, demands a certain number of serious dramas every year and is willing to patronize them with approval. Before the outbreak of the war, this demand was supplied mainly by importations from abroad. The late Charles Frohman based his life-long policy upon the practice of buying up the most successful plays in London, Paris, and other European capitals and subsequently reproducing them in New York; and he even went so far as to make contracts in advance for the entire output of several of the most celebrated French and British dramatists. This policy was so successful that it was imitated, to some extent, by many other American producing managers, and, as a result, we came to look toward Europe as the necessary source of the sort of drama that would contribute the element of dignity to an American theatre season.

In two respects, at least, the Frohman policy was a good thing for the American theatre. In the first place, it kept our theatre cosmopolitan—more cosmopolitan by far than the stages of London, Paris and Berlin—and made our public more or less familiar with the masterpieces of other nations than our own; and, in the second place, it afforded our aspiring native playwrights an opportunity to develop their own talents by studying at first hand the sturdier work of the more experienced dramatists of Europe. But, in another respect, the Frohman policy was a bad thing for the American theatre, in that it tended to discourage our own authors from writing serious plays.



RARELY, if ever, did Mr. Frohman produce a serious drama by an American author whose reputation had not already been established: he considered it safer, as a matter of commercial policy, to rely upon the drawing power of great names. And, even if the American author succeeded in securing a production of his play under the auspices of another manager, the piece was required to compete before the public with some technical masterpiece by Sir Arthur Pinero or M. Henry Bernstein that had been imported overseas.

No critic would advocate a policy of "protection" in the world of art; for, theoretically, art should know no boundaries, and should be imported and exported freely all around the habitable world; but the "free-trade" aspect of the Frohman policy was so one-sided that it actually resulted in a drastic discouragement of serious endeavor in this country. An American author might devote six months of effort to the prepa-

ration of a serious play for one of Mr. Frohman's stars, only to discover in the end that Mr. Frohman had bought a play in London or in Paris to serve as the next "vehicle" for the star in question.

But a complete change in this situation has been brought about by the tragical catastrophe that has overwhelmed the European world; and, for the first time in the history of the American theatre, our American playwrights find themselves "protected" against any considerable competition from abroad. The war has silenced, for a time, the great dramatists of France, and it has all but silenced the great dramatists of Britain. Generally speaking, it is now impossible to import great plays from Europe, for the simple reason that Europe is too busy with the war to write great plays. "A Kiss for Cinderella" and the Barrie one-act plays were sent to us last season as a sadly sweet by-product of the war; and, for the coming season we are promised a big war-play by M. Bernstein, "L'Élévation." But these notable exceptions only prove the current rule,—which is, quite simply, that if we are to satisfy the demand of the American public for a certain number of serious dramas every year, we must now rely at last upon our own resources and write the plays ourselves.



ANOTHER practical point to be considered is that the peculiar economic situation which has been imposed upon this country by the war has resulted, rather curiously, in a period of exceptional prosperity for the theatres. Without analysis or explanation of the current situation, it may be stated positively as a fact that our public is now flocking to the theatre in unprecedented numbers. Plays which might have failed five years ago succeed at present because the popular demand for entertainment outstrips and overruns the available supply. Now if ever, "while the going is good" (to quote a convenient phrase of slang), would seem to be the most propitious moment for risking the experiment of developing a serious American drama.

It is an axiom of art that every opportunity carries with it a proportionate obligation. When the opportunity is small, the artist cannot be condemned for rendering a small accomplishment; but, when the opportunity is great, the artist must be judged adversely if he neglects to rise to the height of the occasion. In this period when our theatre is more than generously patronized and when our native authors are accidentally relieved from the competition of more celebrated European dramatists, it becomes not only a privilege but also a duty for us to strive to do something better than our best and to develop a serious drama in this country that shall be worthy, after the war, to hold a voice in the concerted theatre of the world.

THUS far, however, our American theatre has afforded little indication of a willingness to accept the obligation that has been imposed upon us by the present opportunity. Our managers, for the most part, have been willing to draw money from an over-eager public by offering a series of farces and melodramas which merely rearrange the old, traditional materials that the public has approved in former years; our public, seeking entertainment at a time when entertainment is a consummation devoutly to be wished, has shown itself too easily satisfied with something that is obviously less than art; our dramatic critics have continued to suffer from that indurated diffidence which impedes them from condemning any play which is clearly destined to run to crowded houses for more than a hundred consecutive performances; and our playwrights—attacked by all these subtly undermining influences—have contented themselves, for the most part, with the easy task of chasing each other around the same old narrow track, and running Marathons that evermore return to an established starting point, instead of breaking away and dashing across country to regions strange and new.

The three most successful American plays of the season of 1916-1917 were "Turn to the Right," "The Man Who Came Back," and "The Thirteenth Chair." Each of these deserved success as a momentary entertainment; but none of the three exhibited an endeavor to take life seriously and to transmute the material of life into the eternal terms of art.

Now, if ever, is the proper time to launch a serious American play of the calibre of "Paid in Full," or "The Easiest Way," or "The Witching Hour," or "The Truth," or "The Great Divide." The conditions are so ripe that the opportunity has become an obligation. Our public desires and demands a certain number of serious dramas every season; and, for the first time in the history of our theatre, the conditions require manifestly that these serious plays should be written about American life by American authors. An unprecedented opportunity is offered to our native authors and our native managers by the present public crisis of the world; but this opportunity is so tremendous that it commits us also to an obligation that is rigorous.



NOW, of all times, the critical observer is required to hold our native drama sternly to its unprecedented opportunity. None of us should be contented with a little in a period that offers occasion for so much. In dramatic matters—as in military matters—our slogan at the present time must be,—"Wake Up, America!" We must all demand, a better native drama, before the present opportunity subsides, and—after a final readjustment of the warring world—the present obligation drifts away, denied and unfulfilled.

THE ART OF THE CURTAIN SPEECH

By RAYMOND HITCHCOCK



ABOUT the hardest thing in the world is to gracefully acknowledge praise or thanks. Knocking is an inborn attribute with most of us, but no matter what the occasion, we all become bromidic, just a trifle bashful, and frequently foolish when we try to say "thank you."

And all this is true of a curtain speech. It is a difficult art to give a good speech when the play has stopped and the actor steps out from his part—in fact it is such a difficult art that I think it is almost an inborn gift.

When, after they have enjoyed one or two acts of a play, an audience decides that it will have some member of the company say "thanks" from a point just forward of the lowered curtain, the player called on faces one of the most critical climaxes of his or her career. Had the audience hissed the show it would be easy to go out front and verbally spank said audience, but when it comes to praise there seems to be a stock set of phrases which some actor invented in time of great fright, and which have been doing duty ever since. It is just a case of the inevitable:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I wish to thank you heartily for your sincere appreciation of our efforts this evening, I'm glad you like our beautiful scenery—and our dear manager—Mr.——."

But by this time the audience are looking at one another and whispering, "Who was it we heard say this the other night?" The speaker looks silly, and everybody wishes the curtain would go up on the next act.



IHAD not been connected with the theatre for many months before I began to realize how stale the average curtain speech was, and to analyze it for the reason. The result was my arrival at the decision that the audience did not want to be thanked for their applause—that is not formally thanked, they wanted to think that they had a little something extra thrown in—and that the "thank you" was part of it, but only a minor part. This was fresh in my memory when the time came for me to make my first curtain speech, and no matter how many parts I play I shall always be able to wake from a sound sleep and recite that first speech without more than a second's thought.

I started in by saying that I did not know whether it was more difficult to make a curtain speech or buy a wedding present, and swung right in.

"Just got a letter from a friend of mine," I went on, "who told me that he had decided to take the step and pay a beautiful young lady's board for life. So of course, it was up to me to buy a wedding present. I went to a store called 'The Busy Corner' (so-called, I found afterwards, because it was in the middle of the block), and there I saw a man. He was a stout man with no hair but long whiskers, completely surrounded by whiskers, and every whisker bristled wealth. I looked at him intently for some minutes, and then I confided in him. After hearing my story he took me over to the silver plated counter where he told me I would find a young lady who knew exactly what I wanted. I told her my story, and she said she could help me out. She knew just the very thing, for she had bought a present for a cousin of hers who had been married a month before, and they hadn't

spoken since. She started to show me the gift, talking all the while. She was the type of girl who could talk half an hour in ten minutes, and she made me dizzy. In leaning over the counter to see better, I fell and was caught in the trolley used to collect purchased goods, was swirled around to the packing department, stamped, wrapped up, addressed and thrown down the delivery tube into the wagon before I could convince them I was not a mechanical toy. Since then I never go out alone, never go out at all without holding somebody's hand, and if I could only take hold of you by the hand I could say 'thank you' and how charmed we really are."



SO much for the first speech, but you notice I kept away from the beaten path, and that is what counts in the success of every recognized curtain speaker of ability. The public is very little interested in your art unless you amuse or thrill them, they do not care to hear how long you studied or what your clothes cost. The method of your art counts for nothing at the box office, it's what you have done, and what you will do in the next act. That is what interests an audience, and the curtain speech must be keyed with the show.

Above everything else a curtain speech must be spontaneous. Even if a speaker has thought of what he is going to say, it must never appear studied. Personally, I never know what I am going to say, I say the thing that appeals to me most, though of course, after I have hit on some particular topic that interests an audience I do not dismiss it with one hearing. An example of spontaneous speech making was my present Billy Sunday speech, and my North Pole speech of a few years back.

The night I first made the North Pole speech I stepped out before the curtain wondering just what to say. I remember that I began rather bromidically by saying "Ladies and gentlemen" and flash, right across my brain came the picture of a headline on the paper that at the moment was lying on my dressing room table. It was at the time of the Cook-Peary incident, when Mr. Cook was claiming he had found the Pole, and Mr. Peary hot-footing it back to the United States to assure us that he was the real finder of the much sought spot. So the sentence that started "Ladies and gentlemen," ended with, "I see that they have found two North Poles." I talked on along the same idea, and it was not until I had finished that I knew that the speech was going to be something I could keep in my repertoire.



OF course, even a set speech is changed every night, for no speaker remembers his speech, only his idea, and the remarks that bring a laugh. Each night he puts in a new line or forgets an old one. By the time a play has had a run in a big city he has probably changed the speech considerably and added enough new material to fill a book. The reason for the changes is the varying audiences. It is very seldom that two audiences respond alike. Any speaker, any actor for that matter, can tell the type of audience at once. Some sit forward eager to laugh. Others are bored, while others are frozen and

dare you to make them smile. The weather always affects an audience. Take a nice cool day in the fall and they feel keyed up for amusement. On a glorious early spring day they are happy, but in mid-summer they are hot and tired, and in very cold weather it is several minutes after they get in the theatre before they forget the fact that they were uncomfortable out-of-doors. Audiences are true barometers.

Localities, too, make a difference. Out of town, they are more inclined to take a topical speech seriously. I have particularly noticed that since I have been using my speech about the Rev. Billy Sunday. I first delivered that Billy Sunday speech because I was angry. It was nothing more or less than a frank protest—that is primarily what it is to-day. In the larger cities of the East they were delighted with it and laughed. In smaller cities and in the West they sat back and thought it over. When "Betty" was in Chicago, a minister rose in his seat after I had left the stage and addressed the audience. He said that he had come to the theatre because he had heard that Raymond Hitchcock was ridiculing religion. After hearing the speech he felt that it was only fair for him to tell the audience that Raymond Hitchcock's religion was better than the religion of Billy Sunday.

My press agent never found out who the gentleman was (it broke his heart), but the man resented any questions regarding himself, and would not give his name. The incident, however, shows the seriousness of the audience. A New York audience would never have taken that speech from any other viewpoint than the humorous, they take a joke easier than any other theatregoing public.



WHILE humor is what clinches the success of a curtain speaker he must not rely on humor to carry him all the way to success. There needs to be a deeper note, something that will make an audience nod in approval, and possibly remember to quote afterwards. The curtain speaker needs a gift of gab—just exactly that. He needs to be able to talk on timely subjects—and the controversies of the day as carried on through the newspapers form the foundation for his best material. The public likes to hear any comments on some subject before their eyes—something they know about. Also an audience likes to feel that they are part of a show. A speaker who recognizes some well-known man or woman in the audience and addresses them is always sure of a kindly reception from his listeners. They probably had no idea who the man with the bald head was—but afterwards they like to say that they "were at the theatre with so and so."

Take the recent Liberty Loan. That was meat for the curtain speakers. And they used it to good purposes. Personally I sold \$157,000 worth of bonds one night, and other speakers helped the issue past the two million mark.

As everyone says that speechmaking is a difficult art, I suppose it is. Certainly there seems to be a demand for speeches, for no matter what city I am playing in, I am always asked to speak before this or the other society,—and judging by some of the prices they offer me I could earn my living as an after-dinner speaker. But cheer up. I shall not desert the stage.



Guy Bates Post Louis Calvert

Thais Lawton

Act I. The presence of John Chilcote, M. P., a drug addict, is concealed from Mrs. Chilcote on her sudden return home



Mr. Post and Miss Lawton

Act I. Mr. Chilcote is bored by his wife's affection



Photos White

Ruby Gordon

Guy Bates Post

Act I. John Loder, cousin of Mr. Chilcote, and his double in appearance, complains of his lack of opportunity



Florence Malone

Mr. Post

Act II. Loder, impersonating Chilcote, refuses to drink with Lady Astrupp

John Chilcote, M. P., a morphine fiend, lost in a London fog, meets John Loder, his cousin and double—a brilliant, but poor writer. The play is what happens after the substitution of the one man for the



Mr. Post

Ruby Gordon

Louis Calvert

Act III. Brock, Chilcote's faithful servant, begs him to break his ruinous habit, assume his rightful identity and return home

other in the home. The wife thinks her husband has reformed. Later, Chilcote succumbs to the drug, and is buried as John Loder. Loder secretly marries the wife and wins fame as John Chilcote

GUY BATES POST IN A DUAL ROLE IN "THE MASQUERADER"

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By DE WOLF HOPPER



REMINISCENCES are the garlands one gathers along the rosy highway of life—sometimes they are wreaths of fragrant lilies, sometimes they are nosegays of poison-ivy. In my own case they are all the fine flowers of friendship—thornless roses and scented perennial flowers that bloom in the spring (where have I heard that line?) and of buds and blossoms that have made my summers, and even my winters on the stage always happy—always enriched by treasured friends I have captured and kept from my first stage experience to my last—friends who have made my professional life a joy, my private life a revel of happy days and whose warm affection will, I am very sure, cheer the last dark days that come to us all when the material treasures of earth slip from our grasp and we embark on the river whose silent boatman is Death, bearing with us no treasure but that of the friendships we have won on earth and which we bear to heaven as our sole excuse for having lived.

And as I sit down to set upon paper a few reminiscences of my professional life, I find it difficult to say anything of my own work, so insistently do the friends of my stage experiences crowd into my mind. However, to drift from the third person plural, to the first person singular I would say of De Wolf Hopper (first name William) that I was born "at an Atlantic port" some seven years later than the date assigned in such accounts of my first appearance on this earth as have flown from the gifted pens of the various scribes who have been good enough to write biographical sketches of my life.



WITHOUT going into natal details or dwelling upon my brief experiences as an infant with undoubted vocal accomplishments, a small boy with strong leanings toward a career as a baseball player, or a lad whose fond parents believed him destined to garner laurels in the forensic field of the law, I will come at once to Hecuba and admit that I made my first appearance as an actor in my seventeenth year at an amateur performance of "Conscience" at the old Lyceum, now the Fourteenth Street Theatre, on May 9, 1878. After witnessing my performance in this piece, my parents were more firmly convinced than ever that destiny intended me to follow my father's profession of law.

Perhaps they were right. However, even in that misty period of the past sixteen-year-old boys, like those of to-day, considered themselves far wiser than their parents, and so, spurning certain musty volumes of Littleton-upon-Coke, and of Blackstone in favor of yellow-covered playbooks bearing the imprint of Sam'l French & Son, I spent the following Summer studying all the young romantic rôles I could lay my hands on, and in August I was "signed" for the rôle of Talbot Champneys in "Our Boys," to the intense disgust of my father. That stern parent, however, admitted that even had I taken a law course with average success, I should have been too young for admission to the bar, by the time I received my sheepskin, and he approved of my mother's suggestion that I be permitted to fluff about with the drama for a couple of years before settling down to the serious business of life.

With this half-hearted parental permission I made my professional début as a member of the

Criterion Comedy Company in the aforesaid rôle without seriously disturbing the equilibrium of the drama. Having lent my bright young talent to "Our Boys," it was quite in the logic of events that the following season found me playing a rôle in "Our Daughters," and that my next engagement was with another domestic comedy entitled "One Hundred Wives," a charming fireside play in which I supported Miss Ada Gilman—



De Wolf Hopper as he is to-day

who still survives to tell the tale. May I pause here to twine all of Our Boys, all of our Daughters, and Miss Gilman together with the bright cord of Friendship as the centre of the nosegay I promised you?



THE season of 1881 brought me to the support of my fine friend that sterling man and actor Edward Harrigan with whom I appeared in "The Blackbird." So impressed was Mr. Harrigan with my acting that he advised me with earnest warmth to quit the stage, qualifying this stern counsel with a recommendation that if I persisted in a career behind the footlights the lyric stage was the most fitting place for my activities. This crushing blow to my dramatic ambition was followed by a year's serious study of singing—I had previously been well grounded in "vocal torture"—and then with the grand opera bee loudly buzzing in my bonnet, I joined the McCaull Opera Company where I jocosely sported about the stage for several years in the capacity of *basso-buffo*, rumbling through the comic bass rôles and continuing the studies I fondly dreamed were to fit me for a place in classic opera.

The McCaull company of those days was a splendid school for lyric stars as was Daly's for stars of the speaking stage, and a list of the singers who graduated from its ranks to head companies of their own would tax the space assigned these reminiscences. Only Mathilde Cottrelly, who was a guiding star of the artistic activities of the McCaull company, is equipped to write the story of those grand days.

Among the pieces in which I was cast during my engagement with that company were "The Black Hussar," "Chatter," "Don Caesar," "The Crowing Hen," "Falka," in which Miss Edith Kingdon (now Mrs. George Gould, still young and beautiful although a grandmother) made her appearance in the famous and much-photographed tights, "Die Fledermaus," "Josephine Sold By Her Sisters," "Jacquette," "The Beggar Student," "Fatinitza," (introducing as a gay interpolation "*Du bist verrückt mein kind*," the song that set friend Kaiser by the ears and turned the German stage upside down by its advice to all lunatics to go to Berlin where their affliction would pass unnoticed because everybody there is crazy!) "The Bellman," "L'Orrino," "The Lady or the Tiger," an opera of the moment based on Stockton's immortal story, "The Begum," "Prince Methusalem," "Boccaccio," "The May Queen," "Captain Fracasse," "Clover" and so many others that I feel like an encyclopedia of comic opera only to think of the list.

And then came a time when an impresario suggested a starring engagement. No marked reluctance on my modest young part met this engaging proposition, and I made my first stellar bow on May 5, 1890 in the chief comedy rôle in "Castles in the Air," at the Broadway Theatre. This was followed by "Wang," in which I played the title part with the unforgettably chic and delightful Della Fox provocatively saucy and alive with magnetism as Mataya. Then came "Panjandrum" in 1893, in 1894 "Dr. Syntax," which was a musical setting of Robertson's "School."



I MUST go back a season or two, now, and make a confession. So far as I know or have been able to learn from the recollection of old playgoers, it was upon the occasion of my farewell to the McCaull company, that I first debased the stage by introducing the *entr'acte* speech to the audience, a feature of my first and most of my following stellar appearances which has now become a regular part of most performances of musical farce. The establishment of a pleasant intimacy between the stage and the audience, upon which the success of an impromptu address depends, is the sole excuse for this projection of personality into the abstract atmosphere of what we comedians are pleased to call our art, and I offer this as a sort of apology for the speech before the curtain which seems to be looked upon nowadays as a part of every comedian's duty to his audience.

But to return (after this impromptu speech) to the reminiscence. A tour through the seasons of 1895-6 brought me down to April of the latter year which saw the first performances of Sousa's stirring "El Capitan," which was produced in Boston and for two years was my sole vehicle. And just before the "El Capitan" production came a momentary association with Joseph Jefferson, the happiest piece of professional good luck I have ever had—a bit of high fortune of which I shall speak later on.

"El Capitan" took me across to London where I played a pleasant summer and autumn season at the Lyric and moved to the Comedy Theatre in December with "The Mystical Miss" (the title under which London audiences heard "The Charlatan"). Then came another memorable

engagement, rich in friendships and full of interest. This was my association with the old Weberfelds company in the little music hall alongside Daly's now undergoing demolition on Broadway.

Two happy years with this unique organization, and then the siren voice that lures to the centre of the stage again whispered something that sounded like a starring tour in these two ears, and Charles and Manuel Klein, with Grant Stewart at their side, waved the script of "Mr. Pickwick" before me, and it was all over. I returned to the stellar ranks in 1903 at the Herald Square Theatre as Mr. Pickwick and continued in that part for two seasons. Followed a revival of "Wang," the perennial, and then came two seasons with "A Matinée Idol."



AS I look back over the list of productions made during these years (for as a star I appeared only in parts I created myself) I cannot say that I am able to boast of having contributed anything of deathless literary merit to the stage. Indeed, I think every comedian feels that dramatic authors fail to plumb the depths of his soul or call upon his higher mental powers. I do not mention myself in the same eulogistic breath with which I speak the names of Raymond Hitchcock or Francis Wilson, to speak of but two out of many singing comedians who find themselves doomed to create mirth-inspiring characterizations with little material of literary value as the librettist's contribution to the entertainment. There is a no more erudite man on the stage to-day than Mr. Wilson, and Raymond Hitchcock's intellectual gifts are brilliant and lofty; but both these artists are loved for their happy buffoonery rather than admired for the rare qualities of mind with which they are endowed. This is because of the fact that in their most popular rôles they cover with a gloss of their own the shortcomings from a literary standpoint of the parts they play.

If it is true, as Macklyn Arbuckle says, that nobody loves a fat man, equally is it a fact that no librettist loves a comedian. But heaven sent

to the lyric stage one author against whom this charge cannot be laid—I mean that super-librettist, super-wit and super-dramatist, William S. Gilbert. Heaven knows my lines have been cast in pleasant professional places, and I have no quarrel with any rôle I have ever been assigned.



Falk

DE WOLF HOPPER

In a rôle unfamiliar to the new generation of theatre-goers—Mr. Hopper as a young man

All have helped me, some have been most stimulating and inspiring, if I may say so, but never have I enjoyed any musical work as I did the incomparable privilege, May, 1911, when I became star of the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company under the direction of the Messrs. Shubert, to be turned loose to revel in the rôles created by that Shakespeare of musical comedy who collaborated with the late Sir Arthur Sullivan.



ODDLY enough I had never so much as seen "Pinafore," (and I believe I am the only actor in captivity who failed in this duty he owes himself and his profession) until I appeared as Dick Deadeye at the Casino in "Pinafore" with Fay Templeton and Marie Cahill as the Buttercups, Alice Brady as Hebe, Louise Gunning as Josephine, Henry E. Dixey as Sir Joseph/Eugene Cowles as Bill Bobstay and other artists of distinction rounding out a very happy cast. After the close of our engagement at the Casino in September, we made a tour in "Pinafore" and in the following May revived "Patience" at the Lyric Theatre in New York. In this esthetic opera I played the delicious rôle of Bunthorne while Cyril Scott, George MacFarlane, Eugene Cowles and Marie Doro in the title rôle lent a stellar atmosphere to the cast. "Patience" was followed by "The Pirates of Penzance," which lured that fine artiste, Miss Josephine Jacoby, from the Metropolitan Opera House to sing the rôle of Ruth, the absent-minded nurse maid, without whose presence no really comic opera is complete.

"The Pirates" was withdrawn at the height of its popularity to give place to "The Mikado," in which I was blessed with the finest comic opera rôle ever written for a comedian. Immortal Ko-Ko! What a part to play! What a joy to sing or speak the lines of Gilbert at his very best! If I were condemned to play forever a single comedy rôle I should pray that it might be Ko-Ko. As infinite as the jest and merriment

of poor Yorick, is the happy fluent fun Gilbert has written into this rôle, which stands forth as the very best part I have ever played in comic opera and the one most enjoyed of all the musical rôles that have fallen to my lot.

Only twice have I enjoyed other parts with the full orb'd pleasure it gave me, as it must give any comedian to play Ko-Ko. Once when with Augustus Thomas and Eugene Presbrey to guide my faltering syllables through the mazes of Shakespearean subtleties I was cast for the part of Marc Antony in "Julius Caesar" at the Lambs' Gambol—a performance I had the utter joy of repeating a season or two ago in San Francisco; of the other I shall later speak.



AFTER "The Mikado" had spent a season on tour a revival of Millocker's "Beggar Student" at the Casino preceded the regular Gilbert and Sullivan revivals which included "The Mikado," "Pinafore" and "Tolanthe." And then—and then—and then—this I write in my deepest voice—came the Movies, that lure to which all actors seem to succumb at least once in their lives.

Many features of what I may call life on the film are pleasant beyond words. And I feel like a traitor to many happy hours when I confess frankly as an actor an utter abhorrence of many things connected with the art of the screen. I dislike leaping like a mountain lamb from scene to scene backward. I dislike the mechanical construction of a film play which necessitates making each scene which transpires in the same environment at one time, without reference to the real unfoldment of the story. I mean it wounds my sense of dramatic unity to be obliged to die and finish the play (as in "Don Quixote") before I have appeared in the first act. Thus are plays screened; and the fine art of the film cutter who rearranges the pictures into a consecutive story, is a thing too big and wonderful for any but the profoundest respect. In a word, I found this disjointed inconsecutive and meaningless posing

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White In "The Yeoman of the Guard," the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta



White As the Sergeant of Police in "The Pirates of Penzance"

THE WARDROBE MISTRESS

By HATTIE BEHNKE

IN CHARGE OF THE WARDROBE DEPARTMENT AT THE WINTER GARDEN



WHEN the first curtain rises on a spectacular musical production, the audience surveys the scenery with mild interest and begins to look for the girls—for with the opening number the most fascinating girls in their most beautiful gowns are sure to appear. They do appear, establish the first astonisher of the evening, and then disappear to change their clothes.

As the minutes slip by and the chorus and principals walk on and off the stage with almost mechanical precision—the audience begins to form an opinion of the entertainment, and between acts they discuss it in detail.

"Wasn't that a stunning chorus?" some man will say to the lady he takes to the theatre, and she, thinking of the dresses the girls wore, will tell him it was. They repeat the jokes of the comedian, criticize the leading lady's top notes—and then just before the next curtain, read their programs. Sometimes, if it happens to be the custom of the house to print it—they get as far as the names of the staff—the stage manager, the electrician, the wardrobe mistress. To those who do reach this list, the names mean nothing and are forgotten, for the people they represent never appear.

Back of the curtain line that night, however, the busiest people imaginable are the staff, and not the least of these is the wardrobe mistress.



IN defining just what the wardrobe mistress means to a big musical production you might almost say that she means everything. Naturally the star of the production gets the notices the following morning—but one hitch on the part of the wardrobe mistress and the star would either not appear or do so in her street clothes. When the gay morning glories troop off one minute only to appear as society buds ten minutes later—credit the wardrobe mistress—and credit her with ten minutes of flying fingers, of running about from one dressing room to another, and of standing anxiously in the wings searching for any defect in the costumes.

And after the opening night comes a long season of hard work—long hours, responsibility, close eye work that is never seen or credited.

The work of the wardrobe mistress seldom begins before the dress parades. The designing of the costumes is done away from the theatre where the play is to be produced, and the actual work of making the clothes is done by some theatrical costumer, the clothes of the principal women generally being the design and work of some famous modiste who can truthfully write New York, London, and Paris on her labels. When these dresses are delivered, they have to be tried on during a "dress parade," and each girl's clothes have to be marked with her name. These dress parades are held on the stage, with the designer, producer and stage manager making a critical audience. Each girl is inspected, and if the costumer has fitted the clothes perfectly the dress is turned over to the wardrobe department to be held in readiness for the dress rehearsal and opening night.

The dress parades, lasting as they frequently do, over a period of several days, gives the wardrobe mistress and her assistants plenty of time to get familiar with the clothes to be worn in the production, how they are to be put on, etc., etc.

After a few seasons in a wardrobe department one can tell how a dress will look before it is worn, just as it is possible to tell at once which dresses will be hard to take care of. Also we know the first day, which members of the company will take care of their dresses, and which members will handle them roughly, causing frequent renewals and mending.



THE dress rehearsal and the first night are always to be dreaded. The dress rehearsal frequently means recasting, taking a girl from one number and placing her in another, or very possibly a changing of dresses, one girl looking better in certain coloring than another. And of these changes mean trouble and work for the wardrobe department—for once a costume leaves the hands of the costumers all changes have to be made by the theatrical management. Therefore, the machines run far into the night, and girls are cross at having to stand for additional fittings.

Nine times out of ten, the opening occurs out of town. That means packing thirty or forty theatre trunks, and leaving New York very early one morning. The theatre in the town picked as the "dog" is generally not very large, and frequently the architect who planned it never dreamed of a wardrobe department. So the wardrobe mistress and her helpers have to find some out-of-the-way spot in the theatre—unpack and distribute the dresses, and wait nervously till it is seven-thirty and time for the girls to start dressing.

The first scene costumes go easily enough, for there is plenty of time to adjust them. Then comes the scramble. Some girl is not sure which dress comes next. Another girl tears a piece of lace getting into her dress—while a third girl can't understand which hook goes in which eye. Nervous, hurried, they make foolish mistakes that are laughable—the second night—but become close to tragic during the first three hours.

However, the show does end, the last dress is put carefully away—and one settles down for the performances that will follow. The putting away of dresses, by the way, is a large item in the wardrobe department. The dresses are made so that they hang on loops and each dress has its own hooks and is covered. Just before it is worn it is taken from its place—sent to the girl who wears it, and when she steps out of the costume it is picked up and immediately put away. The next morning it is examined, and if in need of repair, sent to the mending room. At the Winter Garden, this is a large room, equipped with sewing machines, and the ten or twelve dressers spend part of each day busy with needle and thread.



SO much for the opening night, for while to the sophisticated, the show does not open till it reaches Broadway, everyone, from the staff to the chorus girls have gotten used to doing what they are supposed to do—and there is a mechanical efficiency that drives away hurry and fright. After the metropolitan opening, the play runs smoothly and the wardrobe mistress, and her women helpers, have nothing to do, outside of seeing that the girls get into their costumes

always on time, but mend and mend and mend.

Theatrical costumes, contrary to general belief, are not made of heavy materials that last a long time. They are daintily made, of the very finest materials available, and if anything, their expensive texture makes them more perishable than the clothes owned by the average woman. And as these perishable clothes have to be worn for active work, and changed hurriedly, they cannot last unless every little rent is immediately mended. The average woman who owns a fine evening dress wears it perhaps ten times a season. The Winter Garden girls wear their dresses nine times a week.

The item of mending stockings alone, is something tremendous. There was a time when chorus girls had to supply their own silk stockings, but to-day the management goes to one of the biggest manufacturers of hosiery and orders silk stockings that retail at six and seven dollars a pair. These stockings, just like every other pair of stockings, begin to show little holes after they have been worn a few times, and these holes have to be darned at once, while they are still little. In other words, for fifty chorus girls, each having three or four changes of stockings, two hundred pairs of stockings have to be looked over every day, and perhaps twenty per cent. of that number darned after the show has been going three weeks.

The same careful inspection has to be made of the shoes, only in this case it is cleaning, not mending that takes the time.



THE most difficult costumes to care for, however, are those owned by the principals and what we call the freak costumes. These latter costumes are really marvelous constructions, and meant to represent such objects as fountains, cocktails, Liberty Bells, etc., etc. They are carefully made and do not require as much care as an evening dress unless they should be broken, and then it is a case for the stage carpenter, for they are constructed, not made with a scissors and needle.

The principals' frocks are costly, and always perishable—only occasionally do they belong to the principals. Generally they are supplied by the management and must be cared for by the management, which, as they are of such costly materials, means an almost daily repair.

The one, never-ending source of trouble to the wardrobe mistress is the absent and missing members of the production. When, at two o'clock, we get word that a girl in a principal chorus number is ill—some other girl has to fill her place. It means getting a strange girl into a strange costume, and as she is sure to be excited, it is not easy.

In the case of an absent principal it is even more difficult. Of course, every member of the cast has an understudy, but every understudy has not a wardrobe. One of the most exciting instances was in a recent Winter Garden production where the principal woman objected to the costumes supplied her by the management, and bought her own clothing. That arrangement was all right until one night she was ill and one of the minor principals was called on to take her place. The dresses of the principal were elaborate and has been commented on numerous times by the

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Photos White

Jane Grey Thuriow Bergen

The young architect tells his fiancée that he knows her to be De Luxe Annie



Vincent Serrano Jane Grey

Jimmie discovers that Annie's intended is in reality a detective and urges immediate flight

SCENES IN THE MYSTERY PLAY "DE LUXE ANNIE" AT THE BOOTH THEATRE



(Myrtle)

Anne Meredith

(Polly)

Ina Claire

(Rex)

Herbert Yost

(Harry)

Cyril Scott

Polly, serving as maid in a bachelor's flat, overhears Rex complaining that Myrtle, his fiancée, is so engrossed uplifting souls that she is cold to him. Polly suggests that Rex pretend he is caught in the toils of an adventuress. Myrtle will at once run to save him. Polly impersonates the siren. Myrtle again becomes interested in Rex, but too late. The young man is more impressed by Polly's charms and transfers his affections to her

SCENE IN "POLLY WITH A PAST" AT THE BELASCO THEATRE

THE STAGING OF "CHU CHIN CHOW"⁹⁹

By EDWARD FALES COWARD



A NEW stage-manager is in town, one from whom our theatre-going public may expect stage revelations of a beautiful and inspiringly imaginative character.

It was in the suite of rooms atop of the Manhattan Opera House, from which Oscar Hammerstein directed his grand opera campaign, that I first met Lyall Swete and got an initial glimpse of his practical methods.

On arriving at the theatre I found Mr. Swete in action. Regular rehearsals of "Chu Chin Chow," the approaching mammoth production at the Manhattan had not yet begun. The Englishman was trying out a possible understudy. She was a tall, athletic, handsome young woman of the Oriental type, for "Chu Chin Chow" has the East for its locale. She was in earnest and so was Mr. Swete, who, minus his coat, was giving her the cues and polishing up the values of her dramatic rejoinders. The echoes rang with threats of murder and revenge. He is a good reader and why shouldn't he be? He has been thirty years on the stage and ten of these were spent as an actor in the support of Sir F. C. Benson, than whom none has done more in the development of fine players, actors of intelligence and accomplishment.

Mr. Swete is a big man, well over six feet. His frame is massive; but what is particularly impressive is his jaw. It is the epitome of suggested firmness and decision. But a sweet and encouraging smile is constantly playing over the features, and the natural voice, suave and gentle, possesses a crescendo of detonating power. When he threatened death for the young woman there was power enough in the tones to have dominated the recesses of a Madison Square Garden.

The rehearsal was over. Mr. Swete, visibly embarrassed, proceeded to outline his life's history.

"I wish to, at least, convince you," he said, "that I am a modest man. In England there is little opportunity given for self-exploitation. Therefore I wish at the beginning to state that I am not come to your hospitable shores as the exponent of any revolutionary stage policy, or as one convinced of an ability to outshine others in

my particular line of activity. I know already what your stage managers can do and for your dean David Belasco I entertain all that proper reverence due to a leader in the field.

"The play which I have come here to stage is called 'Chu Chin Chow.' It is at present the



Bangs

LYALL SWETE

Who has come from England to direct the mammoth spectacle "Chu Chin Chow"

current attraction at His Majesty's in London. Hitherto the run record at the theatre which the late Sir Herbert Tree presided over with such artistic distinction, was held by 'Henry VIII,' which had 254 performances. 'Chu Chin Chow' has now been acted more than 430 times and in your vernacular 'is still going strong.'

"This new piece is a difficult one to classify. It is a peculiar combination of poetry, fantasy, pantomime, beauty, burlesque and drama. It was written by Oscar Asche, the well-known actor; lyrics, dialogue, story and action, framed by him as a logical successor to 'Kismet' in which he scored such a big London success. Frederick Norton has composed the music for

the piece which, through the liberality of the American producers, will be presented on a scale of lavish magnificence, greater even than that with which the English original was invested. My parting words to Asche were: 'I'm going to better your production if such a thing is possible.'

"About myself?" he said. "Well, there is one thing I am proud of. In the thirty years I have been associated with the stage I have never been out of an engagement. I began with one of the old-time manageresses, Sarah Thorne, but the formulative part of my career was with Benson. Ten years I spent with him, beginning humbly and winding up as Iago to his Othello. Anyone who has spent a decade with that splendid man and discriminating manager must have learned something. I'm more than grateful for the part 'Sir F. C.' had in bringing me to the front. Ten years at the Haymarket in association with Frederick Harrison next followed. Most of the plays presented under that régime were of the modern type, but 'The Pretenders,' by Ibsen, we gave in a manner that convinced me, my originality and imagination was not without a practical value. I think I emphasized this further when I staged 'The Blue Bird' by Maeterlinck. At the time it was one of the greatest successes of the period, artistic and financial. Anyway, I succeeded in pleasing the author, for he was kind enough to give me a piece of silver inscribed 'To the Soul of the Bluebird.' Lately I have been laboring under Oscar Asche's banner.

"As I prefaced my talk with the remark that 'I was really a modest man,' I'm afraid all this sounds egotistical. Still if you will insist I'll further say that in dealing with actors and actresses, naturally the most sensitive people in the world, I try to eliminate the suggestion that I am anything approaching a Tin God. Again, against the charge of boasting, I can safely say I never lose my temper nor do I swear at the performers. I try to get their friendship. Bullying accomplishes nothing. I don't mean by this I am not firm," the click of that jaw was all the affirmation that was required, "but I find that a kindly appeal, with a little helpful suggestion on the

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Scene in "Chu Chin Chow" which met with phenomenal success abroad and is soon to be presented here



Bangs

VAST OUTDOOR GREEK THEATRE AT ROSEMARY, THE BEAUTIFUL ESTATE OF MR. ROLAND CONKLIN AT HUNTINGTON, L. I., WHERE A GREAT PAGEANT OF THE PRESENT WAR WILL BE GIVEN OCTOBER FIFTH FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE RED CROSS

PAGEANTS historic and pageants emblematic have, from time to time borrowed mediæval pomp and panoply to picture fine deeds of the past and inspire high endeavor in the present. But never has the pageant patriotic been spread before us with such splendor and vividness, such gripping pomp and circumstance as will mark the mammoth Red Cross Benefit for which the whole dramatic and musical stage of New York, linking hands with the screen and its stars, has volunteered its enthusiasm and its services. This great spectacle "The Rosemary Red Cross Pageant" will be fittingly staged in the vast outdoor Greek theatre on the Long Island estate (Rosemary) of Mr. Roland Conklin, at Huntington.

To the magnificent symbolism of this vast pageant, the most important stars of the theatre, the opera and the screen have brought their services to Mr. Davison's Pageant Committee which includes with many others the names of Ethan Allen, Mrs. Robert Bacon, Mrs. W. P. Draper, Mrs. August Belmont, Paul D. Cravath, William Faversham, E. H. Sothorn, Evan Evans, Daniel Frohman, Paul Meyer, Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., and Mrs. Bliss, and Major Wallace McCutcheon, the first young American actor to throw himself into the great war with a distinguished bravery that won him an officer's epaulettes and many wounds. Mr. Davison himself is also a member of this general committee.

To this committee so many players of distinction have offered their services, that the Casting Committee finds itself able to provide even the mobs with great bodies of noted actors and actresses. A list of these artists comprises the names of almost every player at present in this locality. To mention only a few of the players of nation-wide fame who will



Ira L. Hill

JOSEPH LINDON SMITH and
THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

The authors of the "Rosemary Pageant."
Mr. Stevens is also the director

appear, there may be noted Mme. Alda, Miss Mary Garden and John Philip Sousa as heading the many volunteers from the musical world, with Misses Blanche Bates, Ethel Barrymore, Hazel Dawn, Constance Collier, Frances Starr, Helen Ware, Edith Wynne Mathison, Edith Taliaferro, the Nash sisters, Mme. Alla Nazimova, Julie Opp, George Arliss, John Barrymore, Holbrook Blinn, Robert Edeson, William Faversham—and in short, every star and "mere player" in or around New York.

Vaudeville will contribute such favorites as Jack Wilson, Kitty Gordon, Paul Swan, William Rock, Frances White and a long list of other notables who have offered their services to Mr. Stevens, who is assisted in the actual work of the pageantry by a committee including Mrs. John Alden Carpenter, Paul Chalfin, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Prince Pierre Troubetskoy and other successful directors of former pageants. Mr. Stevens, who is President of the American Pageant Association and has written and produced many successful spectacles, owns that never in the history of pageantry in America have so great a company and so thrilling a story joined hands in a symbolic spectacle as in the Rosemary Red Cross Pageant.

The spectacle itself (which will be filmed in its public performance and shown for the benefit of the American Red Cross all over the world) is in two parts. The first shows symbolic tableaux representing achievements of the great allied nations; and the second is a closely knit magnificently dramatic narrative of the whole war up to the present moment. It dramatizes the Russian revolution and reaches its climax with the entry of America into the struggle for world freedom, and her pledge to the nations.

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S REAL SELF

By W.A. STANLEY

PART II



PROBABLY no actor had the limelight so closely focussed upon his private and stage life as Richard Mansfield. His irascibility of temper, his numerous eccentricities furnished endless material for anecdotes.

At the Academy of Music in Baltimore the engineer was named George, who, among his activities, conducted a small florist's plant in the country. Inspired by the desire that always actuated every theatre employé to stand well, if possible, with Mansfield, he talked over with his wife the idea of putting a little bunch of roses in Mansfield's dressing-room on the opening night of the production of "Henry V."

Shortly after seven Mansfield arrived from his hotel, and as he entered his dressing-room spied the flowers.

"Ah!" he exclaimed to his dresser. "Where'd they come from?"

"I've no idea, sir," was the answer. "I found them here when I arrived."

"Strange!" muttered Mansfield, divesting himself of his street garb. "Very strange!" No card?

"No, sir."

"No note, or anything?"

"No, sir."

"Very strange! But very charming! Most thoughtful!" and he buried his face in the fragrant blossoms, after which he dressed for his first entrance.



IN due time George had occasion to enter Mansfield's dressing-room to see if the radiator was working properly.

"Do you know anything about these flowers here on my dressing-table, my good man?" inquired Mansfield, working the grease paint into his face.

"Yes, sir," quietly replied the engineer.

"You do? Where did they come from?"

"I put them there, sir."

"You did? How's that?"

Why, you see, Mr. Mansfield, I have a little hothouse out at my home in the country, and knowing how fond of flowers you are, my wife and I thought it would please you to have a little bouquet on your dressing table."

Mansfield sprang up from the chair, wheeled about, and seized the man by the hand.

"I think that's awfully sweet of you, my good man, awfully sweet, and good, and kind! It pleases me. It delights me! I must do something for you—let me see—what can I do for you? Ah, I have it! See here! I am very near-sighted; and the people crowd the entrances so they block the passage from my dressing-room! Will you just station yourself at my dressing room door, and when I am entering, or leaving, won't you clear a passage and keep it open so I'll not be obstructed? Do this every night throughout the week, please."

Every night George acted as passage-clearer, herald, courier, or whatever you please to call it; and every night he put a fresh bouquet on the dressing-table. Saturday night as he was leaving the theatre Mansfield asked for him, and put a sealed envelope into his hand. Opening it George found a fifty-dollar bill.

Aubrey Boucicault was authority for the following:

"It was during the production of 'The Mer-

chant of Venice.' I was the Bassanio and old man Griffith was playing Gobo. We dressed together. It was a very hot night and Griffith is very fat. We had just gone to our dressing-room to change for the next act when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" I called.

"Joe Dillon entered and said: 'Mr. Mansfield presents his compliments and requests, Mr. Griffith, that hereafter you'll perspire less freely!'"



ONE Sunday Mansfield had his private car attached to a fast train from Philadelphia to New York, and invited several friends to dine with him on the trip. Just as the soup was being served, the car gave a lurch around a corner and the waiter deposited the contents of a plate in Mansfield's lap. Everyone looked to see the wrath of the player vent upon the unfortunate waiter. Instead he said very calmly:

"Go and find the train conductor and send him to me."

When the conductor entered his car Mansfield inquired:

"How fast do you think we are going?"

"About sixty miles an hour," was the reply.

"My, my!" sighed Mansfield, turning to his dinner. "I'm afraid my guests will contract dyspepsia eating so fast!"

One summer at New London, Mrs. Dr. Loring, of Washington, was sick unto death, and her friends were summoned to her room to bid her farewell. Among them Mansfield.

"Do you know," he said, sitting by her bedside, "I can't make up my mind that you are not going to get well?"

Mrs. Loring sadly shook her head, saying that she could not encourage him in such a belief, as the physicians held out no hope.

"But I'm sure you will!" insisted Mansfield.

"And so much do I want to inspire that hope in you that I'm going to make a compact with you, to give a performance the next time I am in Washington to celebrate your recovery! I'll turn the theatre over to you for a matinee, I'll play any rôle in my repertoire you elect, and you shall fill the house with your friends, and we'll make merry over your restoration!"



SURE enough Mrs. Loring did recover; but she quite forgot Mansfield's pledge. He didn't forget it, however; for upon his next engagement in Washington he called and reminded her of his promise; the afternoon was chosen, the tickets sent to friends, and it was a memorable gala afternoon, with Mrs. Loring's box decorated with flowers by Mansfield, and the player the recipient of a demonstration unsurpassed in his career.

One night at a performance of "A Parisian Romance," at the old Grand Opera House, in Washington (now Chase's theatre), after the end of the second act an usher passed down the aisle and halted beside a gentleman, saying:

"Mr. Mansfield would like to see you in his dressing-room."

"But I don't know Mr. Mansfield. You've made a mistake," protested the party.

"No, sir. I've not made a mistake. He asked to have you come to his dressing-room."

The gentleman's wife urged him to comply, although she herself felt a mistake had been made; and so he arose and followed the usher to the stage and into the star's dressing-room. There he found Mansfield pacing up and down, and wringing his hands.

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Mansfield, face distorted, his voice shaken with anger. "You'll excuse me, sir! You'll excuse me! But this performance will have to come to a termination if the lady who is beside you does not refrain from wriggling that yellow feather in front of me!"

The man smiled, promised Mansfield the fan would be less active, returned to his seat, and the curtain was wrung up.

During an engagement in Cincinnati, Mansfield's special, run up from his temporary dwelling at Fern Bank nightly, was almost an hour late, and the audience was kept in nervous suspense by the curtain failing to rise. Finally the manager stepped to the front and announced:

"Mr. Mansfield has just entered the theatre. The locomotive hauling his private car up from Fern Bank ran off the track, and thus his punctual habits have been disarranged. As soon as he has made up the curtain will rise. He presents his compliments and craves a few moments' additional indulgence."

The fact was that Mansfield, entertaining some visitors in a walk in the country during the afternoon, had entirely forgotten the hour, and did not reach his car on returning from the stroll until an hour after the locomotive arrived to haul it to town. They were discussing some theme of ethics and mental philosophy, and Mansfield became so wrapt in the topic that he prolonged his walk longer than he intended.



OTIS SKINNER is responsible for the following:

"I was rehearsing 'The Harvester' in Chicago, and Mansfield was producing 'Julius Caesar' at the same time. I knew he was stopping at the same hotel, and one morning there was a rap at my door. Opening it I found Mr. Dillon.

"'Mr. Skinner,' he said, 'Mr. Mansfield presents his compliments, and says that as you and he have never met, shall he call upon you, or will you call upon him?'"

"As I have my family with me," replied Skinner, "I think perhaps I would rather have Mr. Mansfield call upon me."

In about an hour there came another rap at the door, and Mrs. Skinner opening it found Mansfield standing there. She welcomed him and he entered, quickly spying Miss Cornelia, Skinner's little daughter, to whom he at once addressed himself, taking her on his knee, telling her about his son at home in New York, and coddling and hugging the little miss until he fairly smothered her.

When Skinner came in he promptly insisted that a box must be put at the disposal of the family on Saturday afternoon. "But," he insisted, "it is for Miss Cornelia! It's a theatre party I'm going to give to *her*. Her papa and mamma can come along, but the party and the box are *hers*, remember!"

So it was arranged and the two men fell to talking "shop."

"Have you seen my 'Brutus'?" inquired Mansfield.



Goldberg

ADOLF BOLM

The Russian dancer who, with his Ballet Intime, has been giving performances for the benefit of the American Ambulance in Russia



Apeda

MARGARET CRAWFORD

Who lectured at the Annual Convention of the American National College of Dancing at the McAlpin recently



White

ARLINE CHASE

In "Leave It to Jane," it was left for dainty Arline to run off with the dancing honors



De Strelecki

ROSHANARA

The grace and artistry of whose dancing made her stand out prominently in the Ballet Intime at the Booth recently

ON WITH THE DANCE, SAYS BROADWAY

"No," replied Skinner. "I never had that pleasure."

"You've played in 'Julius Caesar'?"

"Yes," said Skinner, "I played it with Booth and Barrett; but I never did 'Brutus'."

"What do you think of the part, anyway," asked Mansfield.

"I think it is a great rôle," replied Skinner.

"Do you?" said Mansfield. "I think he's an old fool. Anyway I know I'm an old fool in the part! But how do you suppose I came to put on 'Julius Caesar'?"

"Haven't any idea. How?"

"Why, last year Mrs. Mansfield took a cottage on the Thames at Twickenham, and I went over to pass my vacation. One day I went into London to pay a call on Sir Henry Irving, and while we were chatting in his rooms in the Lyceum Theatre he said to me:

"I've got a set of Roman scenery upstairs, Mansfield, that Sir Alma Tadema painted for me for my production of 'Coriolanus.' That, you remember, wasn't much of a success, and I've got that scenery laid away in storage. Why don't you buy it? I'll give you a bargain in it."

"Let's go look at it," I said.

"So we went into the storehouse and he had the scenery put out for my inspection. It was magnificently done, a great work of art! I asked him what he wanted for it. He told me and I took it on the spot, for it was the greatest bargain I'd ever seen! Then after I had it what was I going to do with it? There wasn't a thing in the world I could use it for except some Shakespearean Roman play, and conscience knows there wasn't a thing Roman in Shakespeare that I could possibly put on but 'Julius Caesar.' So I chose that for this season. Not that I can play it, for I can't. Between you and me I know I'm the limit as 'Brutus'; but I'm doing the part just to use up an old job lot of second-hand scenery that I bought of Irving!"

And Mansfield roared over the absurdity of the situation.

Saturday afternoon a box at "Julius Caesar" was duly decorated for Miss Cornelia Skinner, in which she occupied the place of honor, a big box of candy in her lap, handed her by Mr. Dillon "with Mr. Mansfield's compliments."

She was chaperoned by her parents, and Skinner had a chance to see Mansfield play what he termed "that old fool 'Brutus.'"

One night the audience at the New Amsterdam Theatre was much surprised to see Mansfield present himself before the curtain, his make-up entirely removed as usual, but on his face the most amused expression as he bowed his thanks to the vast house. Usually his countenance wore such a bored look that to see him actually smiling quite amazed people. The reason never passed beyond the curtain; but his mirth arose from overhearing one stage hand remark to another, as he washed off the paint in the wings:

"Keep a-shaking! Keep a-wiggling that curtain! Don't you know the Governor's orders! Nivver let up on shaking of it until he kin get his face washed and git out there."

Mansfield caught the remark and burst into a guffaw, and the remnants of it wreathed his face as he stepped in front.

One night at Albaugh's Lyceum Theatre word came front that the house would have to be dismissed, as Mansfield declared he'd not proceed with the play.

Albaugh went to his dressing-room and knocked.

"Come in!" came Mansfield's voice.

Entering, Albaugh found his star striding up and down, wrapped in his overcoat, his teeth chattering, his face dark with a frown.

"What's the matter?" inquired Albaugh.

"Matter!" shouted Mansfield. "Matter! Why, sir, this house is insufferably cold. I'm frozen to the marrow! My teeth actually refuse to be-

have themselves. How do you suppose art can live in such a temperature? Dismiss the house! I'll not proceed! I am freezing! It is infamous to subject me to this horror! My God! Now I can comprehend what it means to die of cold! Now I feel a slight wavering in my horror of perdition!"

And thus he went on, piling up one string of protests after another until he had exhausted himself.

"Oh, I'll send and get you a good stiff drink of whiskey, and you'll be all right," answered Albaugh.

He did, Mansfield drank it, raved a little longer, then cast aside his overcoat, and with a heavy sigh said:

"Oh, well! Since you will make a martyr of me, ring up! I'll submit. But it's infamous, sir, infamous! What a life! It's more fraught with hardships than that of a sailor before the mast!"

The play went on.

One afternoon while rehearsals of "Monsieur Beaucaire" were progressing at the Criterion Theatre, I met the player on Broadway. I noticed that he was in a bad humor, denoted by the contracted eyes, flushed face, and the rapidity of his stride, but thought to at least halt him, shake his hand, and make some pleasant, friendly remark.

"Hello, Mansfield!" I exclaimed. How are you?"

"Well," was the curt answer.

"That's good. When are you going out?"

The small, beady eyes contracted still more, and through the half-closed lips came the hissing remark:

"You mean when am I going to leave? I do not like your way of putting it! I am leaving on the sixteenth of the month!"

The conversation terminated abruptly. After the opening in Philadelphia I sent Mansfield a telegram, (as had always been my wont at every new production), (Concluded on page 256)

WHO'S NOT WHO

By HAROLD SETON



PLACE: The Gallery of a Theatre.

TIME: 7:45 P. M.

(Enter Mayme McGinnis and Saidie Sullivan, both of whom are employed at Lacy's, Mayme at the glove counter and Saidie in the millinery department. They wear high-heeled shoes, very short skirts, transparent waists, and rhinestone combs, earrings, pins, bracelets and rings.)

MAYME: Oh, my Gawd! There ain't a soul in the place!

SAIDIE: Well, it's better to be too oily than too late!

MAYME: Let's see the programme! Oh, there's four acts! Ain't that grand? And every scene is different! That's what I like!

SAIDIE: And all swell guys, you can tell by the names! Give me high-toney drama every time! My sister says it's a liberal education to see a society play, to study the way they walk, and talk, and everything!

MAYME: Mrs. Fiske is grand in society plays!

SAIDIE: Ain't she though! I seen her in "Come Out of the Kitchen!" She was classy, all right! John Drew was the leading man!

MAYME: I only seen him once! That was in "The Yellow Jacket!" You couldn't tell what he looked like! He was supposed to be a Chink!

SAIDIE: John Drew is Elsie Janis's uncle! Did you know that?

MAYME: Of course, I did! Where do you think I live? In Brooklyn?

SAIDIE: Half of the actors and actresses is related, by marriage or divorce, or somehow!

MAYME: William Faversham is married to Grace George, and David Warfield is married to Jane Cowl!

SAIDIE: I was only reading in the paper the other day about the happy home-life of George M. Cohan and Anna Held! And then there's Billie Burke married to her manager, Charles Dillingham!

MAYME: Some matches seems kind of peculiar, like Geraldine Farrar and Julian Eltinge! And Valeska Suratt and Forbes-Robertson!

SAIDIE: Some actresses marries millionaires, and gets into the 400! There's Mrs. August Belmont, used to be May Irwin!

MAYME: And Mrs. Gould, used to be Marie Dressler!

SAIDIE: It's queer Nora Bayes ain't never married! Nor Lillian Russell neither!

MAYME: Well, some folks likes to be free and independent! That's why Nat Goodwin stayed a bachelor, and De Wolf Hopper too!

SAIDIE: Frances Starr is stuck on Raymond Hitchcock! When he was with her in "Hit-the-Trail Holliday" you could see, by the way she looked at him, awful spooney-like! The same way with Margaret Anglin in "Fair and Warmer!" Them love-scenes with Douglas Fairbanks wasn't no play-acting, take it from me!

MAYME: Aw, but after all, nobody can hand out the mush like Lou-Tellegen! Say, when I seen him in "Peg o' My Heart," with Ethel Barrymore, I was just wild about him!

SAIDIE: Julia Marlowe is awful cunning too! She was a scream in "Good Gracious, Anabelle!"

MAYME: Well, my favorite one of all is Kitty Gordon! She's artistic, that's what she is! Her and Ted Shawn makes a ideal couple, and don't you forget it! Their pictures is in all the magazines, posed real Oriental, fixed up like cosy-corners, or just with veils on!

SAIDIE: Gee whiz, it's going to begin! The house has all filled up! Don't the time pass quick when a couple of girls gets together and chews the rag about actors and actresses? Believe me, I could simply die talking about the theatre!.....



Photos White

Marjorie Rambeau and Ralph Kellard in
"Eyes of Youth" at the Maxine Elliott



Eugene O'Brien, Donald Gallaher, Marian Coalsley
and Alexandra Carlisle in "The Country Cousin"



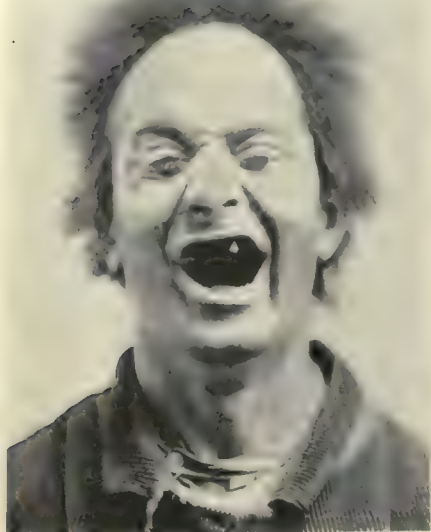
Ralph Herz and Elizabeth Murray in
"Good-Night, Paul" at the Hudson



Edith Hallor and Robert Pitkin in
"Leave It to Jane" at the Longacre

C U R R E N T P L A Y S A L O N G T H E R I A L T O

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



White
BLUCH LANDOLF

WHEN Bluch Landolf made his exit after Bud Snyder's bicycle act on the opening night at the Hippodrome he fainted. He shouldn't have taken the matter of his performance so seriously for his name wasn't on the programme. But Bluch is an artist in his line of pantomime. He reveres his profession as a man is likely to do if literally born in "it." And Bluch was, for he was born in one of the green wagons in which acrobatic performers travel about Germany giving performances in each town. If you don't see his name on the "Cheer Up" programmes you will know him for his quiet but unctuous humor, by his tousled red hair, his ill-fitting clothes and his fadeless smile. He has played in practically every country as an acrobat.



Sarony

CLARA JOEL

As the vampire in "Business Before Pleasure"



White
MACEY HARLAM

MACEY HARLAM'S manager sent for him and said: "I understand you're doing good work downstairs." Thereafter his Saturday envelope held an extra half a hundred dollars. Mr. Harlam is a reformed villain. No intention of disparaging Mr. Harlam's private life. The allusion is to his stage creations. Having played a French-Canadian desperado in "The Call of the North," a promoter of South American revolutions in "U. S. Minister Bedloe" and "Soldiers of Fortune" and "The Ne'er Do Well," an East Indian spy in "Inside the Lines," a member of the Russian Secret Police in "The Yellow Ticket," and as a Babylonian clubman in "The Wanderer," he has made himself into a gentle Hindu in "The Eyes of Youth."

CLARA JOEL was a society girl of Jersey City, when she was discovered by a woman who knew she saw beauty, and thought she desecrated dramatic talent in the girl from Jersey. "Do you want to go on the stage?" the woman asked. It was an important question because she was the wife of a manager. "No, I don't think so," replied the girl from Jersey. "The stage doesn't appeal to me." From which you may infer that at least one girl in the world was not stage struck. The manager's wife, convincing her that it is the most profitable profession for women, and that talent did exist in her, Miss Joel took to the stage. And she has never regretted it. She bought with her first week's salary a red silk sweater. She has added to her earned treasures some desirable jewels and an automobile. "And I've bought them all myself, if I am a stage vampire," she says. Before she charmed audiences in "Business Before Pleasure" she followed Jane Cowl in "Within the Law" and in "Common Clay" and succeeded Julia Arthur in "The Eternal Magdalene."



Sarony

BLANCHE YURKA

WHILE Jane Cowl was playing a bit in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" she became interested in a slender, blonde girl with an intellectual face and the kind of features that denote strong character. "You're a fine actress, Blanche Yurka," she said to her co-player. And I see you are ambitious. Some day you'll get your chance. If you don't get it before, I'll give it to you when my ship comes in." There being indisputable evidence that her ship has come in, Miss Cowl having become a star and playwright and producer, she engaged for the leading rôle in her play, "Daybreak," the girl whom she remembered. Who says woman is never woman's friend? Miss Yurka was playing with Frank Keenan in "The Pawn" in Chicago when the summons came. She obeyed it. The actress was seen in New York last season in a lesser part in "The Silent Witness." She has been well schooled in stock.

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



SHUBERT. "MAYTIME." Play with music in four acts. Book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young, score by Sigmund Romberg. Produced on August 16, with this cast:

John Wayne	Richard Morgan
Colonel Van Zandt	Carl Stall
Ottillie	Peggy Wood
Richard Wayne	Charles Purcell
Matilda Van Zandt	Edith Wright
Alice Tremaine	Laura Arnold
Matthew Van Zandt	William Norris
Claude Van Zandt	Douglas J. Wood
Maria	Grace Daniels
Rudolfo	Arthur Albro
Lizzie	Maude Odell
Madame Delphine	Rose Winter

"MAYTIME," at the Shubert, has so slight a plot, and is so filled with episode and obvious theatrical expedients to piece out with, that it is astonishing what charm it has.

It is the perfume of love that supplies the charm, love, in this case, that lasted two parted lovers over three generations. As a matter of fact the affairs ante-dating the twenties are customarily remembered with a touch of sentiment, now and then, but almost always with wonderment that one could have loved the now vinegary-faced woman or the round-paunched man now of business.

But in a play one does not need to get vinegary or to fill out at the middle. Life-long loves, when either the man or the woman is married to some other person, are contradictory to the almost universal experiences of life itself. However, the theme is often used in plays and always pleases.

The girlish daughter of one of the first families in New York—the story beginning in 1840—loves and is loved by a youthful apprentice in her father's cooperage shop. She is forced to marry a rake of fortune and family. In the love-making of the early scenes the two plant a sapling of an apple tree, which in the following acts has its degrees of growth and its blossoms give forth the aroma of sentiment when the two meet years later. Then there is a song, "Will You Remember," that sings its way through the play while the tree is doing its sentimental part.

The lovers meet fifteen years later at an entertainment at the house of a fashionable friend of the woman

(the eternal girl), on which occasion P. T. Barnum furnishes the artists. Mr. Barnum was episodically entertaining. Next they meet in the Eighties. The eternal girl's furniture—that of the fashionable old home—is to be auctioned off. The lover, now an old man, buys the painting of her in her youth amid the apple-blossoms. An episodic auctioneer is entertaining in the midst of this wreck of the home.

We now reach the Twentieth Century. The girl of the apple-blossoms, reduced to having a dressmaking establishment, old indeed now, and fortunately not exhibiting herself; but she exhibits her dresses on living models. The idea and the effect still have the aroma of youth and "Will You Remember Me."

William Norris plays a Van Zandt, whom we became acquainted with in the first act, now in his nineties and amorous of women. Well played, but indelicate.

The company is excellent. Peggy Wood, charming in voice and appearance, appears in the different periods and phases of the luckless, loving girl. She alone will give a life-long life to "Maytime."

Charles Purcell, as the apprentice lover, Rose Winter, Maude Odell, and others help the forcefulness and versatility of the "play with music."

Rida Johnson Young has more than adapted the original, while the production generally is in good hands.

BOOTH. "BALLET-INTIME." With Adolf Bolm, Roshanara, Ratan Devi and Michio Itow. Produced on August 20.

ADOLF BOLM'S "Ballet-Intime," which recently appeared at the Booth under the auspices of the American Ambulance in Russia, is intimate, I presume, because it is small. It includes Roshanara's familiar vaudeville offerings and one or two of the dances Michio Itow and Tulle Lindahl performed at the Comedy one afternoon last winter. Ratan Devi sings some of her remarkable gibberish. The oft-repeated refrain of one song sounded to me something like "Rum-tiddity-bum-bum-more-Rialto," which—if you like that sort of thing—is very good, indeed; but if you don't care for it, you are

likely to consider it—well, merely Ratan. Mr. Bolm was at his best in an Assyrian dance and an arrangement from "Prince Igor." The Danse Macabre" was especially picturesque, a sort of miniature "Masque of the Red Death."

Which latter, by the way, someone ought to make into a ballet, if it hasn't already been done.

HUDSON. "THE DELUGE." Play in three acts by Henning Berger. Adapted by Frank Allen. Produced on August 20 with this cast:

Stratton	William Riley Hatch
First Customer	William J. Phinney
Charlie	Clyde North
Frazer	Robert McWade
Another Customer	Guy Nichols
Adams	Frederick Perry
O'Neill	Henry E. Dixey
Nordling	Edward G. Robinson
Higgins	William Dick
Sadie	Pauline Lord

I WAS sorry "The Deluge" dissipated so quickly as I really wanted to see it again, something I cannot say of any other of the new pieces I have seen this season except "The Very Idea." It had distinct literary merit and it was superlatively well acted.

Although the setting was American, the interior of a saloon located in a city on the Mississippi, the spirit of the piece was distinctly continental, not to be wondered at since the author was a Swede, Henning Berger, who had, however, lived and worked professionally as a newspaper man in Chicago.

It was presented with all that intelligent care that marks the productions of Arthur Hopkins. Its one scene, a barroom, was typically appropriate. The cast could not have been bettered but it needed special audiences for the true appreciation of its somewhat mordant philosophy. Besides, the women, and they are prime factors in a popular success, will never care for realistic thunder storms that prevail over two acts, nor are they likely to enthuse over barroom verities.

The varied patrons of this saloon, regulars and stragglers, are marooned within its precincts by a cloudburst. Beneath the street level the flood threatens to drown them all like rats in the trap that is to be

cast into a tub of water. With death facing, there works a transformation in the characters of the doomed, and under the leadership of O'Neill, a lawyer, who quotes Shakespeare, Milton and the Bible, with equal volubility, a true humanitarian cult is established. But the heavens clear and with it dissipate the higher thoughts, sordid instincts return and with the exception of one stray daughter of Eve each harks back to the self he was before the flood.

Dixey was ideally delightful as the loquacious O'Neill, Robert McWade marvellously perfect as a grouch, William Riley Hatch graphically human as the saloon-keeper and Clyde North a bartender of universal appeal. Frederick Perry was earnest as a selfish speculator and Pauline Lord as the waif and stray, sounded a note of true sincerity. Edward G. Robinson, admirable as a Scandinavian inventor. William Dick, Wm. J. Phinney and Guy Nichols were all excellent.

Robert Edmund Jones designed the scene. The scope of his fine art was necessarily limited.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "EYES OF YOUTH." Play in three acts by Max Marcin and Charles Guernon. Produced on August 22 with this cast:

Asa Ashling	Charles Abbe
Kenneth Ashling	Donald Gallaher
Rita Ashling	Fay Wallace
Louis Anthony	Leonard Ide
Peter Judson	Ralph Kellard
Robert Goring	John H. Elliott
Paolo Salvo	George L. Romain
Gina Ashling	Marjorie Rambeau
A Yogi	Macey Harlam
Joan	Caroline Leonard
Picquard	Walter Armin
Goritz	Charles Hampden
Judge Singleton	Conrad Cantzen
Percival Blake	Walter Horton
Alfred Brooks	Joseph Adelman
Court Stenographer	William Tousey
Clarence Morgan	J. Harold Foley

LOOKING with eyes of youth at the Maxine Elliott, Miss Marjorie Rambeau saw her finish. To be exact, she saw three finishes. Yogi, Macey Harlam, gave her a crystal, and what she beheld therein was something terrible.

In one finish she became a school teacher, grew old, and lost her job. She said it was because she didn't know the new methods, but I strongly suspect the trustees fired her because she thought the singular of "species" was "specie." It was more than her lover could stand. He left her flat and took up with little sister, who—oddly enough—had not grown old. The moral is: Don't be an old maid school teacher.

Marjorie's second finish was much more exciting. She became a prima donna, frequented gilded palaces of sin, affected millionaire lovers, and spilled temperament all over the place. Young Donald Gallaher got so mad about it that he shot the impresario who started her on her glorious if noisy career. Donald was very positive about not wanting sister to be that sort of girl.

The third finish was nothing more nor less than an episode from Willard Mack's "Her Market Value," which was done in Chicago last season but got no further. Marjorie had married a rich suitor, and he divorced her on framed-up evidence. It was very shocking evidence at that. Luckily the case was tried in chambers. The regular courtroom would have had to put out the S. R. O. sign.

Thoroughly disgusted, Miss Rambeau took some dope and went to Rector's. There a kind-hearted detective offered to help her, but her really-truly lover came along and took her to his heart. Accordingly, when she got out of her third trance, she married the really-truly lover and sailed for South America, where there are no yogis.

This crude melodramatic vehicle gave Miss Rambeau a chance to show more versatility than usual, and she made much of her chance. Donald Gallaher and Macey Harlam were the other good actors.

I fear that "Eyes of Youth" need stronger lenses to correct them to normal than Dr. Max Marcin has prescribed.

COHAN. "THIS WAY OUT." Comedy in three acts by Frank Craven, founded on a story by Octavius Roy Cohen and J. U. Giesy. Produced on August 30 with this cast:

John Caldwell	Charles Trowbridge
Joe Franklin	Frank Craven
Walter Simmons	Jed Prouty
Benny Gordon	Walter Baldwin, Jr.
Suki	David Burton
Bell Boy	Harold Grau
Mr. Watson	George Williams
Mr. Burbank	Charles Merriwell
Mrs. John Caldwell	Edith Lyle
Ethel Lane	Millicent Evans
Maude Leveridge	Grace Goodall

IFREQUENTLY question myself as to whether I am properly fit to review the hundred and one farces with which modern managers seek to amuse the public and incidentally part them withal from their shekels.

It is all very well, as is the custom these days, to sneer at Scribe and the school of well-made plays, but, after all, a farce is really noth-

ing but a bit of applied mechanics, and if you have watched their formal articulation from "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon" down to "Nothing But the Truth," you have wasted your enforced education if after a study of the programme and ten minutes of exposition you cannot guess the ultimate conclusion. The novelty must reside in the originality the author gives to the familiar complications.

Thus it is that I cannot very enthusiastically subscribe to "This Way Out" at the Cohan Theatre. Originally a story by Octavius Roy Cohen and J. U. Giesy, published in *Munsey's*, Frank Craven has fashioned it into a farce for his personal exploitation. If a young woman advertises for a husband and a jocular friend signs to a response the name of a newly-married man it is not difficult to discern the so-called consequences.

Well, such is life and such is "This Way Out" of it. My principal objection to it is that it took a fearful amount of valuable time to get things started, the outcome of which was never very difficult to determine. It is redolent with the flavor of 42d Street and Broadway, a style of humor which can be overdone.

Frank Craven is a droll comedian, happier, I think, in character than in straight work. Once started he gathers in the needful number of laughs.

But the real humor is supplied by Grace Goodall who wants a husband. To a breezy personality she combines a fine sense of comic effect. Her Maude Leveridge is in every sense entirely satisfactory.

KNICKERBOCKER. MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT in repertoire. Presented on September 1.

FOR those who saw Sarah Bernhardt in the splendor of her early triumphal career there is no disillusionment in seeing her now with her physical movements restricted.

Her silvery voice is unbroken in its means of expression, while her artistry, her mentality and her emotional qualities are untouched by time and circumstance.

The public attitude of consideration for her need not be apologetic. Her loyalty to France is an added virtue.

It could not be expected that she should give her old plays in their entirety. But she should prosper in the form of entertainment arranged for her. She appears in scenes from the plays which she has made pecu-

liarly her own, among them, from "Jeanne D'Arc," the tribunal scene in which she battles for her life and her dreams, ideal and prophetic, against her pitiless judges.

The divine Sarah's heart is with France, just as the Maid's was. She uses a number of short plays in which France and its heroisms are exalted. "Le Vitrail," a slight but touching little expression of patriotism, is the simple story, fanciful and romantic, of a wife who secludes herself, vowing never to see the sunlight again until her husband returns from the war victorious. He does return, feigning to be mutilated, but the test finds her unchanged in affection.

Apart from what Bernhardt herself gives us, classic dances, gems of art in the way of living statuary, shadowgraphs and vocal and instrumental music fill out the performance. The superior excellence of these entertainers strikingly illustrates the perfection habitually achieved in every form of art by the French. There is no cheapness in that which is supplementary.

HUDSON. "GOOD NIGHT, PAUL." Musical farce in three acts. Book and lyrics by Roland Oliver and Charles Dickson, music by Harry B. Olsen. Produced on September 3 with this cast:

Mrs. Audrey Hayward	Audrey Maple
Madame Louise	Louise Kelly
Robert Hayward	Burrell Barbaretto
Paul Forster	Ralph Herz
Frank Forster	Frank Lalor
Elizabeth M. O'Brien	Elizabeth Murray

VERY Frenchy and more or less *risqué* is "Good Night, Paul," in which Mr. Ralph Herz presents himself to the playgoing public. It is a farce which occasionally burgesons into song, and it is all about brides and bedchambers.

Of course, there is a rich, eccentric relative who has to be fooled out of some money—100,000 francs, to be exact. If his brother Paul is married, Brother Frank (Lalor) will give him the cash; Paul, however, is not married, and so he takes his neighbor's wife. Frank thereafter busies himself seeing to it that Paul is really married.

Naturally, the neighbor, who happens to be Paul's partner, complicates matters. There is much climbing in and out of beds and windows, snoring duets by people who "sleep with their cut-outs wide open," sleep-walking, and door-slamming. "Good Night, Paul," in fact, feebly echoes a great series of French farces of the type that "Occupe-toi

d'Amélie" most excellently represents.

The bursts of song are not much to speak of, with the exception of one catchy melody, "Eenie Weenie," and a Mississippi River thing—with "Robert E. Lee" changed to "Henry Clay"—which gives Miss Elizabeth Murray a chance to do some coon-shouting in her very best manner. Mr. Herz has little to do in the way of song. Miss Audrey Maple and Mr. Burrell Barbaretto save him the trouble.

"Good Night, Paul" is reasonably amusing. It would be much improved if its chorus were amputated at once. And you have to be able to snigger at naughty suggestions to enjoy the piece fully.

GAIETY. "THE COUNTRY COUSIN." Comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington and Julian Street. Produced on September 3 with this cast:

Mrs. Howitt	Julia Stuart
Eleanor Howitt	Marian Coakley
Sam Williams	Donald Gallaher
Nancy Price	Alexandra Carlisle
George Tewksberry	Reynolds, 3d,
	Eugene O'Brien
Stanley Howitt	Arthur Forrest
Athalie Wainwright	Louise Prussing
Mrs. Jane Kinney	Eleanor Gordon
Cyril Kinney	Donald Foster
Maud Howitt	Grace Elliston
Comm. J. Archie Gore	Charles Mackay
Pruitt	George Wright, Jr.
Blake	Albert Tavernier

THE authors, Mr. Booth Tarkington and Mr. Julian Street, meant well in "The Country Cousin," at the Gaiety. It was their good intentions, no doubt, that two Presidents of the United States, one actual, the other of a strenuous past, one by letter and the other from a box at a performance, meant to commend.

The play means well in that it converts a rich young idler, the social counterpart in peace of the slacker in war, to manhood. It means well in showing how amiable and altogether lovely a country cousin (not usually held in the esteem he or she should be) can be. In actual life this urban prejudice against the rural could not hold with Alexandra Carlisle as the country cousin.

This country cousin, thus incorporated,—the only one in the play that anybody can possibly take any particular interest in—follows her cousin, a giddy girl, to the city, uninvited and in order to mother her against her will. The pretty, giddy child has inherited a small fortune. Her father, still giddy himself at fifty, learns of it, and persuades her to leave her mother, from whom the father is divorced and who is remarried, and accompany him and

her step-mother to the city to get a broader view of life. She does so. Father's work consists of helping himself by devious means to her money. Was it he or the step-mother that arranged with a jeweler to supply some pearls (or was it diamonds?) at an excessive price, the difference to be split?

The Country Cousin does spoil that game, and she does help, to make a man of the slacker. Otherwise her spiritual influence was nil. She was not persuasive enough to induce the giddy girl not to take her first cocktail. But she did diffuse charm in the person of Alexandra Carlisle. That charm was felt, we believe, by one of the *roués* who received what was "coming to him."

The giddy girl is saved and is restored to the arms of a youthful snip of a lover whose ambition is to become President or at least a senator. This ambition is not likely ever to be gratified. The fashionables depicted were impossible, and they were as unnecessarily disagreeable as possible. But Alexandra, Alexandra from over the sea, was delightful.

39TH STREET. "LUCKY O'SHEA." Play in three acts by Theodore Burt Sayre. Produced on September 3 with this cast:

DeVigny	Gerald Pring
Vigner	William Wagner
O'Shea	Allen Doone
LaSalle	Robert Brister
Aubert	Leonard Willey
Rose McMichael	Edna Keeley
Abbe Duveen	Robert F. Davis
Thaddeus McMichael	Pat S. Barrett
Roderick O'Toole	Seth Smith
Phelim McNair	Edwin Burke
Nancy O'Dowd	Mary Kennedy
Danny McNabb	Maurice Lynch
Julius Caesar McGinnis	Frank Cotter

ONCE again costume melodrama comes to us in "Lucky O'Shea," which Mr. Allen Doone is said to have brought all the way from Australia. It is a piece all about war and spies and the fiendish Prussian officer who is spurned by his fair captive and who in revenge marries her off to a humble gypsy prisoner.

Who is the gypsy prisoner? None other than Lucky O'Shea, the Gaelic-Gallic spy. Does the lady love her sudden husband? Well, naturally not in the start; but before the piece is over and he has saved her life and performed goodness knows how many chivalric exploits, including the wooing in disguise of his own wife, you can imagine her attitude toward Friend Husband undergoes

a distinct and favorable change.

The chief charm of the whole business is the atmosphere of Irish wit and humor—the kind that makes you grin and chuckle instead of guffawing to the rafters. Whether much of it isn't over the average head is another question. Of course, there is song as well, and Mr. Doone does most of the Chauncey Olcott-ing. I must confess, however, that he is a considerably better actor than he is a singer. He knows how to swagger—which is half the battle—and he is adroit at assuming a variety of identities.

Swatting the villain is one of the most popular indoor sports in our theatre, and Theodore Burt Sayre has accordingly provided three of them for Mr. Doone to land on. They appear early and often and get everything that is coming to them. All this much to the taste of the belle of Dublin, who couldn't keep out of the thick of the fighting.

Mr. Doone, I understand, is "presented" by Mr. Edward Allen (Doone). The producer has provided the star with a capable company, among whom Mr. Pat S. Barrett and Miss Edna Keeley distinguish themselves. The colorful costumes and some excellent scenery contribute largely to the interest.

LYRIC. "THE MASQUERADER." Play in three acts by John Hunter Booth. Founded on the novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston. Produced on September 3 with this cast:

John Chilcote, M. P.	John Loder	Guy Bates Post
Brock	Bobby Blessington	Marie
Eve Chilcote	Peggy Forsythe	Allston
Herbert Fraide	Mr. Lakely	Lady Lillian Astrupp
Robbins	Lady Bramfell	Lady Sarah Fraide
Captain Galltry	Lord Bramfell	Greening
Doctor	Huskie	
Louis Calvert	Gerry Cornell	Lurita Stone
Thais Lawton	Georgia Mai Fursman	H. B. Fitzgibbon
Clarence Handyside	Ian Robertson	Florence Malone
Ruby Gordon	Olive Temple	Gertrude Linton
James Moore	William Podmore	Raymond Martin
Edward Unger	By Himself	

TO make facts of improbabilities, to have the happenings unusual in ordinary experience, and to devise a story as remote as possible from the present war, taking one away from his preoccupation with it, seems a reasonable requirement of the moment.

A slight connection with the British Parliament and a reference to the present conflict do not affect this

remoteness in "The Masquerader," a many-cylindred play, written by John Hunter Booth from a novel by Katherine Cecil Thurston, produced by Richard Walton Tully, and acted, for the most part, by Guy Bates Post.

With its romanticism, more or less superficial, but with tense melodramatic moments, it would serve for profitable entertainment, for that matter, at any time. The story of double identities, in farce, comedy and tragedy and melodrama, is as old as the Two Dromios, if not older, and can be listed easily by anyone familiar with the theatre. "The Prisoner of Zenda" at once suggests itself, and a choice remembrance of many is "The Lyons Mail," with Henry Irving's incomparable and unique performance. Here is the same commercial staple of the theatre, but with a difference.

The difference, even where similarities of detail exist, is in the treatment. In that respect the play has an excellence that amounts to originality. Without acquaintance with the novel the symptoms indicate that success has been gained chiefly through stagecraft.

Mr. Post is no less effective than would have been the master of idiosyncrasies. He is gracious and ingratiating in person and manners and art and will establish a permanent popularity in it, superficial as the play is in sentiment and facts. There is admirable skill in the manuscript, too. For instance, John Loder, a poor writer, who is to sustain the chief function in the action, has a small scar on one of his fingers, the bite of a wolf encountered by him in his adventurous life, Loder having been saved by his faithful dog. This scar is important. The scene in which, the dog present, Loder relates the experience is contrived with expertness.

Loder is the double of John Chilcote, a member of Parliament, married, a man of wealth, incapacitated and his career threatened by his addiction to drugs. In a London fog this unfortunate creature meets his cousin, his double, a wanderer, brilliant and fitted to take up the career offered to him. The play is what happens after the substitution of the one man for the other in the home. The drug addict has, in his degradation, neglected his wife for an intrigue with a woman of fashion, so that the wife's heart lies open to the newcomer, she yearning for a reconciliation. She thinks her husband has reformed. With a certain amount

of superficial sentiment, danger of detection, final escape from publicity in the way of scandal, and a secret marriage with the cousin later on, with entire innocence of conduct up to that point, after the real husband succumbs to the fatal drug, you have the play. John Loder lives famous and happy as Chilcote, and Chilcote lies in a humble grave as John Loder.

Except for Louis Calvert as Brock, the faithful old family servant, the other actors and characters, for that matter, are not more than within measurable distance of Mr. Post. Of course such an agreeable and capable actress as Thais Lawton, as the wife, gives a full account of herself and does more than anyone else to give semblance to the sentiment.

BOOTH. "DE LUXE ANNIE." Play in three acts by Edward Clark, based on a short story by Scammon Lockwood. Produced on September 4 with this cast:

Porter	Dr. Niblo	Van Herbert	Jordan Bell	Frank North	De Luxe Annie	Jimmie Fitzpatrick	Cronin	Hal H. Kendal	Mrs. Archer	Mrs. Gilmore	Cyrus Munroe	Joe	Dr. Standish	Jefferson D. Esmonde	Nurse
Frank Bowens	Albert Bruning	Jack MacBride	Robert W. Smiley	Russell H. Davis	Jane Grey	Vincent Serrano	Walter Wilson	Thurlow Bergen	Mary Hall	Minnie Milne	Percy Pollock	Jack MacBride	Robert W. Smiley	Edward Mackay	Susan Dowling

DE LUXE ANNIE is another mystery-surprise-crook melodrama, quite interesting as such things go, but notably deficient in the saving element of humor. The authors of the play and of the story have unpacked the showman's entire bag of tricks. A prologue and an epilogue in a Pullman car give the effect of a tale being told. After the prologue there is an "On Trial" flash-back to three weeks earlier when the badger game, the private detectives, the bloodhounds, and so on, get in their work.

An injury to the skull gives the young wife of an educated and respected citizen amnesia—which, by the way, a number of our well-known newspapers are beginning to learn is not the same thing as aphasia. Amnesia gives her the entrée to a life of crime, which she pursues with zest as "De Luxe Annie" until discovered by her husband and by means of a surgical operation restored to her pristine innocence and social rank.

(Continued on page 242)



Photos White

Grant Mitchell as John Paul Bart, the tailor's assistant



Lotta Linthicum, L. E. Conness, Minna Gale Haynes, A. P. Kaye, Mona Kingsley, Harry Harwood

Act II. Bart, having stolen Mr. Jellicott's evening clothes in order to appear properly dressed at Mrs. Stanlaw's smart function, Mr. Jellicott himself is forced to don a hired suit



Mona Kingsley

Grant Mitchell

Act II. As the cultured gentleman, John Paul Bart attracts Corinne Stanlaw



William C. Hodges, J. H. Greene, John A. Boone, Grant Mitchell and Gladys Gilbert

Act III. The tailor-made man, now an important person, meets a business crisis successfully



Barlowe Borland, Miss Linthicum, Miss Power

Act IV. The newspaper story of Bart's rise in the world brings his society friends to the tailor's shop

SCENES IN HARRY JAMES SMITH'S COMEDY "A TAILOR-MADE MAN"

THE SLACKER

By ELSIE JANIS



HE was only a little penny clerk
Before the war began
Just a clod of earthly common clay
That some folks call a man.
"Your King and Country need you"
Meant nothing in his life
Though he hadn't any mother
And he couldn't afford a wife.
He hated the thought of killing,
He hated the blasted war,
And he couldn't be made to under-
stand
What the bloody thing was for.
He was a slacker.

Conscription came and they snapped
him up
Before he could bat his eye,
And they said, "now whether you will
or not
We'll make you a regular guy."
So they gave him a Tommy's uniform
And they handed him out a gun,
And they said "you're going to fight,
my lad,
And get shot in the back if you run."
In about four months they sent him
out,
He was weak in the knees and pale
And they knew in their hearts when
the fun began
That the blightless nerve would fail.
He was a slacker.

When they gave him a front seat up
in a trench
He sat in a corner and cried,
While the Germans gave his comrades
Hell,
And men on both sides of him died.
Then he saw his chance and he ran
for it
Right back of the lines like a dog
He ran and ran to an old cow shed
Then he dropped to the ground like
a log.
That night after sundown they found
him there;
They court-martialled him on the spot,
And it took just ten minutes to make
up their minds
That the white-livered cur must be
shot.
He was a slacker.

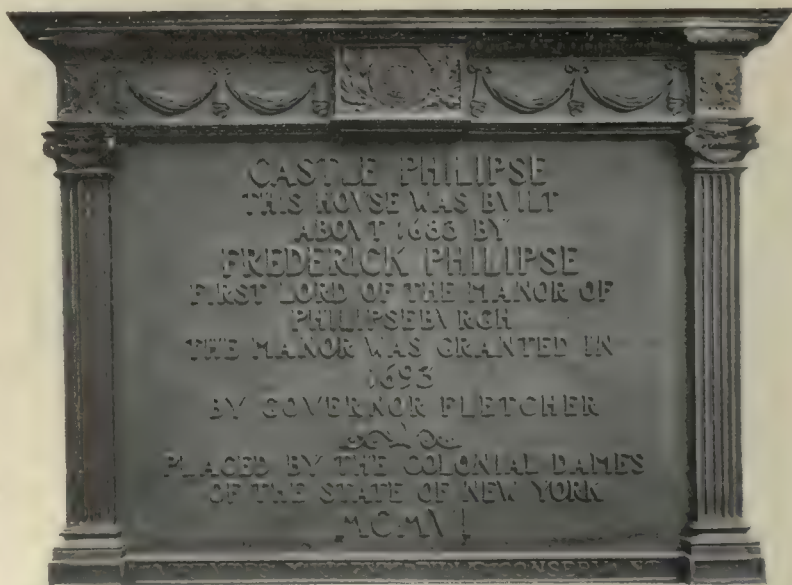
So they put him in charge of a sentry
And marked him to be shot at dawn,
He cried and he begged them for
mercy,
But they growled—"shut your damn
trap, you're gone!"
He was sitting there moaning, not
praying
When a whale of a big German shell
Came straight on its way not delaying
And knocked the poor sentry to Hell.
When the slacker came to he was
lying
Face down in the mud, couldn't see.
But he pulled his poor soul together
And he saw like a shot he was free.
He was a slacker.

Then all of a sudden he gets up,
And throwing his head in the air,
That low-down, blinkin' deserter
Starts in saying a prayer.
"Oh God!" he says, "I've been rotten,
But give me just one little chance,
Just say what I've done is forgotten,
Let me die like a man here in France."
God help a slacker!

Then he ran like a hare to the
trenches
And he grabbed up another man's gun
And he starts in to fight like a terrier
For the battle was nowhere near won.
As he got there the Captain was say-
ing,
"Boy's, it's a dangerous job,
For the man's life who does what
I'm asking
I wouldn't be offering a bob."
"Let me go," said a voice from be-
hind him.
The Captain just stuck out his hand,
When he saw who it was he near
fainted
And then yelled out—"Well I'll be
damned!"
It's the slacker.

He was over the top in a minute
And gets back with the dope that
they want,
With a look on his face right from
Heaven
And a courage that nothing could
daunt.
But he says, "There's a fellow that's
dying
On the barb wire in No Man's Land,
And I'm not going to quit without
trying
To give the poor devil a hand."
So he's out on the job in a minute
And he brings the guy in on his back,
And he smiles, looking for all the
world like
Santa Claus toting his pack.
Is this our slacker?

He got his man back and was happy
He was far more than doing his part
When one of those damned German
snipers
Put a bullet right straight through
his heart.
This is only the tale of a fellow
Who grew into a man in a night,
One who had lived his life yellow
And finished it up pure white.
They buried him there with the other:
In a little garden in France,
He asked for a chance to show them
And he did when God gave him
chance.
He was no slacker.



Press Ill.

BRONZE TABLET ON PHILIPSE MANOR, ONCE WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AND NOW THE HOME OF MISS ELSIE JANIS

In this fine old house with its relics and memories of revolutionary days, Miss Janis was inspired to write the patriotic lines printed above. The tablet is affixed to the wall on the left-hand side of the main entrance to the house shown in the picture on the opposite page



From a photograph by Press Illustrating Service

THE LADY OF PHILIPSE MANOR

When away from the footlights, Elsie Janis, beloved of Broadway, likes nothing so well as playing chatelaine in the fine old historic mansion of which to-day she is the proud mistress

GOING BACK TO MOTHER

By VERA BLOOM



NEW YORK merely smiled on the stage's girlish sweethearts last season. The full measure of its love was sent across the footlights to "Mother." In a half-dozen of the year's most successful plays, golden hair gave way to silver, frilly frocks were replaced by simple calico, or at most, a "best black silk," delirious hats no longer held the eye when prim bonnet strings tied under a gentle face held the center of the stage. "Mother-love" was the theme on which the understanding playwrights of 1917 built their plays.

Perhaps you, on the jump to see everything, including failures, that our forty or more theatres had to offer, didn't realize that your interest in "Mother" was so great that even some of our prettiest actresses had to line their faces, and hide their hair under white wigs to satisfy your demand, and that the age in heroines changed abruptly from sixteen to sixty!

So I set out to find the reason why. Had you tired of the sweet young thing, and the fluttery debutante, or was the cause, like everything else we can't explain just "the war"?



MRS. BASCOM, in "Turn to the Right," was the first mother-heroine of the season, and after a whole year of uninterrupted prosperity, I thought Ruth Chester, who plays the part with such simple tenderness, would have found the secret of the play's success. On the way to her dressing room I caught a glimpse of her serving the hungry prodigals with the peach jam that was to be the turning point of the play, and in a few minutes she breezed in, all youth and buoyancy under her make-up.

"The reason why," she repeated, "well, to tell the truth, I think it was just that a new 'cycle' of plays was due. We had had the crook-plays, and problem-plays, and adventure-plays, all in cycles, and the public was ready for something new—and real. 'Turn to the Right' had just that reality, and the idea of the play built around a sweet, old-fashioned mother was sure to appeal. It was a case of the psychological moment, more than anything else."

"And the war?" I suggested.

"Of course," she answered, "but not when the play opened. Then it seemed so very far away. But when it came it turned us to the real things of life, and made every boy's mother his 'best girl.'"

She turned to the mirror to adjust her "Sunday-go-to-meeting" bonnet, and something moved under the dressing table. It proved to be Sammy, her canine pet.

"Sammy has been my mascot since I played my first mother part," she said proudly. "That was with J. E. Dodson in 'The House Next Door.' When I took the part I hadn't the slightest intention of confining myself to that one type of rôle, but the managers identified me with it, and since then I have played practically every type of mother on the stage."

From the sweet, sheltered homeiness of "Mrs. Bascom," I went straight to the haunting wistfulness of Barrie's pathetic "Mrs. Brodie," the Old Lady who shows her medals, and Beryl Mercer, the English actress who has made the character of the old charwoman who invented a son "at the front" one of the most poignant characterizations seen in years. Miss Mercer might

be "Mrs. Brodie's" daughter, she brings so much of herself to the stage. And when one sees how she loves and understands Barrie's touching playlet, there is no doubt as to the reason for her remarkable portrayal.

"I must live the part as I act," she said, "it must be because I have such a one-sided mind, for I know people who can think of three or four things at the same time, and still act convincingly! For the minute I'm really afraid, or glad, or heartbroken. The story and the people on the



Marlborough

RUTH CHESTER

As the sainted mother in "Turn to the Right"

stage seem to be real, and the sound of the audience sobbing—and I have never heard audiences sob so before—seems like a sound in a dream. So because I must lose my real self in the character, I always play character parts."

"And as for 'Mrs. Brodie' herself?"

"Ah," said Miss Mercer, softly, "there has never been a part like that before. She is the most appealing creature I have ever seen or played. One forgets all the lovely heroines and beautiful girls of other plays, in the presence of a character like hers. I'm sure the people in front never think of her as old and ugly, but as the heroine of a beautiful adventure."

And there she came perilously near defining the iridescent Barrie charm!



SO, feeling that I knew "Mrs. Brodie" quite well, I was off to meet "Rosalie La Grange," the old Irish medium in "The Thirteenth Chair," played with such rare art by Margaret Wycherly. But to meet Miss Wycherly is an entirely different matter. She is tall, and straight and graceful, with a lovely English graciousness.

"The answer to your question is simply—courage," she said, as she sipped a cup of tea between the acts. "The courage of the play-

wrights to build a play around an old woman. Don't you realize how many elderly heroes there have been? Mansfield's greatest parts—and Warfield's—have all been old men, and no one has thought a thing about it. But an elderly heroine was undiscovered territory for dramatists, and they've only explored it this season."

"Then you don't consider it a fad?"

"That all depends," she said thoughtfully. "This year's 'mother-plays' have been good plays, well written. Any good play is bound to succeed. There aren't enough of them to let them fail! Now if next season a playwright should come along, stir up the ingredients of past successes, and depend on the audience's sympathy with an old lady for the success of a mediocre play, it will be a failure, and everyone will say the mother plays are out of date! Before 'Within the Law' was produced, the managers insisted that the crook play had died with 'The Deep Purple' and 'Alias Jimmy Valentine.' Of course, that wasn't the case, but it had been nearly killed by a legion of bad successors. So when a good play came along it sprang to life again, and now 'Within the Law' is always mentioned in the same breath with a crook play! You see how it is."

"And now I must be off to save my child!" she cried, and there before my eyes she shrunk into the character of the little old Irishwoman.



I FOUND Emma Dunn, the beloved "Angie" of "Old Lady 31" fairly buried beneath a sea of army sweaters and scarfs at her summer retreat on the Sound, so far away from town that not a murmur of Broadway could reach her. She is surprisingly youthful, with sparkling eyes, and real roses in her cheeks.

"But you're mothering the whole army!" I exclaimed, awed by the piles of wool.

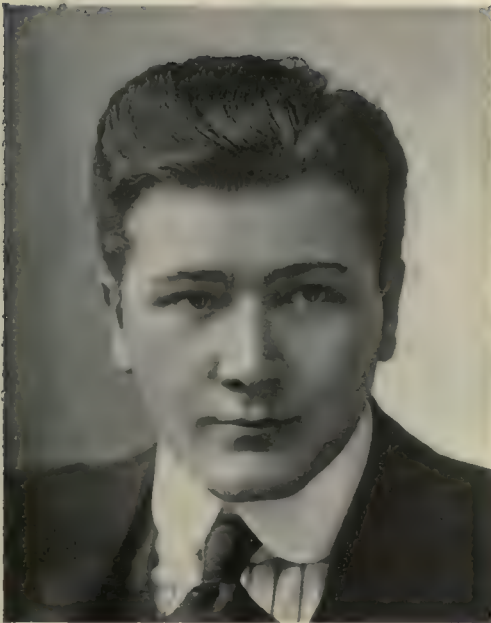
"Yes," she said softly, "they're all my boys. I found, when I went down to headquarters to help recruiting, that by talking to them as 'Angie' would have talked, I could reach the hearts of the very roughest and hardest men. You can't imagine how beautiful it is to play parts that call forth the very best in your audiences. That way, one gets below the surface, and feels that every night one is facing new friends across the footlights."

"Is it just sentiment that makes them warm to 'Angie' and the other old ladies who have played, or something deeper?" I asked.

"It's because 'Angie' gives them back their lost ideals—or new ones," she answered. "First, she touches them, then she makes them realize that there must be someone with such beautiful ideals in the world, and in the end they realize that their own ideals are waiting for them, and they leave the theatre with hope in their hearts."

"And will you go on being 'somebody's mother' forever," I asked, "or are you going to show us the real Emma Dunn?"

"Sometimes I long to play myself," she confessed, "but when one of these beautiful mother parts comes along, and I feel that it will make you as happy as it makes me, I can't resist it. And, you know, to play these parts, I feel the actress must have the innate qualities of the character. A good person can play a bad character by submerging his real personality, but I don't believe a person with a mean or ugly soul could play a part like one of these old ladies."



White

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS
A matinée idol who will shortly appear
in a new musical comedy



© Strauss-Peyton

STAFFORD PEMBERTON
Dancer seen in "The Passing Show"
at the Winter Garden



Moffett

SHELLEY HULL
Playing the leading male rôle in
"The Lasso"



White

WILLIAM GILLETTE
Starring in "A Successful Calamity"



© Strauss-Peyton

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM
At the new Broadhurst Theatre in Shaw's
"Misalliance"



© Sarony

GUY BATES POST
In "The Masquerader" at the Lyric



BRUCE McRAE
On tour in "Come Out of the
Kitchen" with Ruth Chatterton



White

ALLEN DOONE
Australasian actor starring in "Lucky O'Shea"
at the 39th Street Theatre



White

WALLACE EDDINGER
Continuing as the luckless lover in
"The Boomerang"

JUVENILES, STARS AND LEADING MEN—OUR POPULAR ACTORS

WHAT BECOMES OF THE CHORUS GIRL?

By LLEWELLYN BRONSON



WE were having a little supper after witnessing a typical Broadway musical show—you know, a typical Broadway show is always something not at all typical of Broadway—and one of the ladies asked:

"What becomes of the chorus girl?"

If there were any satisfactory answer to this, the question would not have been asked every day since the first dynasty in ancient Egypt.

"Don't you know, my dear?" queried a sleek and beaming matron in our party, with one of those purring, catty inflections down in her pearl-garnished throat.

"Oh," exclaimed the other, slightly elevating her eyebrows and looking as wise as a Priestess of Isis.

And thus, in one sentence, by a lady who knew nothing at all about it, was the chorus girl condemned.

"Surely, Mr. Bronson," gurgled another matron, "you know everything,"—if she really thought I did she would have a fit—"won't you answer the question?"

"Thanks for even that small compliment," I told her, "but I do not know. However, I will find out for you—"

One of those wife-to-husband "you'll-do-nothing-of-the-sort" glances was shot at me by Mrs. Bronson, causing me to add, hastily, "I'll ask Cap. Wilgus," and thus the storm was averted, since Mrs. B. knows that the "Cap" is a veteran stage door man.

They call him "Cap" because he lives over on the Jersey side and for half a century has sailed the briny Hackensack ferry. Cap. Wilgus was door tender at Tony Pastor's back in the days when Tony was paying little Helen Leonard \$50 a week and advised her to adopt "Lillian Russell" as a stage name. "Cap" has been a stage door man ever since and now holds such a position at a just-off Broadway theatre where music and limbs predominate and plot is not.

"Cap," I demanded the next evening, handing him a cigar that "Bos" of "Peacock Alley" had given me—I never smoke any cigars "Bos" will give away—"Cap," what becomes of all the chorus girls?"



CAP. WILGUS took the cigar, smelled it, looked sharply at me and, seeing no signs of wilful murder in my countenance, lighted it, before answering.

"A man of your age should worry," he answered, between puffs.

"A man of your experience should know," I insisted.

"What becomes of 'em?" he repeated, looking distrustfully at the lighted end of the cigar, "why some of 'em grow old and some don't; some stay single and some get married; some marry once and some get the habit; they are just like other wimmin folks, only a durned sight more human. Why look-a here, Mr. Bronson, if you was to dissect 'em and other wimmin the only diffrence would be that the chorus girls would have bigger hearts and a entire absence of selfishness, that's about the only diffrence."

It was a long speech for the Cap. He surreptitiously dropped the gift cigar and lighted his cob.

"Then," I answered, paraphrasing Kipling a bit,

*"The Colonel's lady
And the chorus girl
Are sisters under the skin?"*

"Oh, yes, lots of 'em have sisters, but the chorus girl is no skin," blazed the Cap. I dropped that line and started on another. "They don't all die while in the chorus, what then?"

"They—see that woman?" Cap pointed to a little woman approaching the stage door, wheeling a baby carriage.

"Hello Stella," greeted the Cap, touching his hat.

"Hello Cap. Shake your hand to Cap, darling," she replied, and made a chubby little youngster shake his hand. Cap Wilgus grinned, took the baby out and held him up.



SOME man you've got there," he laughed. "Goin' in to see the girls? I'll watch your kerridge."

The little woman laughed happily and went inside.

"That's one thing that happens to 'em," said the Cap. I winked at him whereupon he blustered furiously:

"She's got th' finest husban' in town and don't you make no mistake. Mike's got a good lunch-room and is makin' money. Stell could-a had a dozen Willie boys but she preferred to fall in love with a man. Look there," and he opened an inner door and looked in back stage. A dozen chorus girls there for the matinée were surrounding the happy ex-chorus girl who married the prosperous lunch-room Mike, and they were a'most fighting for turns to hold the baby.

"That's what becomes of lots of 'em, more'n two-thirds of 'em. Once in a while some of them marry a swell with coin. I know a woman who sneaks down here once in a while, just to see the girls, and she's unhappy too, because her husband forbids her to come. He's trying to get her into society."

"Now, look here, Cap," I began, patiently, "you know we once believed that a horsehair kept in a pan of water nine days would turn into a snake and that kittens were hatched from pussy-willows and that a few mysterious words would drive away warts, but we know better now. And you know there's a common belief that chorus girls dance on and on until they are ninety or a hundred, but we know it isn't true. We know it isn't true that ultimately every chorus girl marries a duke or a brewer or some such nobleman, but most people think so. You haven't answered my question yet. What becomes of the chorus girl?"



GOSH, what becomes of all th' wimmin?" Gurlily demanded the Cap.

"Yes, I know, but—"

"But they're no diffrent. Sometimes one of th' gals falls off'n th' stage into a limousine and a Central Park West apartment, but mighty few fall for them things without that little thirty-second formality 'I will,' which is all there is of interest to a weddin' ceremony."

"I suppose so—"

"Don't I know it? Ain't I been acquainted with chorus girls since th' time Lillian Russell was singin' 'Over Th' Garding Wall'?"

"I've heard that the strenuous life and the—er—gay after-theatre parties cause them to die young—"

"They say th' whole durn moon is made of green cheese," snorted Cap.

Cap Wilgus was right. The average chorus girl does not die young. She is generally a very healthy person. Her dancing and singing keeps her exercised, muscles hard, and lungs strong. Her span of years is much higher than the average society woman who lolls in a box to watch and who doesn't get enough exercise to keep a Polar bear warm in Panama.

Jane Addams once had prepared, after careful research and investigation, statistics concerning why so many young women stray from Virtue Lane into Primrose Boulevard. The largest number were domestics who said they were lonesome; the second largest number were little shop girls who wanted good clothes; there were many classifications, but the smallest number of all were from the stage!

(I hope the matron who was in our party the other night and, catlike, murmured, "Don't you know, my dear?" will read this.)

Some day some great antiquarian, probing into the bowels of the earth to learn the secrets of unwritten history, will dig up a brick upon which, in hieroglyphics, is written the following:

Son—Sire, I am madly in love with Dottie Hykik of the chorus.

Sire—Son, so was I when your age.

Just how many hundred thousand years ago this chorus girl jest was invented is not known, nor just how it is that there seems to be a belief that the chorus girl is possessed of the next thing to eternal youth, like Haggard's "She." The fact that there are many married women, and many others in the chorus may be partly responsible, but these women are young, for the most part.



WILLIE Boys do hang about stage doors once in a while, but the comic artists would have us believe they are there in hordes. I have "gone around back" these many years to go in and interview stars, would-be stars, authors, producers and other folk of the stage who could deliver good material for copy, and I have seldom seen the Willie Boy there.

They are about as popular with the good old door-keepers as the Kaiser would be in Buckingham Palace.

A very few chorus girls seem born to success, still another "few" have success thrust upon them, but most of the successful ones achieve it through hard work. Many a star of to-day was a chorus girl of yesterday. Most of the musical comedy stars were chorus girls.

Many become theatre matrons, wardrobe mistresses and secure similar places when too old for the:

We are the merry maids, (kick-kick-kick)

We come from sylvan glades. (kick-kick-kick) work. Many marry into titles and society and money.

Lillian Russell, Fritz Scheff, Julia Sanderson and a great many others were once in the chorus, working hard and aspiring to stardom.

As Cap. Wilgus says, "Th' chorus girl is jest like all other wimmin, only a durn sight more human."



Stage set up at the French front by authorization of the Minister of War

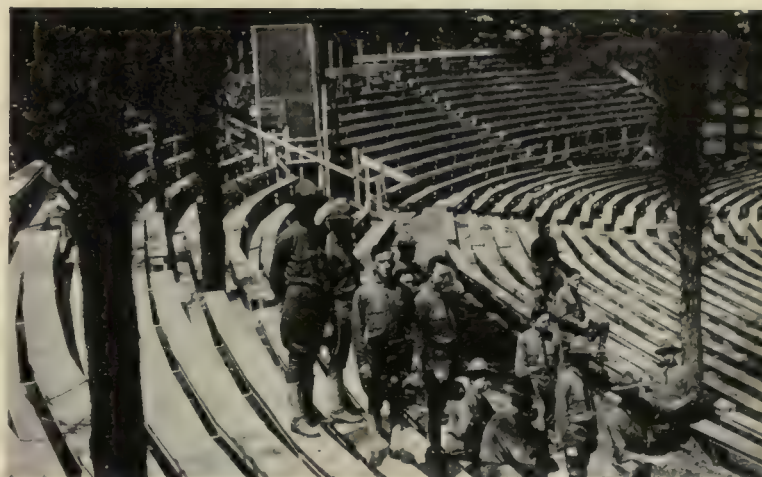


French poilus off duty enjoying a show in a tiny theatre in the Somme trenches



Press Ill.

John Philip Sousa directing at Plattsburg for the entertainment of the soldiers in training



Press Ill.

The huge open air theatre at Plattsburg where performances are given



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Anna Case singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" for soldiers "somewhere in New Jersey," after presenting them with a war phonograph

MUSIC AND DRAMA DIVERTS THE WORLD AT WAR

SPEED MANIA AFFLICTS VAUDEVILLE

By NELLIE REVELL



VAUDEVILLE is the Plattsburg of the amusement world. Its strenuous training turns raw recruits into finished professionals and often recruits high officials for every branch of the entertainment army. Not only actors but many well-known authors, managers and producers learn their prize manoeuvres in the two-a-day.

Arthur Hopkins, one of the foremost producers for the legitimate stage, made his entry into the show business via the Orpheum Circuit Booking Department. His first productions were sketches. May Tully, the "latest thing" in Broadway authors, was a vaudeville actor, vaudeville writer and vaudeville producer. Even her farce, "Mary's Ankle," one of the successes of the new season, made its vaudeville bow in one-act form before its presentation as a full-length drama. John Hazzard, of "Turn to the Right" fame, acquired his mastery of crisp dialogue in the variety training school. John Golden, author of Hippodrome and other shows, has a vaudeville record. Edgar Allan Woolf, one of the most prolific of vaudeville writers, is now turning out musical comedies. Alan Brooks, another of vaudeville's prize sketch writers and an actor to boot, has expanded his last short-length success into an evening's entertainment. Its tentative production out of town seems to augur well for a future in New York where it will be presented later in the Fall.

Irving Berlin heads the list of song writers who stepped from vaudeville into command of musical comedy scores. After "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and other of his syncopated melodies had been sung from every vaudeville platform twice a day, he was invited to compose "Watch Your Step" and join Victor Herbert in "The Century Girl" score. As for stage managers and press agents who first learned "the game" in vaudeville, their number is legion.



LAST but not least, there is the actor trained in the two-a-day. In the uncertain formula for theatrical success, he is a "known factor." When musical comedy and farce producers want a "picked crew," they man their craft with former vaudevillians. Whatever else may fail, Mr. and Miss Vaudevillian can be counted on; they are the original "don't give up the ship, boys," and have led many a peopless farce, many a mediocre musical comedy on to victory. Over a hundred vaudeville favorites hold contracts to appear in the legitimate and musical comedy this coming season.

Vaudeville is quite distinctly responsible for Elsie Janis. As a child she was its prodigy and its pet. And its training made her what she is to-day—a charming young lady, star of many musical shows. Like a dutiful daughter, she "goes home for the summer a-visiting" and half the month of August she visited the Palace with a new repertory of imitations. No, "imitations" isn't the word—it's "suggestions." For Miss Janis is so complexly clever that she doesn't weary with scenes from plays you may or may not have seen—in either case the excerpt is a bore. No—Miss Janis entertains with the snappiest, most up-to-date military songs, and as an added whimsy she shows you how certain celebrated actor folk might sing them. Ethel Barrymore tunefully sends her boy to the front.

Eddie Foy and Sam Bernard sing a war-song duet. An English war ditty contains a suggestion of Laurette Taylor and her "Out There" wistfulness. Then there's Raymond Hitchcock, Nora Bayes, George M. Cohan, Emma Carus, Frances White and Sarah Bernhardt—an array demanding versatility, take note—all tunefully suggested in just the songs it would be cartoonish for them to sing. There's new Will Rogers' chatter and the difficult lariat tricks and rope dance. And finally a dance à la Elsie Janis with cartwheels and toe-stepping. No wonder the vaudeville "home folks" were applausefully proud of Elsie.



NAN HALPERIN is a product of the two-a-day and up to the present has steadfastly refused many offers to grace other stages. Nan Halperin—the little girl with great brown eyes who makes you hang on each word of her song. "O, there's no one like Nan Halperin!" The words came from the person who sat in the next row the last time Nan appeared at the Palace, but the sentiment is not only that of all the audiences of the two great vaudeville circuits, the critics of newspapers from coast to coast, but the high officials of the vaudeville booking office itself. She's a wee little body and she wears striking frocks. But it isn't the sartorial part of the act that's important. It is Miss Halperin's unique faculty for character portrayal. Her song people live as she sings. Take her "Five Ages of Women," or any other of her repertory for that matter. The realism is positively photographic. Be it "kiddie or bride," she presents the personality, not lightly sketched but as a finished portrait. She is an actress who doesn't need props, scenery or a play.

Different from most delineators of types, Miss Halperin is never *risqué*. Her comedy is of broad human appeal—not smartly witty; and like all true comedy, it has a touch of pathos. For we are pathetic creatures, we mortals—and the best thing we can do is to laugh about it. That is Miss Halperin's philosophy, and the people everywhere evidently agree with her for she is one of the two-a-day box office attractions.

Elsie Janis and Nan Halperin, each is a comedienne supreme in her own department. To make it a triumvirate, add Cecil Cunningham. She, too, is vaudeville trained, and she wears stunning frocks and sings songs in quite her own way.



NOTABLE among the new features of the month is the Louis Mann vehicle "The Good for Nothing." An actor of Mr. Mann's calibre makes anything he offers of interest. At present he brings his talents to the portrayal of a millionaire—a Hebrew of the old school—who visits the home of his society-climber brother. It is a comedy-drama with real merit at conflict with snobbery, and the wealthy, simple-hearted old fellow, by a little deal in mining stocks, proceeds to teach his erring brother a lesson. Impoverished, the brother is quick to return to the virtue of democracy and reaps a fraternal reward of a million or so. Or was it half a million—the nonchalant way those brothers talked of millions and half millions was a

bit staggering in these days of poverty and war portions. Mr. Mann is a true artist and managed to make the big scene effective. So much so that some of us wept and we all promised faithfully not to be snobs any more.

Mr. Mann does far more for the sketch than it does for him. The situations are forced or obvious, and most of the scenes were "talky." Vaudeville audiences demand speed and action. And the more they get, the more they want. Motion pictures have given people the habit of enjoying themselves via the eye. At a glance they can comprehend a situation that it would take many words to unfold. Hence the spoken drama seems slow and must be "speeded up" with trick surprises. There must be tenseness, there must be dramatic action. A simple piece of excellent characterization will not get a hearing in vaudeville, any more than a spotless character story will be welcomed into a magazine. People don't want them, and Mr. Mann has had to place himself in a theatrical vehicle.

For this same reason modern musical comedies are plotless. -Elaborate scenery appeals to the eye, songs, smart patter unconnected with any previous situation, and costumes, costumes, costumes make up the show. These enable the speed-mad audiences to be amused at two-miles-a-minute pace. No time to think! No time to listen to a plot! No time for characters to be presented!



LIKEWISE is the vaudeville playlet on the decline. Attempting to gain speed—it becomes artificial and theatric. For example, there's "Supper for Two," a sketch in which Dorothy Shoemaker recently appeared at the Palace. It has striking scenery—the audience applauded the setting. But the story—husband suspects wife of wandering affections and hides himself in the room adjoining the private dining-room where she soon after comes to dine with a "lounge lizard" or modern Don Juan. The Don Juan makes love to the wife and orders dinner. A shot is heard in the next room. Lo, husband is discovered with smoking pistol in hand and lying on the floor. The Don Juan person bethinks himself of newspaper notoriety and makes his escape. The wife denounces him and weeps over supposedly dead husband. Then husband returns to life—explains that the pistol was equipped with blank cartridge. Reconciliation. Husband and wife sit down at the table and the waiter serves "Supper for Two."

It is practically a photoplay. Situations come quick and fast and contain a surprise. Lines are scarcely needed. But while this might make a good film, it does not make a good sketch. For sketches were never made to make their appeal through the eye, and neither the beauty of Miss Shoemaker or her scenery suffice to redeem it.

But if sketches won't make audiences listen, popular songs will. Especially when sung by such popular songwriters as L. Wolfe Gilbert and Anatol Friedland. Both are names to conjure with in the song world, and henceforth they shine among vaudeville headliners. Friedland in white trousers and blue coat at the piano; Gilbert in striped trousers and tan coat standing nearby—that's a picture to listen to. They unite in tuneful harmony of their own composition—new songs, old

(Concluded on page 238)



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ADA FORMAN

A daughter of Terpsichore whose costumes are as striking as her dances



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DOROTHY JARDON

Once popular in musical comedy and now a variety favorite



Photo Abbe

NAN HALPERIN

A great success in vaudeville, Miss Halperin is different from most delineators of types. She is never *risqué*. Her comedy is of broad human appeal—not smartly witty; and like all true comedy it has a touch of pathos

SOME FAVORITES OF THE TWO-A-DAY

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE ROAD?

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



WHAT'S wrong with that mysterious land that lies beyond Broadway known in the theatrical profession as "the road"? Why is it that the last theatrical season, while admittedly one of the most successful and lucrative ever recorded in New York, was the most disastrous ever known on the road?

Many unprecedented developments have led to a situation that is unparalleled in stage history. Managers who have hitherto imagined that they knew all that was to be known about plays, play-makers and play interpreters, have been running around in circles, dropping dollars as they ran, until at last there has percolated through their understandings a trickle of enlightenment.

"Why," they gasped, as the trickle became a stream, "the road is beginning to think!"

And, boiled down, that is the true answer to the excited questions that have been worrying the managerial mind and that have caused two gray hairs to grow on the managerial head where there was formerly only one. The road IS beginning to think and the more it thinks the less money trickles into the managerial coffers. But what has caused the road to think and how does its thinking affect Broadway?



TO begin with, the small town manager is always between the devil and the deep sea if he doesn't give his patrons what they want to see. He is under the thumb of his own little community. He has no transients that he can depend upon and the enterprise of the town itself usually brings in the company that builds the local theatre. Even a one-night town does not consider that it is on the map unless it has a real "opera house" and a real hotel. If they have an opera house and get a New York company to play an engagement in their town, the visiting company will, under the spell of good accommodations, give a pleasing entertainment. But if the members of the company have to comb the town for first rate accommodations and are, in addition, sneered at as a crowd of cheap actors, they reach their dressing rooms in a fit of disgust that necessarily reacts upon their performance and the town is the loser.

The one-night stand manager has just a certain number of persons in his town that go to theatrical entertainments. If a piece of scenery should fall down through the carelessness of the property man of the traveling company, the local manager is blamed for it. If a change is made in the cast without a notification of the fact on the house program, it is the local manager that must bear the brunt of it.

When the small town manager is compelled to book from two rival syndicates five attractions a week when the gross receipts from the five nights are only equalled by the capacity of one or two nights, he is denounced by the traveling managers, who make all sorts of brutal remarks about his home town. On the other hand if he books a play that offends a portion of his audience, he is called up the next day by the church people and then called down. When a so-called "sex play" is produced, the small town community is, as a matter of fact, anxious to see it, but the leading citizens are afraid to venture forth lest they lose caste with their neighbors. And, if they do decide to run the risk, they sneak noiselessly into the gallery, hoping that none

of their more respectable friends will see them.

These few examples will give you some idea of conditions that have, up to a year or so ago, existed in the one-night show towns. But, with the advent of the moving pictures, these conditions are gradually changing and in the process of change, the New York manager is beginning to discover that he must adapt himself to a new and unpleasant order of things and hawk his wares like the veriest peddler if he expects to do any business.



EACH small community visited by traveling companies is distinctly classified. There are those that like the big Broadway stars; those that like musical comedies and those that yearn for a symphony orchestra or a really fine concert. The local manager is either under a salary to those who build the theatre, or else he leases the house direct. In any event, he is compelled to exercise the strictest economy to pay his bills. In some instances this is facilitated by the number of passes that he can give out. It is a well-known fact that in one-night stands the man who can get a pass is willing to spend twice the amount of the tickets in some other form in order to show his friends what special privileges he enjoys.

The man who has pass privileges in one-night stands is the village Oracle and the special critic of each attraction that comes to town. When he is a member of a club he is fully alive to the popularity of his position and keeps up with all the dramatic papers. Woe betide any company that comes to town with the most insignificant change in the cast! The Oracle knows it at once. His eagle eye detects the weak spot and he hops upon the fact with the agility of a hen seizing a worm. With grim countenance he hies him hence and pays a little call upon the local manager. That luckless individual, selling seats in the box office, must give a strict account of his stewardship to the lynx-eyed Oracle.

If anything goes wrong in the railroad connections, or if the scenery should be discovered to be too large for the size of the local stage, the Oracle is down at the depot at once to discover what is to be done about it and to revel in his own special knowledge of events "back stage." When a real expensive attraction comes to town, from which the local manager only receives his fifteen or twenty per cent. of the gross receipts, with the contract stating "no passes outside of the press and the press limited to just two each," this is the time that the local manager finds that he is just about the most popular man in town. The demands of the "dead heads" are always greatest for an attraction that promises to sell out the local manager's house.



ONE-NIGHT stands do not, as a rule, care for vaudeville, but with the advent of the motion picture, the local manager found a rather satisfactory condition of affairs for himself. He found that he could hold a limited audience that liked vaudeville by various expedients, such as the introduction of pictures and songs. He discovered that the musical residents of his town would turn out in force whenever he brought good singers or musicians to the local opera house, and thus, without realizing it himself, he

gradually began to develop a musical taste in his community.

He began, to his own great surprise, to make other discoveries that slowly but surely kindled the flame of ambition in his managerial bosom. When he entered the local music stores he would receive an ostentatiously warm welcome. Why? Because there would be a sale of the special pieces of music that had been sung by the various artists that he had brought to the opera house. He further discovered that there was a great difference in his audiences when he brought photoplays to the local amusement house. Where, formerly, he could get an occasional large audience for a spoken melodrama, he could get a much bigger audience for a melodramatic photoplay. Again, when he could not secure a \$2.00 star for the opera house in a spoken drama, he found that he could get the same star on a film at much less expense. And this film star would be greeted by capacity audiences.

Thus, by slow degrees, progressed the education of the small town manager. Various truths that had been kicking around in the open for some time without being detected by his sleuth-like gaze, now struck him with the force of revelations. He felt like Keats' dim watcher of the skies when a new planet suddenly swam into his ken, and the more he learned, the wiser he became, naturally. With these wonderful discoveries he also realized to his intense gratification, that he was gradually winning over to the ranks of his steady patrons that portion of the community that had hitherto regarded the playhouse as a place of iniquity and sin. By mixing with the different denominations of the churches, he discovered the likes and dislikes of the congregations in the amusement line and catered to them accordingly.



THE small town manager on the road has, in this manner, become a keen student of modern psychology. When he began to learn the art of gauging his prospective clients, power and independence were his. He could exclaim with Monte Cristo, "The world is mine!" With a new thrill he began to realize that he was master of the situation, whereas he had formerly been little more than a lackey, who, hat in hand, humbly begged of the leading syndicates some attractions to enable him to gain a public and pay his bills. He also found that the severe strain of giving up a portion of his receipts to the syndicates for the privilege of being booked, was gradually being lessened. However, he did not take undue advantage of the situation. By the occasional booking of a big and expensive attraction, he would save his own conscience and save his standing as a manager in his home community. But even then he was no loser, for he not only satisfied the more refined and better educated portion of his patrons, but became immensely popular with the proprietors of the leading drygoods emporiums whose customers bought goods in order to put up the proper front when Maude Adams or John Drew came to town.

Year after year the small town manager industriously picked lemons from the theatrical tree that took root in the intensive soil of Broadway. Now he has a peach-tree in his own back yard and the fruit that drops into his waiting hat is ripe and juicy.



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

E I L E E N H U B A N

This charming Irish actress who made such distinct personal successes last season in Barrie's "Old Friends" and the short-lived "Grasshopper" will shortly make her début under A. H. Woods' banner

ENTER THE PLAYWRIGHT-MANAGER

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE



ENTER the playwright-manager! Of actor-managers we have had many, the playwright-manager is a *rara avis*, and when it is no less a personality than George Broadhurst, author of a score of successful plays, the experiment is bound to be interesting.

George Broadhurst has written nearly forty plays. He is slender, keen eyed, his mind and body alike belieing the fact that he has been successful for over twenty years. To-day he has passed the half-century mark, but his energy is unimpaired. He is plugging into this new adventure of a theatre of his own on Broadway with the same enthusiasm and energy that marks everything he undertakes.

"The playwright-manager should bring a fresh crop of ideas to the drama" Mr. Broadhurst said the other day to the present writer. "He has a different viewpoint, and possibly a greater understanding. As an incident, take the choosing of Charles Richman for the leading male rôle of 'Bought and Paid For.' When the cast for that drama was being selected, someone engaged in choosing the man to play the part of the husband, suddenly looked up and spoke the name of one of America's most virile actors.

"Just the man," echoed one or two others in the room, and they turned to me—for although I was supposed only to have written the play, I was actively engaged in the selection of the cast and the direction of the rehearsals.

"No," I said firmly.

"Why not?"

"No—I want Charles Richman for the part."

"He's good," continued the first speaker, "but this other man could play that scene where he breaks in the door to perfection. He's just the brute for the part."

"I shook my head again.

"No, you have the wrong idea of the character of the husband. He's not really a brute—he's a man who drinks and does things foreign to his nature while under the influence of alcohol. I want Richman because the audience will say it's a pity to see him drinking and estranged from his wife, and in the end they'll forgive him. We must have a man for whom the audience will feel not repulsion, but sorrow."

"They finally agreed that the characterization was correct, if not just what they had pictured, and Mr. Richman played the part as I had conceived it from my first thought of the drama."



AFTER all, it is only common sense that the man who writes the play should know better than anyone, exactly how his play should be cast, produced, lighted, and rehearsed. In his brain is a better picture of what the first performance ought to be, than it is possible for any other man to obtain—provided of course, that the playwright-manager has had enough theatrical experience to know thoroughly the details of his craft from both sides of the curtain.

"Of course, a man must know the details of his business," went on Mr. Broadhurst, "and in the theatre that means knowledge of the methods employed in the box office and in the wings. Otherwise there is little chance of his venture being a success financially, for it is from the material side that we have come to measure success—and probably rightly.

"In deciding to enter the producing field as a playwright-manager I have done so only after twenty odd years connection with the theatre. This experience has made me a business man as well as a writing man, for my first connection with the world of grease paint was as the Treasurer of the Academy of Music at Baltimore. After a short time I went to the Lyceum at Minneapolis in the same capacity. Later and before I started to write plays, I managed a theatre in North Dakota, learning all the psychology of the one-night stands—and then came a period as



GEORGE BROADHURST

Well-known dramatist and manager of a Broadway theatre bearing his own name

house-manager in San Francisco. But—before all this I was bookkeeper on the Chicago Board of Trade and had served a thorough business apprenticeship.

"Then came the early playwriting period during which I left the actual production of my plays to others, although, even at that time, I ventured suggestions when I thought the producer had misunderstood my meaning or was striving for the wrong effect. Even with 'What Happened to Jones,' I had a few words to say about the production, though the rest of the time I sat back and watched the producing methods employed by Mr. McKee Rankin. 'Why Smith Left Home' gave me a chance for more individual work—and when 'A Fool and His Money' was produced, the production was actually in my hands, and the play produced in eleven days.

"However, I was still a novice able to take orders and suggestions from stage producers, and to-day I am still open to suggestions. As a manager I do not intend to undertake to do all the production work alone. Instead, with an assistant producer, the play to be rehearsed will be visualized, suggestions offered, and the company turned over for the first two weeks of rehearsals to the assistant who will 'break in' the company according to the methods we have discussed. The third week I plan to go actively to work moulding the already shaped material until it stands ready for the first public performance.

"How long does it take an author to learn the details of stage-craft?"

"That depends on the man and his interest in the stage beyond the writing game. Unless I am mistaken, Mr. Eugene Walter did his first piece of actual production in 'The Knife.' I feel sure that he had overseen the production of all the rest of his plays, and in staging 'The Knife' was technically able to mould his material exactly as he has wished it to be since his first idea for the play came flashing into his brain. Miss Rachel Crothers engaged the cast and produced 'Old Lady 31,' and Mr. Edward Sheldon is to produce his new play, two other examples of playwrights having mastered thoroughly the technique of the drama from a viewpoint other than the one which has made them famous."

"Do you believe the playwright capable of getting out of a manuscript all there is in it?"

"He should certainly have some definite ideas of how the play should be staged, and the acting value of each spoken line. Remember, he has probably carried the idea of the play with him for months, perhaps years. The mechanical act of writing the play is only a minor matter, and very possibly in this mechanical part the playwright does not give full instructions as to how a scene is to be played—how the scenery is to be set, or he may even write a scene in some vitally different way, and the result might be a break in the coherence of the theme of the drama."

The author of "Bought and Paid For" added that he had worked on the idea of that play for seven years before writing it.

"If a playwright in producing and managing his own plays, finds a serious flaw in the work during rehearsals, shouldn't he be able to give himself a constructive criticism and make the changes?"

"By all means, unless he has no viewpoint on his own work. The playwright-manager should do away with some of those producers who not only change the lines of a play they are merely hired to produce, but who actually have the effrontery to change the situations of the play, giving a different construction, a different angle, than that which the playwright intended to convey. I do not wish to speak positively, but it is my impression that such a state of affairs can be laid to the influence of the motion picture producers who have unfortunately taken as many liberties as they desired with productions being filmed under their direction."



THE playwright-producer will remedy such a situation?"

"Naturally—and the complaint does not pertain to all producers by any means."

"What is the biggest attribute to success in producing?"

"Dramatic instinct. Some people will say that it is luck, but luck while it may come once, does not come repeatedly. For the most successful producers, examples of this instinct are William A. Brady and A. H. Woods. Mr. Brady can watch a rehearsal of a play for the first time and can place his finger on its weak spot with unerring accuracy. Moreover, he can often suggest the change that should be made to rectify and strengthen it. Mr. Woods, in his method, differs from Mr. Brady (Concluded on page 238)



Act I, William Norris, Peggy Wood, Chas. Purcell

Laura Arnold and Peggy Wood in Act II.

Peggy Wood and Charles Purcell in Act III

THREE EPISODES IN THE NEW MUSICAL PLAY "MAYTIME" AT THE SHUBERT



Photos White

Jessie Dawe

Willis Claire

Clara Joel

Alice Endres

Alexander Carr

Barney Bernard

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER WITH US AGAIN IN "BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE"

CONFESSIONS OF A LYRIC WRITER

By PERCY WAXMAN



THE other day I was reading a criticism in a New York paper of a musical comedy—the 999th adaptation of something from Vienna since “The Merry Widow” danced into our ken. After blithely remarking that the “book” lacked every virtue a self-respecting libretto should possess, that its humor was less than negligible, the plot absolutely non-existent, the score as full of reminiscences as an octogenarian, and so forth, the amiable critic turned his guns on the lyrics. From what he said about the lyrics, one might judge that they had not really pleased him. He called them un-rhythmical, un-inspired, un-singable and un-something-else. Then to clinch his accusation that the rhymes were hopelessly blankety-blank, he quoted two horrible examples. He said that anyone who would make “China” rhyme with “mine are” and force “supporter” against its will to rhyme with “daughter” was no fit person to fraternize with the other members of the Amalgamated Association of Lyric Writers.

Now for all I know, the critic may be right in his scathing remarks, but I don’t care if he is or not. What I want to know is how did that critic know that the lyricist made “China” rhyme with “mine are?” How did he know it wasn’t “Kamchatka” rhyming with “his ain’t?” Surely that critic, whoever he is, does not mean us to believe that he heard the words of a song in a musical comedy distinctly enough to detect these poetic nuances (now please don’t print this *nuisances*, will you? It might be taken personally by several lyricists.) Trying to make us believe that he *heard* the words is stretching it a bit too far, you know. He may have been given a secret peep at the sacred script at the dress rehearsal, or perhaps someone in the show quoted the lines to him. But however he may have acquired first-hand knowledge of the offending rhymes, I can’t believe that he believes that his readers would believe that he actually heard the lyrics at a public performance.



IT can’t be done. I *know* it can’t be done. ‘Coz why? Because—because—well, if you *will* wring my guilty secret from me—because I am a lyric-writer myself, and I *know*. And now if you would like to peep behind the scenes and learn how I became such a cropper in the social scale as to write lyrics, permit me to draw aside the curtain.

In my ordinary daily life (as distinguished from my nightly theatrical career) I am an inoffensive “blurb” writer on a monthly magazine. It is my pleasing duty to divulge to a waiting world the wonders of each epoch-making story we are just about to print, for which fatiguing task I receive totally inadequate compensation. Now and then I indulge in a wild, uncontrollable passion for versifying which finds its way into the public prints whenever it chances to meet the eyes of really discriminating editors. Last Summer a well-known, successful and particularly versatile playwright asked me if I would undertake to toss off the lyrics of a musical comedy he was about to put together. I consented with almost vulgar haste. In fact I said “Yes” with such indecent alacrity that I feel sure I must have betrayed my eagerness to enroll myself among the leisure class. Having read in the Sunday newspapers all about the fabulous incomes earned by lyric-

writers, I immediately saw myself floating in the midst of a golden sea of opulence. I could hear the rehearsals proclaiming my fame up and down Broadway. I could see Jake and Lee Shubert calling me by my first name as they implored me to do their next show, and I could almost feel royalties flowing in upon me to the engulfing point. I told my friend, the playwright (whom I’ll call Gilbert Sullivan because that isn’t his name) how delighted I was at the opportunity to make the theatrical world gasp with joy, and enable the theatre-going public to wonder why I had never been known before, etc., etc.



THAT very night I began rehearsing an excessively modest curtain-speech in front of my hall-bedroom mirror, in case it should be needed on the opening night. Sullivan was Kindness itself to me. Never having written lyrics before, I did not feel any too sure of my ability to handle the job successfully. I thought then that the lyrics were quite an important part in a musical comedy. When I asked the author rather hesitatingly if he thought I would make good, he replied:

“Make good? Of course you will. I wouldn’t have asked you if I had had the slightest fear of your doing it. I’ve read your stuff, and it has just the right kind of swing to it for the thing I’m doing. And mind you it isn’t just the usual girl-and-slapstick show, interrupted by one-finger music. No sir! I’m really trying something a little better; something along opera comique lines, and yet nothing high-brow that will offend the fatigued dweller in the realm of Commerce, or discourage the ladies who scorn home cares on Wednesday afternoons. Would you like to hear the plot?”

“Would I?” I replied. “There’s nothing in the world I’d rather listen to right now than the plot of the show that is going to edge me a little nearer to a country home than I’ve been in lo! these many moons. Please shoot.”

“Well,” began Sullivan, “here’s the story. There’s a young Russian Prince living on his country estate with his recently-acquired bride, whose impecunious father also lives with them. The Prince believes his young wife is of the Psalm-Singing variety, while she believes *he* is too good to be true. As a matter of fact, he’s a gay young devil, while she is ditto. Previous to her marriage, she danced under an assumed name at a smart cabaret, and lives in constant dread lest her sanctimonious hubby should find out. An old musician ‘who knew her when—’ appears on the scene and drops a photo of Mrs. Prince in tights conveniently for hubby to find, and when asked about it, she says it’s her twin sister. Friend husband is attracted by sister’s frank appearance and says he’s off to the cabaret to see what she looks like. That’s the signal for one of those finales where all hands are off in a body (and *must* sing about it) to the scene of the second act, which of course, is the cabaret where the twin sister is supposed to be a performer. Friend wife impersonates her in a musical comedy attempt to show hubby she’s there with the pep and the glad glances and is not the goody-goody thing he imagines—and all that sort of thing. Of course, she succeeds and finally lets him know she ain’t no twin at all, but his own really truly fickle wife, and the audience goes

home whistling the ‘plug’ waltz-number, and you and I count the house. Like it?”

“Do I like it?” I said. “I think it’s the best musical comedy plot I’ve ever been asked to write for in all my life. And now what about my end?”

“Well,” Sullivan answered, “you begin with the opening chorus, of course. It’s Princess Liska’s birthday, and the peasants come in offering her flowers. Then a solo for her in reply to the gift. Then a song in three-quarter time for Liska and the house-servants about the money her dad has borrowed. Then a solo for her husband—something about married life. Then a flirty duet for him with a pretty house-guest. Then a waltz song for Liska as she dreams of the happy days before her marriage. Then a quintette after the dreadful discovery of the dancer’s photo. Then the finale to Act I when everybody says to everybody else, ‘I’m going away.’ I’ll get the orchestra leader to play all these numbers over for you and you can get the tempo, the accents, where the beats come in, and all that. Now get to work on the first numbers as soon as you can, and Heaven bless you.”.....

Within a few days after that thrilling conversation I had heard all the music and had written the words for the opening chorus and the first solo for the Princess, which you will have the rare privilege of reading later on. To cut a long story short, I retired into cloistral seclusion for several weeks and wrote and tore up, and wrote and tore up, and cursed and worked day and night through a particularly blistering July, until I had completed seventeen song numbers, two finales and two chorus numbers. Just as I was preparing to take a long breath and depart for the soothing coolth of Bar Harbor or Arverne or Somewhere, I was asked to attend rehearsals, as “For One Night Only”—*our* play—*our* play, mind you, was scheduled to open in Atlantic City on August 28th.

* * * * *

FRIENDS, these astericks cover a multitude of tears, trials, tribulations and tearing up. When in the gloomy depths of a New York theatre, whose white-covered orchestra seats looked like so many attendant ghosts, we began rehearsals, the old axiom about the writing of plays came home to me. I had often heard that “Plays are not written; they are re-written,” but never before had I had the opportunity of witnessing the procedure. I also found out that as far as musical plays are concerned, lyrics, too, are re- and re- and re-written.

But anyhow, why should you go through the agony I suffered during the night-and-day period of rehearsals? We’d begin at 10 a. m. and sometimes finish at 11 p. m., dashing out to the nearest luncheon or drug store for food-substitutes. Five different men rehearsed the leading comic rôle in as many weeks, until, like vaccination, it “took” with the sixth, who stuck. Chorus girls came and went as if some epidemic prevailed. Dancers were tried, found guilty, and banished. The leading lady developed an increased quantity of temperament daily, the producer developed his vocabulary, the man who put on the dances developed his vocal cords while I developed mental pictures of fame and fortune and resolved to sit still and endure everything. Anyone who didn’t like his or her lines came to me to alter them, and I in my ignorant desire to please, chopped and



White

(Left)

PAULA SHAY

Everybody has seen "Everywoman," now in its eighth season. This year Miss Shay will portray the leading rôle in the popular morality play



White

(Right)

GENEVIEVE HOUGHTON

Who played the leading rôle in "Katinka," and is now gracing the vaudeville stage



Ira L. Hill

HELEN JOY

One of the supporting satellites with Charlotte Walker last season



© Ira L. Hill

ETHEL STANARD

Broadway's latest "baby vampire" who charmed audiences recently in "Upstairs and Down"



Fairchild

MERCEITA ESMONDE

As Jeantine in "The Beautiful Adventure," a rôle she has portrayed on stage and screen

PRETTY GIRLS BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS

changed at the slightest suggestion. At last even rehearsals for a musical comedy come to an end, and sure enough, to my great astonishment, on a sweltering night in August the opening of "For One Night Only" duly took place in Atlantic City, as advertised. Trying my hardest to look nonchalant and careless about the whole business, as I stood outside the theatre, my heart *would* thump and my eye *would* wander guiltily and stealthily to the printed signs that decorated the entrance. I couldn't notice the author's name. I didn't see the composer's. I hardly noted the names of the performers. Only one small section of these announcements held any fascination for me. The line reading who wrote the lyrics caught and held my attention. I looked at each board in turn to see if by any mishap the printer had not done his duty by me. But oh joy! my name gleamed on every last poster. Then at 8:35 approached (it was to open as usual at 8:15 sharp) I slid in alone and took my seat, modestly, well in the rear of the theatre. I was sure someone would hear my pulse throbbing, and betray me to the whole row.....

At last the curtain rose. In came the laughing peasants, merry and gay, and grouped themselves ready to sing the opening chorus—MY chorus—words by ME—the little insignificant pugnosed beggar in Z-26. Up went the baton of old Guinsberger, the orchestra leader (who swears he is Sviss). The signal was given and then there floated on the evening breeze:

*"Issray sussions skarab ation
Joy filla oil cumtoo share
Sussions active tum-tum ation
Itch inging sussionsso rare
Issker rale congrat tum ation
Mayo sassashaby air
Mayno shush of tum diddle ation
Bird on your fushias tee air."*

With my large left and right Lynnhaven ears stretched to the utmost capacity, this is all I could hear. I leaned forward in my eagerness—so far that my lips almost kissed a pearl necklace on a foreign neck directly in front of me, but not one of my precious words could I distinguish. Actually knowing every syllable of the opening chorus by heart, the above is an honest-to-goodness phonetic report of what reached me.

It used to sound fine when I was right next to the chorus on the stage of an empty theatre with only a piano for accompaniment, but there in that crowded auditorium, to hear what I'd worked over all summer came forth disguised as—oh! well what's the use! In case, dear reader, you may believe that I really did write that piece of Volapuk quoted above, would you mind glancing at the first eight lines of what I actually struggled to produce for those mirthful peasants to sing:

*"This day marks the celebration
Joyfully all come to share
Irrespective of his station
Each bringing treasures so rare."*

*Liska! Hail! Congratulation!
May your life's promise be fair.
May no shade of tribulation
Burden your future with care."*

There's nothing in these lines to grow chesty about, but they *do* rhyme, and they *do* have some relationship to the plot.

Well, when the chorus had got through playing tag with the children of my cerebellum I wiped my retreating brow and shy receding chin and thought: "Oh! well, that's just the chorus. Wait for the dainty little flower solo which the Princess gets off when she receives the blooming bouquet at the hands of a little child. Then the folks will hear something a bit out of the ordinary." They did, all right. Pretty soon I had the pleasure of hearing the sweetly plaintive tones of the Princess's fine soprano voicing this quaint sentiment:

*"Lee tell bed so jee antlee grow weeng
Een life's guerr doner itcham rare
Like this blo soms ure be sto weeng
You air vagrant su wete and fer."*

and so on for three verses.

These words rather surprised me, because when I wrote this song they went something like this:

1.

*Little bud so gently growing
In life's garden rich and rare,
Like these blossoms you're bestowing
You are fragrant, sweet and fair."*

(Concluded on page 238)

JACK HAZZARD—LAUGHTER DRAMATIST

By HELEN TEN BROECK



JOHN E. HAZZARD, the creator (with apologies to Edna Aug of "Ain't It Awful, Mabel?"), prize laugh-getter of the Lambs' Club, and the popular comedian of "Miss Springtime," who is also the author (with clauses of ratification by Winchell Smith), of "Turn to the Right," is the latest actor-dramatist to capture Broadway, and everybody is paying close attention to his words of advice to young playwrights. If any of your friends hand you a laugh, take "Jack" Hazzard's advice and treasure the captured cacchination, for of the laugh of to-day is born the comedy of to-morrow.

That is what happened when Mr. Hazzard wrote "Turn to the Right," or, to speak with absolute exactness when he laughed it, for the comedian-playwright who acts in "Miss Springtime," and answers to the call for the author, of several recent comedy successes, paraphrases Dion Boucicault's axiom "Plays are not written—they are re-written."

"Comedies are not written: they laugh themselves out of the author's system," is his version.

"Nothing breeds laughs, like laughter," said Mr. Hazzard, a few minutes ago, when I asked him the recipe for writing comedies that run a year in New York.

"When I wrote 'Turn to the Right' I almost laughed myself to death over two ideas. One was the central thought of the piece, the other was the idea that I could write a play. These two jokes did the trick, I suppose. I haven't applied psycho-analysis nor the acid test to the subject, in fact I never tried to think it out before, but I believe that's the idea. 'Laugh and the world laughs with you,' you know."

"You're wanted on the telephone, Mr. Hazzard," interrupted a small but active page at this juncture.

"Tell the party I'm dead," said Mr. Hazzard.

Then he buried himself in thought for a moment.

"Say," he cried, earnestly, "you're a nice girl, but you've got the wrong dope on this interview. You ought to ask Winchell Smith about writing plays. He has shelled out more successes than any of 'em. Ask him for the recipe, not a one-play fellow like me."

"But you wrote two pieces," I began, "the one that Charlie Hoyt wrote first—"

"Sh-sh," cautioned Mr. Hazzard, holding up a warning hand. "Don't speak of the dead. 'Go to It' is mouldering in its little tomb—and that proves the recipe is right. I never cracked a smile as long as I was engaged on reconstructing that Hoyt piece. Everybody else laughed; everybody said that 'Go to It' was a sure fire hit. But it wasn't. In fact I believe it made a record as the speediest death rattle in the history of the stage. Go away boy and don't bother me—" this to the returning page who placed himself at Mr. Hazzard's elbow and breathed heavily.

"Mr. — is on the 'phone," said the boy. "He wants you to write a comedy for Willie Collier."

"Tell him I am too busy acting, to write plays," said Mr. Hazzard with a withering frown, and the page boy vanished in the direction of the telephone booths. "Where did I leave off?" continued the actor; "oh, yes, about writing a comedy. If I know anything about it, a comedy ought to keep the author laughing, even when he is sketching in the heavy lines—the moral—the backbone—the purpose of it. A laugh carries a sermon a deuce of a lot further (pardon the profanity) than a whine, and I believe if preachers and playwrights would get together on a laugh-in-the-face-of-the-world basis, we wouldn't need to holler for comedians like Billy Sunday to jump in and reform the community."

"When are you going to write a play for yourself?" I inquired.

A stormy light leaped into Mr. Hazzard's eyes, and he raised both hands in horrified protest.

"Woman," he hissed, "woman, have a heart! Never would I debase my art by acting one of the kind of parts I write myself; and as an author, I would withdraw my piece if the stage manager cast that fellow Hazzard for one of the rôles."

"Mr. Dillingham is on the 'phone," announced the boy, "he says he wants you to play a part in the Century Revue; an' will you please come up to the Globe Theaytre right away."

"Run along! Run right along, young Blighter," replied Mr. Hazzard coldly, transfixing the boy with the gaze that had reduced me to a minus quantity.

"Tell Mr. Dillingham I am too busy writing plays to accept an engagement to act."

"And are you writing any new plays?" I inquired.

"Just finished a couple this morning," cheerfully replied the comedian-dramatist. "Wrote 'em after dress rehearsal, between two-thirty and sun-up. Dashed off a novel, too, and several verses more of 'Ain't It Awful Mabel?' and composed a new song for Elsie Janis and a scénario for Douglas Fairbanks and did a libretto for a grand opera while I was shaving. I painted a portrait of Sarah Bernhardt too and"—but at this point I remembered that Mr. Hazzard was a comedian first, last and always. So I gathered up my Red Cross knitting and fled with a backward glance that saw him wave away the telephone boy who vainly besought him to talk to Mr. Belasco about a starring engagement. A satisfied smiled curved his lips, and I wondered if the hurry calls to the 'phone had been a comedy frame-up out of the next play the firm of Smith, Golden and Hazzard will produce on Broadway?

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COMEDIE-SALONS-MODES



COLLARS and colars are the two "c's" Dame Fashion has borrowed from the line of battle to emphasize the fact that days of war are upon us. Possibly you may feel that a third "c" for chapeaux should be added as your wandering gaze falls upon the martial millinery displayed wherever Dame Fashion's daughters amuse themselves these bright autumnal days.

But head-gear shows really little change from the prevailing mode of yesterday which was Summer, or the day before yesterday which was Spring. Turned up, turned down, pitched forward, tilted back, wide or narrow of brim, high or low of crown, all hats seem fashionable just now, although of course certain military touches sound the last note in the chic of the moment.

But collars are different. They must follow definite lines and suggest the broad flat-lying type of certain service collars in military tailoring, or directly opposite effects of the high up-standing throat latch that wrinkles around the neck on the jackets of aviators and drivers of ammunition wagons "somewhere in France."

* * *

A widely copied collar of the former type is

shown on a charming frock designed for Miss Lucy Cotton, and shown for the first time on the stage during the last New York nights of "Turn to the Right."

* * *

In a hundred captivating variants this collar appears on the latest models for early winter wear, and assumes supremacy in the choice of most smart women as the finish for outer garments for cold weather.

Upon the one-piece frocks so high in favor this season, the high back feature of the Jeanne Lanvin collar (for it is Mme. Lanvin who has placed her cachet upon the big military shoulder piece), runs down to a narrow and becoming point in front. Faibisy has used this feature very effectively in a gown made for Flora Zabelle (Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock) and by way of scattering all possible novelties over Miss Zabelle's pleasing young form, he has also set one of the new plastron fronts upon this fetching creation and further decorated it with the embryo bustle which Tobe Gill snatched from the frocks worn by Margery Maude in "Paganini" last season, and which smart tailors are modifying with great success upon many of the early winter out-of-door frocks.

Mrs. Perry Belmont, who may be relied upon to seize the coming style in its earliest cradle and sport the mode of day-after-to-morrow with a gracious air of perfect familiarity, has worn several frocks of late finished with the new aviator collar which of course is modified for feminine wear into a sort of glorified stock wound with most adroit and careful carelessness about the throat. During a brief trot over to Washington I saw Mrs. Belmont at luncheon with a party of diplomats wearing a modification of the aviator collar so close and so high with its Cromwell finish at the top that I felt obliged to murmur to one of her companions that he might whisper secrets of state into Mrs. Belmont's ear and feel certain no indiscreet echo could possibly escape over that barrier.

* * *

In "Business Before Pleasure" Miss Clara Joel wears a similar collar as a finish to a tailored costume of velours over which matinee girls gurgled rapturously between acts, and which is certain to be a favorite Winter model for young figures. Hickson dubs this triple coatee, with the triple tunic effect, "le destructeur." Please don't write to the editor to inquire why so graceful and feminine a frock should be called a "destroyer."



Photo Sarony
Serbia our "littlest ally" inspires this modish Bendel creation worn by Margaret Dale in "Daybreak"



Photo White
The newest new bustle, the new plastron front, and a new collar contribute to the chic of Flora Zabelle's latest Faibisy frock



Photo Sarony
Absolutely right is this white wonder of a frock worn by Margaret Dale



THE DOLLY SISTERS YANCSI AND ROSZIKA IN THEIR VANITY FAIR PETTIBOCKERS

Vanity Fair UNDERSILKS

IN these strenuous days of history-making it would seem impossible to do anything really startling, wouldn't it? Well, then, the designers of Vanity Fair Underwear have accomplished the impossible. They have startled the World of Fashion—have stirred it to its very depths!

It's the Vanity Fair Pettibocker that's responsible for this upheaval. Maybe the Pettibocker was inspired by this world-wide talk of freedom, maybe by the feminine struggle for sex equality. At any rate, it's here with all the frilly daintiness of a petticoat, plus the freedom of motion a knickerbocker allows. If one can judge from the enthusiasm already created, it's here to stay, too!

It isn't a novelty; that's the interesting part of it. It's a 50-yard gain toward the goal of Dress Comfort and Style.

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Under the ruffles there is an elastic which keeps the Pettibocker from riding-up. Think what this means to the long suffering wearers of "up-rising" jersey silk petticoats. The Pettibocker is fashioned of heavy jersey silk, much heavier than the ordinary jersey silk petticoat—and the colors seem endless. Pink and white, grey, taupe, sand, navy, purple, black, brown, gold and green give you a wide choice. The price is anywhere from five to ten dollars.

The alert fashioners of Vanity Fair have added special features to other underapparel this year—there's the sure-lap closing on the Vanity Fair union, the extra four inches which make the plus-four-inch vest, to say nothing of the full-cut knicker.

The shops that carry smart underapparel always sell Vanity Fair.

A delightful booklet picturing Vanity Fair Undersilks with prices will be sent to those who request it.



Plus-four-inch Vest
—rounded neck



Plus-four-inch Vest
—bodice top



Full-cut
Knickers



"Sure-lap"
Union



Elastic top
Evening Vest

SCHUYLKILL SILK MILLS, READING, PA., U. S. A.



Photo White

Note the novel wrist band of fur and the ermine yoke effect achieved in this evening wrap worn by Marjorie Rambeau

I fancy it may be because the wickedest of U-boats would be glad to be chased by the wearer of such a gown, but I don't know.

A number of sensationally beautiful frocks have been brought to view in the various dramatic productions that have enlivened our theatres this season. The stunning costumes in "A Tailor Made Man" were pictured and described in these columns prior to their New York debut, but Mr. Cohan is a lavish manager and presently I shall have the happiness to show you an entirely new series of gowns worn by the fortunate young actress in that sparkling comedy.

* * *

Miss Margaret Dale who, as John Drew's leading woman, stamped herself before she was out of her teens as an actress certain to show unerring taste in the selection of her gowns and to wear frocks perfectly, loses nothing of that reputation in "Daybreak." Miss Blanche Yurka wears one very good gown also, in Jane Cowl's latest play, something in a breakfast frock with a delicious bodice which shows a novel plastron front of filmy white, cut squarely off below the waistline; but against Miss Yurka lies the charge of wearing her frocks uneasily and with the air of being "dressed up" that detracts from their charm. Not so Miss Dale, who manages to look lovely even in a frock of black velvet with stirrups and trappings of jet which would

make any other actress resemble that most darkling or animate objects, a hearse-horse.

"In my quest for the perfect frock," said the comedienne of "Daybreak," "I roam like the proverbial butterfly from flower to flower. That is to say from shop to shop. One modiste may be unexcelled in expressing a mood in a gown, that would quite escape another artist in frills and furbelows. In my first frock, I seek to express the difficult union of the demure and the rebellious—that being the mental mood of the wearer, who wonders why she is divorced, and tempers the delight of her new freedom with the circumspection society demands of a recently made *veuve de grace*."

I am sure you will agree that Bendel has achieved this sartorial psychology in the definitely provocative little frock in which he has "expressed" Miss Dale's state of mind. As softly white and black and gray as a Whistler etching is this creation, which introduces the new Serbian blouse effect in white malines upon which is posed a valance of very lovely black lace.

The round petticoat shows a panel front of white valance like the blouse with lace. The Serbia motif is carried out in the typical sleeves of that country, and in the velvet ribbon band crossed surplice-wise on the bodice and marking the waistline.

* * *

Pure white is selected by Miss Dale for her second frock which expresses in terms of sartorial simplicity a mood of chastened coquetry. A supple and gleaming quality of chiffon satin is the material in which O'Brien executed this gown which introduced as a feature of the coming mode a promptly approved and accepted novelty in the watteau scarf of white net which floats gracefully from the shoulders to the hem of the short skirt.

The tailored sleeve of transparent net is another original feature of this costume which is distinguished by absolute perfection of cut, cleverly accented but never hidden by the light drapery. A narrow fringe of crystal and silver at the hem and touches of gleaming garniture which relieve the simplicity of the bodice are the sole decorations employed in this very perfect little creation. The latest permanent wave, which is laid more regularly to the head than in last season's vogue and shows also a closer marcel effect, marks Miss Dale's coiffure.

* * *

Marjorie Rambeau's rôle in "The Eyes of Youth" permits her to show a frock and an opera wrap calculated to capture the eyes of all ages. The frock is of silvery blue exquisitely combined with crystal pearl and silver embroidery. The mantle as shown in the accompanying photograph, is a bewildering mingling of oriental embroidery with ermine, chiffon and velvet. The distinctive novelty introduced (and of course Miss Rambeau may always be counted on for some novel and artistic touch in her costumes) is the charming effect produced by employing an ermine cape for the top of the wrap and for one sleeve, a drapery of chiffon being cunningly contrived to fall over the other arm. The ultra high collar gives a stately neck finish that contradicts the frivolous fringe of ermine heads and tails that borders the edge of the fur.

I have just received a letter from Florence Walton who as you know is doing relief work in Paris and dancing for the "blesses" while her husband, who is able to join her now and again, is doing such good service with his ambulance corps.

"The courage of these marvelous French women is a lesson to the world," she writes. "They are all trying their best to keep Paris as beautiful as ever to bless the eyes of their returning heroes wounded in the war. Nothing is disgraceful here, to-day, but waste and extravagance, yet never were the French women more chic, never more beautiful, than in the gowns of the moment. The lovely simplicity of them is adorable! Only in her head-gear does the Parisienne permit herself to riot in frivolous gaiety. Hats have been large and irregular in shape and carnivals of color. During the past few days I notice that close shapes are being worn by such smart actresses as Lucie Bonheur and Yvonne de Rohan, whom one sees everywhere accompanied by the popular knitting bag that is the badge of honor among French women these days."

* * *

Before Miss Walton's letter reached America the tiny hat had made its appearance on Fifth Avenue, dividing favor with the larger shapes that will not be relegated to the limbo of things unstylish, because (Concluded on page 232)



Photo White

Robespierre and Oliver Cromwell meet in the collar of this fetching costume worn by Clara Joel

Slenderizing Silks

HOLDING the mirror up to fashion has long been a function of the stage. This autumn's plays will show many a graceful, much-admired gown cleverly made of our "slenderizing" silks and earning for its fair wearer the approving comment, "She's as pretty and slender as ever!"

Whether she really is or not, will remain a secret with her modiste, for the shimmering folds of Pussy Willow Satin and the soft draperies of Will o' the Wisp and beautiful dull-lustred Kashmere Kloth assure her the appearance of graceful slenderness.

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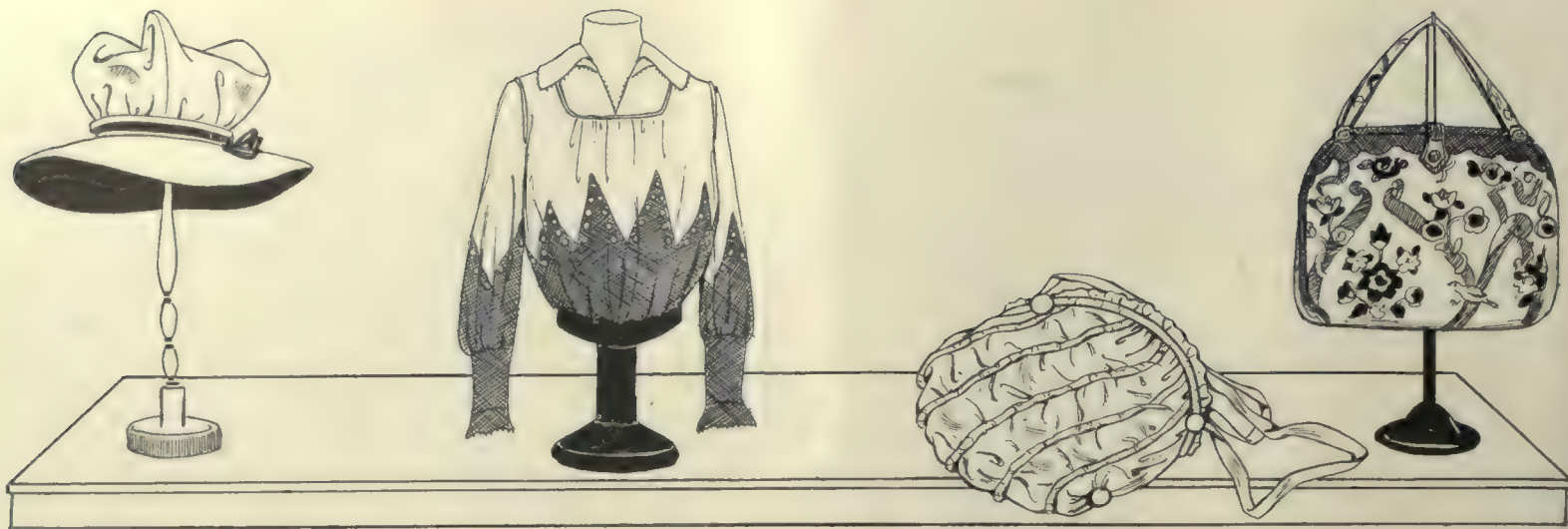
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OCTOBER BRINGS ANGELINA A HOUSE PARTY

By ANNE ARCHBALD

L ENOX, Tuesday. Incomparable and Only One!" read Angelina aloud. "Four men are descending on me for this week-end. I know you are a lady of a hundred engagements and this is terribly short notice but do cut whatever you have on hand and come and help me out. I'm only asking one other girl so there will be that jolly proportion of but three of us to five. Think of that in these hard, male-less times! Freddy is in town and will telephone you trains. Don't fail me. There's a dance Friday night.

"Yours in a rush,

"PEGGY."

"P. S.—Two of them are young British Army officers."

* * *

Angelina finished her note and looked over at her Mother with excited, shining eyes.

"How's that for an invitation?" she cried. "Lenox and dear old Peggy and old dear Freddy and their wonderful place and two British officers! Lucky I've no engagement for this Sunday. Though I should go anyway. It's not a chance anyone should miss, is it?"

Mother remained calm and very judicial. "The invitation sounds delightful," she said. "But, my dear child, I don't see how you can go with the clothes you have. You've nothing to wear. You've been putting off getting things too long. I should be very much ashamed to have you go and not look smart." The two British officers hadn't made so much of a hit with Mother, but there was every probability that one of the other men would be a certain extremely-eligible. "Tonight is Wednesday and if Peggy wants you on Friday that only gives you one day."

* * *

"Dear, darling idiot Mumsy!" retorted Angelina. "You will keep on forgetting that you were born in one generation and are now living in another. Fancy being in the same town with the New York shops and not being able to do anything in a day. Besides, what do I need? Merely a new suit, a waist and a hat. I've my silver dance frock already. I shall be quite through and have everything by lunch-time Thursday. And I should be very charmed if you cared to come with me and watch how efficiently I can work when I give my mind to it. Only you must promise not to interfere."

When Angelina spoke like that Mother was wise enough to give in. And Angelina did have a way of turning herself out, Mother had to acknowledge.

"Where are we going first?" she said, as the car turned into Fifth Avenue promptly at ten the next morning.

"To McCreery's," answered Angelina, "to get my hat and waist first. I've a theory that it's easier to match a suit to a waist and hat than the other way round."

"What extraordinary ideas you do have, Angelina, dear!" exclaimed Mother.

McCreery was negotiated and Angelina escorted Mother confidently to the third floor.

"Where are the *chapeaux du jour* you are featuring?" she asked a clerk, "the hats, I mean,

not any one of which is over ten dollars?"

("Now where did Angelina learn that!" thought Mother with inward admiration.)

"All the hats you see here," answered the clerk, pointing to several long tables, with every kind of large, small and medium-sized hat on them, picture hats and street hats and even hats for sport, all of the very latest mode.

"Isn't it fascinating that there is one place you can browse around," said Angelina, "and know that whatever you may choose will be within the limits of your purse? Nobody is going to break shatteringly in on your young dream in response to 'I'll take that; what's the price.'"

* * *

Mother agreed and found the browsing quite as fascinating as did Angelina. Between them they chose for her a lovely beige velvet in the new "Sammy" shape, with broad brim and high pinched-in crown, faced with dark brown velvet and banded with a slender brown grosgrain ribbon. The brim was very soft and pliant and Angelina's fair skin couldn't have been made to stand out from the frame more enchantingly if the price had been four times as much.

On to the waists then.....On the next floor.

"McCreery waists, you know, are always such splendid value," explained Angelina to Mother.

"My dear child," returned Mother indignantly. "You don't have to tell me that. I'm not quite in my dotage yet. Just as if I hadn't brought you up on that fact.....There's something though that, with all your omniscience, I don't believe you know about. That's the Art Department. It's on this floor. Let's just go round that way and see what's new."

* * *

"What's new," happened to be the war-bags, which from being of chintz have now blossomed out in the most marvelous way into soft-figured silks and plain taffetas and gold and silver brocades.

"Women are using them at present as much for shopping and making short trips as for knitting," explained the clerk.

"I'll make you a present of one if you wish, dear," offered Mother. "Would you like this taffeta shirred on cords that looks like the old 'calash' of Grandmother's we have at home, or this quaint shape of flowered tapestry cloth picked out with gold threads?"

"That one," Angelina responded enthusiastically. "The background matches my hat. I'll carry it right off. Isn't it too smart? *Prenez garde*, British officer."

As if in justification of how right they were in

(Concluded on page 236)



© Mishkin

Revillon say they can guarantee you the beauty of an ermine stole, but that the way of wearing it is up to your own individuality. Here Flora Révalles shows the maximum of effect that an artist in clothes makes with such a one from their house.

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MISS HAZEL DAWN says:

"My Belber is more than a wardrobe trunk—it is a Traveling Closet!" And she is right. You don't *pack* a Belber. You *hang up* your clothes in it, as in a closet, shut and lock the door and away it goes. It has a sturdy strength that stands the hardest wear.

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suggests that you use care in selecting hose supporters. Learn the delightful ease afforded by the

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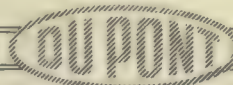
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Faibisy
IMPORTER
GOWNS
665 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(Continued from page 228)

of their becomingness to the majority of women. Fur and taffeta are features of the season's millinery, the popular folds and frills of silk seeming to have taken a close grip on the fancy of feminine New York.

A round of the smart establishments of dressmakers reveals little that is startling in the way of changes in preparation for the opera season and the winter festivities. The glitter of metal brocade has had its day, and I have not seen the fabric nor cloth of gold or silver displayed at any of the good houses. I saw several gowns recently ordered for Mrs. Cyril Hatch which indicate that Mrs. Vanderbilt's pretty daughter who retired from public view very shortly after her marriage is not intending to allow domestic cares to absorb all her activities the coming Winter. One frock of white velvet embroidered in orange and gray was of marked chic and perfect originality. It was made very short, in vague one-piece silhouette, a simulated plastron of the embroidery going straight down the front in Russian effect which was heightened by rows of odd small silver buttons enameled in strange symbols in orange. The fulness in the back was "detained," as the French dressmakers say, by a wide half sash of the embroidery, which appeared again in the Robespierre collar and at the tips of the cuffs.

* * *

So far as anyone may see, the dance craze which has held us in its grip so long seems to have died a natural death, while out-of-door sport looms up as the interest of the hour. Skating costumes are varied and many. One of lovely violet velvet with a deep band of chinchilla with chinchilla toque and muff is shown at the atelier from which Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn (Edna May) orders the chic frocks that always command admiring glances. While of course the Southern training camps will attract many Northern belles and brides to visit husbands and brothers, the possibilities of Government needs of the railroad facilities is holding up orders for quantities of smart frocks for Palm Beach wear. It is an odd little detail of the effect of war time upon fashionable life, and while no one seems to doubt a brilliant Southern season for the later Winter the how-shall-we-get-there question is really a burning issue of the hour, and forehanded dressmakers are seriously nervous at the possibility of a lean and hungry mid-Winter season.

I mention this wail because it has reached me from so many ultra-fashionable milliners.

Furs are seemingly destined to a peculiar vogue this Winter. Peculiar because the richest of genuine furs

and the most inexpensive of imitations seem equally in favor. American cleverness has devised a quite wonderful sort of "near fur" which has caught the passing fancy of women who own rare sables and fox, so that no one need blush to wear trimmings or even entire garments of frankly "made" fur. Luxurious over-garments for wear after horseback exercise or skating of duvetyn trimmed with karami, the new "fur cloth."

A charming raglan in this mode was turned out by Gill for Lady de Bathe, and while her ladyship's groom waited for the erstwhile Jersey Lily to claim it after a canter through the park a few mornings before she sailed for Spain, I looked the enveloping cloak over in search of novel features for your benefit. Of course, I found several; the most interesting of which is the Langtry muff, a bright thought of Lady de Bathe's. This "muff" is a flat fur piece placed just inside the sleeve lining at the wrist with the opening upward so



Photo White

Lucy Cotton in "Turn to the Right" wears a collar that leaped from Broadway to Fifth Avenue in one bound

that the wearer may thrust into it chilled fingers benumbed by holding the bridle or by skating, and find a warm and eminently comfy little place for cold hands. Lady de Bathe's overcoat, as these garments are called, are of the newest of colors, "camouflage," the term doubtless derived from the French "camouflet," which means a whiff of smoke in the face. Camouflage is a changeable violet-gray and lends itself beautifully to the carami similitude of otter with which this garment was deeply bordered and which formed the very important collar. Pretty Julia Sanderson is also wearing an overcoat of some sort of rough tweedy looking material which is faced with reindeer carami.

Some of the loose and rather shapeless over-garments of the new mode have narrow lines of fur (real or imitation) set in the seams in a clever way, to give "cut" to the silhouette.

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FROM THE MOUNTAINS OF BOLIVIA AND CHILI

Silver Foxes

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FALL WARDROBE BY FAIBISY

HERE we are launched in our Fall season, it is a moment of excitement and enjoyment for the couturier and, I might add, of hard work.

Charming mondaines have returned from their Summer's pleasures with nothing but a shabby Summer's wardrobe and it is for the smart designer to fit them out for Fall and Winter, setting forth all their charms to best advantage. What a responsibility!

It is a season full of delightful things, so full of so many different things that you may practically have about what you choose, as to silhouette, fabrics and color.

There is an enthusiastic desire on the part of smart customers for very charming frocks.

Notwithstanding the rather painful times we are traversing, it seems as though each American woman had said to herself, "I must make of myself a centre of optimism to act against the fear of possible sorrows that may arrive."

She knows there is no better method to make herself gay than to use every effort to appear as attractive as possible and to keep a vital concern for all the interests of life. It is her special work to charm the eye so as to cause forgetfulness of hard realities.

For this work there are unlimited possibilities, the toilettes now being created are so dissimilar in aspect, so interesting in variety that they appeal to each taste and each type.

As a rule an alluring grace and seductiveness is aimed at, which with narrow skirts and fitted shoulders achieve the youthful effect.

While the lines are still straight, they are losing something of the boyish silhouette and revealing an inclination to respect a little more the lines of the figure. This is indicated by the tendency to extreme narrowness about the ankles and a more fitted waistline. It is very attractive because it is conforming with instead of annihilating Nature's lines.

Simplicity is the creed of the day and as everyone knows there is nothing so smart as charming simplicity. It is a very good creed for the dressmaker. It forms a conception of dress which acts as a censor, frowning on all exaggerations and disposing of unnecessary complications in cut and unlovely overloading of ornament.

It makes not the slightest objection to the gayest combinations of color, provided they are harmonious or to color contrasts made with the artist's sense and for this reason, I believe, that just color will play a very important rôle in this year's frocks. There are as many different

kinds of beauty in gowns as there are in Nature, which are all augmented by the play of color. There are flower gowns in delicate tints, some are richer and suggest Autumn foliage, there is the straight sapling gown, in fact there is scarcely a phase of beauty which cannot find expression in a frock.

The partiality to plain fabrics is another indication of the preference given to simple effects, each line, each touch gains an unusual value, when simplicity reigns. The spirit of a frock may be expressed in a ribbon, a

Paris has not dictated or even helped us with regard to general lines this season, our own things are infinitely more alluring, she has done nothing but give us suggestions or inspiration for minor detail, more especially for this latter type of frock.

We have overdresses and panelled effects and are peculiarly becoming in doubled blouses, spiral lines and skirts with low drapings. Draping is of the utmost importance this season, for it will be used in slight and one-sided effects giving value to

old-time bustle used to reside. It is quite clear in matters of this kind that there is a great deal in a name.

We have sashes, surplises, high fur collars and the straight neck line. There are wide panels to cover a frock and narrow ribbon panels, then note the coat frock and the suit frock which borrow of other types, and there is the little vest which gives an appearance of extreme youthfulness. There are tunics of every sort and description, that Paris indulged in freely, rather to the detriment of the narrow lines. In fact all liberty is given to realize elegance by whatsoever method following the spirit of the creator.

Above everything else in this season's modes, however, the fitting should be emphasized, narrow lines require narrow shoulders, fitting, narrow sleeves, fitting, narrow skirts, fitting, the nipped-in waist, fitting! In the perfection of fit, we know we can excel the French artist and since the most beautiful of costumes will look like nothing at all if it does not perfectly mould to the figure, we should never misconceive its importance. This is true, even of the loose line gown, it must express by the symmetry of its lines an inclination to hug the figure.

We are making a great many black gowns, especially for women who are not slim, because there is a certain smartness about a black frock which can never be obtained in color, but sombre, deep shades are very much sought as well, plum, burgundy, browns and taupes.

A great many serges, satins, duvetyns and velvets are ordered, many of them accompanied by handsome fur-trimmed coats to match. Some of the most seductive models are in contrasting fabrics and shades, designed for semi-dress or afternoon wear.

Two of these, I have selected for reproduction, both of them combining velvet with Georgette.

One model of old blue velvet rather emphasizes the straight line effect, in spite of a full short puff below the waist which seems to be a back draping determined to be seen at the sides. The sleeves are straight, full front are of a lighter gray blue and just across the square neck is a strap of black velvet. The belt and below are tailored, but toned effects. The second frock of pearl gray Georgette, scantily fur with half collar, half yoke effect black velvet, extending in two long narrow panels down either side back and front. These panels are fringed in black but between fringe and panel are insertions of blue faille and a narrow looped cuff also of the blue.



Two smart models created by Faibisy for Fall Wear

flower, a feather, a jewel, a manipulation of fabric, each has individual importance as a revealing feature.

After the suits and trotteur dresses are designed for a Fall wardrobe, next in interest come the afternoon frocks and this Winter this type will have added significance for it is thought that there are some who will confine themselves to wearing semi-dress and that the dressier afternoon effects will have just as much success in this line as the more formal dinner gown.

every fold. The back drapings caught up high are a logical evolution from the over-worked side effects and is peculiarly becoming in certain contours.

It is extraordinary how unhappy we are in selecting alluring titles for our extreme styles. Last season the barrel was unpopular, due as many thought to its ungainly title and this season there is an effort to calumniate a really graceful draping by calling it a bustle because it happens to be in the place where the

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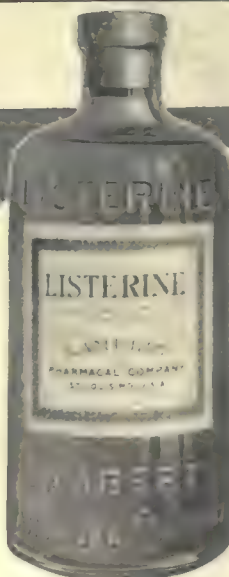
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It is a reversal of the usual
custom and of obvious im-
portance to women in
public life which account
for her many customers
among women of stage
prominence.

OCTOBER BRINGS ANGELINA A HOUSE PARTY

(Continued from page 230)

choice of hat and bag there was the "very" waist waiting for Angelina when they came to the waist department, a slip-over blouse of beige chiffon finely soutached and combined with dark brown chiffon, hems and tying belt and such things. Mother herself fell madly in love—"quite disgraceful at your age," Angelina jollied her—with a model that had but lately arrived, the upper part of white chiffon cloth to which the lower part, of a very crinkly black crêpe, was attached in deep points, each outlined with a row of close-set small white buttons.

"Hurry, Mother. It's already twelve," urged Angelina, "and my suit is still to come. She hustled Mother out of McCreery's and into the car. "Bonwit Teller and Company, please, James."

"This is the first time in many years that you haven't had a suit made to order," remarked Mother, a bit pensively on their way up the Avenue.

"When I take you into the suit department of Bonwit Teller, you'll know the reason why," explained Angelina. "They are making a specialty this Fall of the plain, tailored suits. Just the kind I would have if I were going to order one. Of course, I don't mean that they haven't other kinds, but that's the type that suits me best. The cut is wonderful, especially around the shoulders, which is so hard to get right as a rule. I know because I've been looking it up. I shall choose a dark brown duvetyne, probably."

But luck was with Angelina that day and she found a suit even better suited to her, of beige duvetyne, the coat cut with a flare to its skirt and bound with beige silk braid, the shoulders perfect and not an alteration needed anywhere. A brilliant match for all the accessories!

"I don't approve of your theory of choosing those first, but you certainly fell on your feet this time," remarked Mother as they were riding home.

"It wasn't 'falling,'" objected Angelina. "If you go to a real place like Bonwit Teller's you're bound to get real things, that's all."

After luncheon Angelina, with Josephine's assistance, started to get her "props"—as she called them together. Mother, knitting steadily, superintended from the chaise longue.

"How are you off for gloves and.....," she began, but was interrupted by a consternated cry from Josephine.

"Look, Madame! Miss Angelina's evening coat! The silk is in rags. It has

just melted away in the Summer."

"Bother!" remarked Angelina, though in quite a mild and able to-bear-up tone. "Well, I shall have to have another. I never did like that one anyway. Lucky I know just the place....."

"You'll have to have that phrase on your tombstone," broke in Mother, sarcastically.

"But I do," Angelina went on. "I've been waiting for a chance at it ever since last Spring."

"Do you mean Maxon's?" Mother inquired, "the place you discovered and swore me to secrecy about, where they have model gowns of such extraordinary values?"

"The same. I'll take a taxi and be back in an hour."

Twenty minutes later found Angelina at Maxon's jumping around ecstatically from one beautiful evening coat to another, like an excited robin who has found more worms than it can manage. And, difficult as it seemed to make a selection among such wealth, half an hour later found her escorting homeward a dazzling satin coat of the new "incendie" red with big collar and cuffs of dark fur.

"A wonder!" buzzed Angelina's happy brain.



Skins this season are softer and more pliable than they ever have been before. Consequently we can have coats in styles heretofore imagined impossible of execution. Just, for instance, this lamb of mole and ermine from Balch Price

For the Toilette

SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.

You will find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.

All Dealers sell
20 MULE TEAM BORAX

For the
Bath



While at the Aviation School at Miami, I found how valuable Adams Pepsin Gum is. I first chewed a piece because I liked the cooling peppermint flavor, but soon I discovered in this gum a wonderful nerve steadier. Now I chew it all the time I am in the air as well as between flights.

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Probably no women in the world are so particular in the matter or personal appearance as the actress.

Among those who are guided by the use of Mme. Rubinstein's Valaze Preparations, are Maxine Elliott, Mary Garden, Jane Cowl, Gladys Cooper, Martha Chenal, Anna Pavlowa, Kitty Gordon, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mme. Lillian Greuze, Grace George, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, Fannie Ward and Mme. Olga Petrova.

Mme. Rubinstein's treasured portfolio holds hundreds of attestations from women who have the world at their feet as well as generous credentials from Royal women, which strict rules of ethics and professional discretion forbid to quote.

A visit to Mme. Rubinstein's Maison de Beaute Valaze, or the simplest treatments at home with her world-famed Valaze preparations, you will realize the truism of the unbelievable results.

Those who have lost the beauty they once were proud of, those who wish for a greater share of good looks than fell to their lot to possess, or those who desire to prevent the impress of time, stress and worry on the face—all these may enter the Maison de Beaute Valaze with the feeling of certainty that the greatest possible measure of facial charm will be imparted to them if they follow the advice given them.

A short course of treatments will prove to you the astounding possibilities of the correct method of skin culture. Every complexion disfigurement, blackheads, open pores, crow's-feet, double chin, red nose, wrinkles, will be made to disappear by the magic of her art, sinking flabby muscles become firm, faded sun-parched cheeks and weather-beaten skin transformed and made clear, smooth and beautiful.

If you are unable to call upon Madame Rubinstein at this particular moment, send to her direct for those of her Valaze preparations for home treatment, quoted below for your convenience.

Valaze Beautifying Skin Food will restore, stimulate, and preserve the freshness and delicacy of the skin. Valaze will efface the fine lines that the summer sun has brought. Valaze will help to remove wrinkles, freckles, tan and weather-beaten appearance. By all means use Valaze Skin Food as the foundation of a good complexion. Valaze is the secret of beauty. Price, \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$6 a pot.

Valaze Skin Toning Lotion, used in conjunction with Valaze Skin Food so as to obtain better and more rapid results. For ordinary or greasy skins, \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$5; for dry skins, \$2 and \$4.

Valaze Snow Lotion (Blanc des Perles) a liquid powder and beauty lotion par excellence. Price, \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$5 a bottle.

Valaze Beauty Grains, a specialty for greasy and shiny skins that remove coarse, open pores and blackheads. \$1 a tin, upwards.

Valaze Liquidine overcomes greasiness and "shine" of the skin and undue flushing of the nose and gives a cool, fair and mat appearance to the complexion. Helps to overcome blackheads and open pores. Price, \$1.50, \$2.75 and \$5.50 a bottle.

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Valaze Reducing Jelly (price \$1.50, \$3) also the Valaze reducing Soap (price \$1.25 a cake) are the two most effective preparations to remove a double chin as well as superfluous fat and to restore beauty of line to face and throat.

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A copy of Mme. Rubinstein's booklet "Beauty in the Making" will be sent on receipt of 2c stamp to cover postage.

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FURS, MADAME

NEVER have the expensive furs been more in demand," says Monsieur Révillon.

"Women are going to wear a great deal of sable and ermine," says the house of Balch Price.

And ditto, ditto, say the firms of Gunther and Shayne.

Curious thing, this Fashion! Would you ever have picked this as the year for luxurious furs? But so it is.

The fur people don't really explain the fact. Except to say that American women increasingly want the

the consequence is such a variety of stunning fur coats as we have never had before.

One unusual example of this skilled manipulating of the skins—seen at Balch Price—was a circular cape of Hudson seal, long and full, the Italian army cape its very evident prototype. A beauty! And as light as a feather. Another example was the coat of mole and ermine shown in the photograph, which tells its own story.

At Gunther's I saw the new fox



Photo Charlotte Fairchild
From Shayne—a new coat of beaver and Hudson seal—
posed by Miss Talmadge

best of everything. Are aware too when they are getting it. "You American women know your furs," was the way Monsieur Révillon put it.

Along with the aspiration for sable goes a revival of mink, the fur that wears forever. Révillon shows some lovely coats of it, the skins artfully put together in a wave formation that gives the mink a certain resemblance to sable.

Every year one exclaims that never have furs been so marvelous, but this year the fur people have truly surpassed themselves. The skins are softer, lighter in weight, though just as warm, more pliable—like pieces of velvet. Balch Price say they have let no extra labor stand in the way of working out their models just as if they had cloth to deal with, and

skin scarves and muffs, and was told that fisher, also a wear-forever fur, was being revived for these scarf and muff sets.

A silver thread among the gold! What are the new "foxes"? (You speak of them that way.)

Well, the shape is the same as last year, a flat skin silk or chiffon lined—and linings, by the way, are of the greatest importance this Fall—or a closed skin. But they have been dyed the loveliest new and rich shades of brown. Baumarten fox, for instance, is deep in tone, a real *tête de nègre*; Kamchatka and Amber come next; and then Georgette, a dyed red fox.

As to muffs, poor dears, they haven't been dolled up at all. They are quite the same as last year,—small or medium.



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"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
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 People of culture, refinement and education invariably **PREFER Deities** to any other cigarette.
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Packer's Liquid Tar Soap

IF you are frankly fastidious about the appearance of your hair, shampoo with this dependable product—an effective cleanser that leaves the hair soft and attractive. Very delicately perfumed.



AT THE McALPIN

Two young women, comprising the dance entertainment feature of the McAlpin Hotel grill room, have in all probability sounded the death knell for the man dancer in so far as that individual's indispensability as a member of the ballroom "dance team" is concerned.

And the call to arms is directly responsible for this condition of affairs. Miss Hazel Allen and Miss Leonora Hughes are now the dance hostesses of the McAlpin roof, and are appearing nightly in their "Dances of All Nations" in costume.

Miss Hughes, returning from a very successful season at the Saratoga Casino, found herself suddenly bereft of a partner through the "defection" of her partner, Donald Crane, who elected to enter the army and won an appointment to the Officers' Training Corps at Plattsburg.

Clysmic—Of Course

Because Clysmic is so far the aristocrat of sparkling waters that hospitality requires it to be on hand whenever one entertains.

15 grains of Lithia Salts to the gallon.
 Sold everywhere in splits, pints and quarts only.

Don't accept ordinary waters

Insist on genuine



MILITARY MODES IN MEN'S DRESS

By BEAUNASH



ONLY a temperament akin to that of the first-nighter at the "death watch," who symbolizes the *issimo* degree of human callousness, can remain insensible to those profound changes which are taking place in men's fashions because of the war and all that follows in its wake. Other days—other ways!

Much has passed out which will never come back. Those *minauderies* of dress, which used to mark the gay philanderer, the social trifter, the juggler of thistledown, the halver of hairs, have been crunched under the heel of the soldier.



In England, the birthplace of men's fashions, "the ignoble sprigs of noble prigs" have shown on the battlefield a nobility far beyond that of armorial bearings and inherited prowess on the polo field, proving to an astonished world that coats-of-arms are not incompatible with arms-in-the-coat.

This leanness and toughness of khaki and puttees; this spruceness and *elan* of troops at line-up; this stoicism, which throws dice with death and loses with a smile; this fatalism of "gather ye rosebuds while ye may," for they'll soon stop blooming; this spirit of the soldier, rangy, blustering, adventurous, gypsy-like, but always uncompromisingly masculine, dominates present-season fashions to the exclusion of every other theme.



You hear no end of so-called "trench coats," but the genuine trench coat of the British Army Officer is a totally different affair from the make-believe nondescripts which are hawked about in this country at preposterous prices.

In the first place, a trench coat is not a trench coat unless it is soak-proof. The English Officer would be jolly well blown before he'd think of crossing to France and going into active service with simply a belt-and-buckle wool coat, pleated, pocketed and flaring-skirted. It would turn to rags in the first rain.

The authentic trench coat of the London military outfitter has been evolved from three years of grim fighting, and it is the only one true to type.



The outer shell is of khaki drill or twill, with an interlining of oiled cambric, or a removable fleece lining, or a removable sheepskin lining. The object of the detachable lining is to provide two-coats-in-one, a coat for warmth and a coat for wet, or both together, as the weather commands.

Khaki drill or twill is used outside as it is impervious to clay or mud, which is a characteristic of the soil of France and Flanders, and which it is impossible to scrape off ordinary stuffs. A single day's duty in the trenches would make a sorry pulp of the usual sort of coat.

A very smart London trench coat which has been adapted to civilian use for cold-weather sports, the motor and even town wear, is of gabardine or khaki twill with a deep-sweeping fur collar.

It is double-breasted, of course, and has a lambskin lining which is removable, thus constituting two-coats-in-one. The back is seamless and terminates in full-fold drapery of start with a ripple edge. The waist is gathered in by a strap and buckle of the same stuff with hip buckle. The sleeves have a narrow strap and buckle. The pockets are welted and run up-and-down.

Such a coat and others like it, be they lined with skin, fur or fleece, truly interpret the martial *motif* in contemporaneous dress without overdoing it, for it is fatally easy to make mock of the whole thing.



©

A Trench Coat from Finchley

Among the fashionable topcoating colors from London for Autumn and Winter one meets blues, plums, browns, khakis, drabs, grays, greens and so on, as well as blendings of two or three of them, or plain colors set off with colored silk threads or double silk stripes.

Upsetting expectations, the colors and patterns have no dun-colored war-time sombreness about them, but are brighter and warmer than during any season within the last three years.

To be sure, blacks and dark grays, symbolizing mourning and half-mourning, are an inevitable accompaniment of these troubled times, when scions of the first families of England and Scotland have shared in the last argument of kings.

The topcoatings for knockabout and country wear are roughish of nap, such as worsteds and chevots. Those for more formal town-wear are smooth-finished, as Elysians, vicunas, beavers and the like.



The war has given quite a fillip to the Raglan shoulder on topcoats, which, after an eclipse of several years, is again seen on types of overgarments having a military or pseudo-military character.

These coats, are, of course, loose and flaring, with a straight drop of back and a swishy amplitude of skirt. They may button through or have fly-fronts. Covert cloths are notably suited to the Raglan cut; but other stuffs are also used.



As far as topcoats, wholly or partly military, go, their name is regiment, and they range in but all the way from aviators' tunics to simple (and simple-minded) trench (sic) conceptions so fearsomely and fantastically wrought, that instead of robbing war of its horrors, they invent new ones.

Coats of this sort are bellicosely belted, buckled, box-pleated and be-pocketed, supposably on the theory that the civilian hankers to look "dressed to kill." Faith, he ought to be killed, not killing, for blustering about in some of these numskulleries.

While the tendency of the mode in civilian topcoats is toward longer skirts, that in strictly military coats demands short ones, about to the knee, for the army officer must leave his legs unencumbered.



Topcoats to accompany evening dress may be the close-fitting Chesterfields in black or darkest gray, or the Inverness capes of black or blue-black, or the double-breasted frock overcoats known to the tailors' guild as the Paletot.

Then, there is no end of fur-trimmed coats with black broadcloth shells and Persian lamb or other collars, lined with muskrat and other snug pelts.

Russian sable greatcoats are so rare now-a-days, that their cost may well mount above \$10,000.

BIRDS *of a* FEATHER



A Shilling in London
A Quarter Here



Plum or Cork



“What are we coming to?”

Beginning with the November issue the first of a series of timely articles and unique illustrations commenting upon and depicting the newest and smartest creations for “Milady-of-the-Moment’s” Wardrobe

By

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A Corner in the New Shop of the Columbia Graphophone Co. on Fifth Avenue.

A Unique Show Place Combining Art and Practical Store-keeping.

NO one unfamiliar with the purpose of the Columbia Graphophone Company in establishing such a unique show-place could have imagined its interior as it really exists. For this shop is no more a mere store than an art gallery is, or than are the spacious rooms of the old English castles from where our best period furniture originates.

Men took their hats off immediately on entering. They do still. This, not because there is an unprecedented excess of luxury there—that would be impossible on Fifth Avenue—but because every single phase of the spacious reception room, its paneled walls, its draperies, tapestries and carved furniture all compound the aristocratic refinement of a like room in some noble castle still ruled by a private family.

"But where are the Grafonolas?" is the insistent question.

"Right here," is the reply of the salesman as he throws open a panel in the Jacobean cabinet and discloses in this century-old setting the most modernly perfect music-producing mechanism.

The moral, as a neighboring playgoer remarked, is, "Do not get rapped on the bean."

Jane Grey is unusually satisfying as Annie. Vincent Serrano spoils the effect of his work with too much effort. The rest of the cast is efficient. Walter Wilson as the private detective contributing largely to the entertainment.

Viewed between partly closed eyelids, the prologue and epilogue arrangement—the story itself—the melodramatic manner of its presentation—the elaborate settings—the clever lighting effects—the swift and numerous changes of scene—and the final curtain descending in fade-out fashion—all inevitably smack of the movies. Maybe "De Luxe Annie" is just a scenario that hasn't found itself.

HIPPODROME. "CHEER UP." Musical review by R. H. Burnside. music by Raymond Hubbell, lyrics by John L. Golden. Produced on August 23.

PLAYS may come and plays may go, but the Hippodrome remains forever. It is a typical Broadway institution—even though situated on Sixth Avenue. No New Yorker ever misses it, and it is the first playhouse that the out-of-towner turns to for entertainment.

And why not? At the Hippodrome you are sure of a good show. This year's entertainment easily takes its place among the best of its kind. There are scenes of exquisite beauty, splendid spectacular effects, clowns, elephants, diving girls and catchy tunes.

"Cheer Up" certainly lives up to its name.

BELASCO. "POLLY WITH A PAST" Comedy in three acts by George Middleton and Guy Bolton. Pro-

MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 208)

duced on September 6 with this cast:

Harry Richardson	Cyril Scott
Rex Van Zile	Herbert Yost
Prentice Van Zile	H. Reeves-Smith
Stiles	William Sampson
Clay Collum	George Stuart Christie
A Stranger	Robert Fischer
"Bob" Barker	Thomas Reynolds
Polly Shannon	Ina Claire
Mrs. Martha Van Zile	Winifred Fraser
Myrtle Davis	Anne Meredith
Mrs. Davis	Louise Galloway
Parker	Mildred Dean

INA CLAIRE is not the whole secret of the success of "Polly With a Past" at the Belasco Theatre. Without her there would be less charm in Polly, but there is uncommon skill in the handling of the slight material of this play.

A maid in the home of an artist suggests, not as a prank but as the practical solution of a certain situation, that someone be found to personate an alluring French adventuress, an imposture to make love to a certain young man in order to make his sweetheart jealous and thus promote his marriage. The maid, Ina Claire, Polly in the play, becomes this actress. She is the idea and fulness of the play. The complication is old as drama itself but the piece is amusing.

Ina Claire walks through the diverting scenes with a self-assurance that is as charming as her naturalness. Her affectations and sinuities in walk as the actress are a delightful make-believe.

Everything that transpires is entirely harmless. Polly has experienced none of the experiences that she hints at, and we know the truth that Polly is good; we forgive her the rouge on her face, for we know that the falseness it betokens is to be taken in the contrary sense. Polly explains that she is a minister's

daughter, and when she says grace at the table she does it so sweetly none can take offense. We are well satisfied when she is so appealing to an elderly visitor that he asks her to dine with him, "just you and me."

This is Miss Claire's first work on the dramatic stage. Sung and danced she has in light opera. It does not require to be told that the rest of the cast are of fine quality, worthy of the theatre and their present association.

LONGACRE. "LEAVE IT TO JANE." Musical comedy by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Produced August 28 with this cast:

Ollie Mitchell	Ruloff Cutten
Matty McGowan	Dan Collyer
"Stub" Talmadge	Oscar Shaw
"Silent" Murphy	Thomas Delmar
Bessie Tanner	Ann Orr
Sally Cameron	Jane Carroll
Bertha Tyson	Lillian Cullen
Cora Jenks	Catherine Mack
Martha Abbott	Marie King
Josephine Barclay	Frances Burns
Louella Banks	Arline Chase
Marion Mooney	Helen Rech
Cissie Summers	Tess Mayer
Peter Witherspoon	Frederic Graham
Howard Talbot	Algernon Grieg
Jane Witherspoon	Edith Hallor
Jimsey Hopper	Harry Forbes
Dick McAllister	D. E. Charles
Flora Wiggins	Georgia O'Ramey
Hiram Bolton	Will C. Crimans
Billy Bolton	Robert G. Pitkin
Hon. Elam Hicks	Allan Kelly
Harold ("Bub") Hicks	Olin Howland

THERE is a saving virtue about an opera. Everybody does his best. Everybody has a chance to shake his leg—or her leg—and raise his or her voice so it can be heard. In modern comedy proper the rule is that the voice shall not be heard beyond the sixth row. The result of the comic opera method is that

considerable happiness is diffused. With George Ade's story familiar to all who have been at college or who have not, it only remains to record that the conscripts were valorous, diverting, efficient in all that was required of them.

Edith Hallor, as Jane (the daughter of Peter Witherspoon), is endowed as (everything about a college should be) with fine qualities. Feminine in charm, she has the beauty of open-door health. Georgia O'Ramey, as the "prominent waitress," dances and sings and witticises her way through triumphantly. Ann Orr, as Bessie, described as an athletic girl, has her strong points. Ruloff Cutten, a sophomore, Dan Collyer, as a trainer, Oscar Shaw, as an undergraduate, Charles Holly, Robert Pitkin, Olin Howland, and others, all of them comic cut-ups, contributed happily to that which was not left to Jane.

COHAN AND HARRIS. "A TAILOR-MADE MAN." Comedy in four acts by Harry James Smith. Produced on August 27, with this cast:

Mr. Huber	Gus Weinberg
Mr. Rowland	L. E. Conness
Peter	Barlowe Borland
Dr. Gustavus Sonntag	Theodore Frielus
Tanya Huber	Helen-MacKellar
John Paul Bart	Grant Mitchell
Pommeroy	Rowland Buckstone
Mrs. Stanlaw	Minna Gale Haynes
Mr. Stanlaw	Harry Harwood
Corinne Stanlaw	Mona Kingsley
Dorothy	Adrienne Bonnell
Bobby Westlake	Lloyd Carpenter
Mr. Fleming	John Wall
Mr. Crane	John Maccabee
Mr. Carroll	Douglas Farne
Mrs. Fitzmorris	Josephine Deffy
Mr. Fitzmorris	Phil Hardy
Wheating	Frank G. Harley
Mrs. Kittie Dupuy	Lotta Linthicum
Bessie Dupuy	Nancy Power
Mr. Jellicott	A. P. Kaye
Abraham Nathan	Frank Burbeck
Miss Shayne	Gladys Gilbert
Mr. Greyson	Lawrence White

(Concluded on page 255)

MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO



MISS CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Who now heads her own individual organization, has decided upon Sudermann's powerful play "Magda" for her first screen offering. "Magda," a four-act play, was first produced by Sarah Bernhardt in Daly's Theatre, London, in 1895

PETROVA PICTURES.



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FIRST RELEASE:
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INC.

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES



UNFAIR competition is the cancer that has ruined many an industry. True, you and I and all those who read this may differ as to what constitutes unfair competition. In so far as the motion picture industry is concerned, I am only going to deal with one phase that has been brought directly and forcibly to my attention, and which should be eradicated, uprooted and thrown out immediately. At no time and for no valid reason is it necessary for any two producers of motion pictures to use the same title or subject. The producer who first announces the name and stars of his production is absolutely entitled to the protection of that priority. At various times in the history of the motion picture industry he has not been accorded these rights with the result that in the end the innocent motion picture theatregoer is the sufferer. It was not so long ago that two "Carmens" were announced, one starring Geraldine Farrar and the other Theda Bara. There followed then the announcement of two productions of "Romeo and Juliet." Soon after Herbert Brenon announced a picture entitled "The Fall of the Romanoffs" with Ilidor. William A. Brady, of the World Film Corporation, started secretly a production entitled "Rasputin the Black Monk." Ordinarily, these might not conflict with each other in any possible way, but in this particular instance they undoubtedly will as "The Fall of the Romanoffs" is their basic idea. That, however, is not the point at issue; which is purely and simply one of ethics. Is it ethical for one producer knowingly to market a motion picture the subject matter and title of which have been previously announced by a competitor? It is a question which the motion picture industry must decide for itself. It seems to me decidedly wrong and absolutely unjust, not to say uncalled for. It would appear as though the picture material at issue was the last subject matter available. The result of the conflict as far as the public is concerned will always be in doubt. The motion picture fan will probably see one of the two pictures. Which one is decidedly a matter of chance. The copyright, trade-mark and laws of registry are entirely too inadequate. It seems to me that it would pay the motion picture industry to force proper and definite legislation on these important subjects. Perhaps it can't be done. But if the law is inadequate, why not make an attempt to change it? Doing away with moral as well as legal plagiarism will help considerably to eradicate that bugbear of all industries—unfair competition.



RITZ-CARLTON. "THE FALL OF THE ROMANOFFS," with Ilidor.

Herbert Brenon's "The Fall of the Romanoffs," in ten reels was shown to a specially invited audience at the Ritz-Carlton. Herbert Brenon has handled a tremendous and new subject for him with a finesse and skill that does him credit. "The Fall of the Romanoffs" is a timely topic, and with the addition of the real Ilidor this photoplay possesses unusual interest. Edwin Connelly as Rasputin easily walks away with the acting honors of an exceptionally capable cast including Alfred Hickman as the Czar, Nance O'Neil as the Czarina, and Conway Tearle as Prince Felix. Herbert Brenon has endeavored to be historically correct and has used excerpts from national publications liberally. The production itself is a lavish one with an attentive eye to detail. The two big dramatic moments of this eight-reel picture are the killing of Rasputin and the refusal of the Czar's soldiers to fire upon the people. These scenes have been particularly well worked out. The finish of the picture itself is its weakest point. It leaves the impression of uncompletedness, but after all, the drama now being enacted in Russia seems to be by no means near completion. As a whole Herbert Brenon's "The Fall of the Romanoffs" is a decidedly noteworthy achievement.

* * *

PLAYHOUSE. "RASPUTIN THE BLACK MONK," with Montagu Love.

Within three days after the showing of "The Fall of the Romanoffs," William A. Brady showed his version

entitled "Rasputin the Black Monk" to an especially invited audience at the Playhouse. First of all, the World Film version does not include Ilidor. Secondly, it is a series of salacious and lewd incidents in the life of Rasputin depicted well, but titled in such a manner as to leave nothing to the imagination. The theme itself with its basic idea of the fall of the Romanoffs is very poorly handled. With the exception of Montagu Love who stands out head and shoulders above the rest of the cast, the production is in no way noteworthy. There are one or two interpolated scenes of the actual Russian revolution taken either from some topical weekly or from the Russian pictures which were recently shown at the Rialto. The effort to be historically correct does not seem sincere. The finish of the picture is particularly ludicrous, showing the Czar in exile taking his coat off and asking to be allowed to mow the grass of his lawn. This is particularly funny as the Czar looks like a first-class buttonhole maker. Comparisons are at all times odious. But comparing "The Fall of the Romanoffs" with "Rasputin the Black Monk" is like comparing the Museum of Art with Barnum and Bailey's Circus.

* * *

THE STRAND THEATRE. "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM," with Mary Pickford.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is from the play by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and Charlotte Thompson and has been produced for the screen by Artcraft. Mary Pickford as Rebecca is

at her best in a story that seems to have been especially written for her peculiar talents. The marked enthusiasm of the audience proved some contentions I have for long held in regard to picture material. I have always maintained that a story need not be salacious, lewd, or misleading in its title to succeed. "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is ample proof of this contention, for its story is a clean, wholesome, entertaining one and with the piquant charm of Mary Pickford as an addition, means an hour and a quarter well spent. Direction, photography, attention to detail, are all good. Every motion picture exhibitor should book "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and everyone, young and old, should see it.

* * *

RIALTO THEATRE. "SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE," with George M. Cohan.

Artcraft Pictures Corporation present George M. Cohan in a screen adaptation of his mystery farce "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Whereas George M. Cohan was an essential factor in the stage success of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," he was not at all necessary to the screen version. Almost any other performer could have played the part of George Washington Magee, as well as Cohan did. The story lends itself admirably to pictures, although it is one of those stories where titles, no matter how good, can never take the place of dialogue. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" is by no means up to the standard set for Mr. Cohan in "Broadway Jones."

RIALTO THEATRE. "EFFICIENCY EDGAR'S COURTSHIP," with Taylor Holmes.

The Essanay Company presents Taylor Holmes in "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," by Clarence Buddington Kelland, adapted from the stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*. Here again is a story that loses much as a picture because of the lack of action. Titles alone do not make a picture, and although there is considerable latent humor in the titles used in "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," they are not sufficient in themselves to get the picture over. Taylor Holmes as Edgar Bumpus has been well cast and makes the most of a rather exacting rôle. A lot of mugging and unnecessary grimacing could be easily dispensed with. However, this is Holmes' first picture and better things may be expected of him. Edgar Bumpus is a man whose "bug" is efficiency. He goes so far as to apply it in the picking of a wife, where it by no means appears excruciatingly funny. Ernest Maupain as a horrid father, Virginia Valli as an efficiency loving girl, and Rodney La Rock as an accommodating rival proved acceptable. "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship" is a better story than picture.

* * *

ADELPHI THEATRE. "PANTS," with Mary McAlister.

Little Mary McAlister, Essanay's juvenile star, who plays the stellar rôle in "Pants," is by far the cleverest juvenile performer gracing the screen to-day. It is not often that an audience can sit through a five-reeler with a juvenile cast without

(Concluded on page 248)

A BROADWAY PRESS AGENT GOES WEST



AFTER spending ten days—almost as many nights and considerable hard-earned filthy lucre in and about the well-known film colony near and around Los Angeles, Cal., I have come to the conclusion that (to coin a new phrase) the photoplay industry is still in its infancy. At least, the individuals connected with this gigantic field of endeavor in California are youthful in spirit, even if some are not so in age.

Unlike the life of the ordinary mortal, the Los Angeles filmite upon conclusion of the day's toil does not think of the steaming dinner, the firey hearth and the downy couch. Not if he is free from the doctor's orders. Hardly has the clang of the time-clock faded into the thin, dry California air when Mr. Filmite thinks of but one thing—dinner at Hoffman's Restaurant. Whether he be that lowly cigarette consumer known as the press agent or the thousand-dollar-a-minute film star. Whether he grinds out scenarios over a flowing black artist's tie or has the sign "Studio Manager" on his office door. As long as he is a member of the film colony he has dinner at Hoffman's. If he is married he picks his wife up at a corner drug store en route, if he is single he picks up a Hawaiian cocktail at the Alexandria bar before reaching the evening's festive board.

Although the humor around the dinner table of the motion picture family at Hoffman's is such as at time, would pain the hardened Broadway critic, it is accepted good-naturedly here. Walter McNamara, scenario-writer, tells stories that start with the soup and end when, upon draining the demi tasse, good old Bill Hart blows the crowd to very excellent cigars. Should by any rare chance, Walter be absent, Hal Cooley, a motion picture actor with a thousand (verified) admirers tells of the days when he "slung hash for six dollars a week and worked as chief bed-maker in a rooming house."

At this point Carlyle Robinson, Chief Arranger of Parties and incidentally press agent for Charlie Chaplin, bursts into the happy gathering, demanding quick service from Fritz, the dispenser of food for the film folks, and between bites issues a call for volunteers to "even up" a party for the evening. If one speaks quick one is fortunate enough to be included in Carlyle's party, an affair which takes place every evening and ends in time to allow the working person to arrive at the studio on time the following day. The program of the evening for such an affair includes, without fail, a trip to the

Vernon Country Club on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Should any member of the film colony have failed to be among those present at Hoffman's, they will surely be found at Vernon's later in the evening. At this resort one is permitted to dance, a privilege which is denied in Los Angeles, not only for the love of the terpsichorean art but for attractive (guaranteed) silver loving cups. The desire to win the cup seems to be firmly imbedded in the hearts of every patron of Vernon's regardless of how little the individual knows regarding the poetry of motion. However, after several visits to this popular place I fail to see how this feeling can exist for anyone except

further ceremony he joins a "party" at a table, pulls up his chair and squats down in their midst regardless of whether the welcome sign on the door mat is meant for him or not. With the orchestra accompanying him from a far-distant part of the room he recites or sings (according to his mood) to his immediate party, making sure that those at the next table do not hear his offering so that he can attack them separately. He will torture his victims until a coin of the realm makes its appearance and when the coins are properly extracted he throws them with uncanny dexterity across the room on to a small stage guarded by members of the aforementioned orchestra.

drove off with the car. No, Pearl and Eric were not compelled to walk home but they were forced to engage a Ford taxi which was just as bad, if not worse. Three evenings after this, making four after their meeting, the minister pronounced Pearl and Eric man and wife thus consummating the shortest romance the film colony has ever witnessed.

There are many other queer places within sixty miles of Los Angeles including the Ship Café on the Beach of Venice, where one enjoys all the comforts of an ocean voyage. At The Barn the visitor is greeted by a mysterious person who looks through a cubby hole in the door and if the caller satisfies his demands he is made a "member of the club" with a membership card "and everything." The visiting party is then placed in a regulation stable stall and served by a prop farmer. Dancing and merrymaking is here in order until long after New York is fast asleep. In Los Angeles the Alexandria Hotel, with its famous bar and its equally famous mixed drinks, is the place de resistance for the cosmopolitan citizen. The Alexandria is also made famous as a result of the fact that Ed. Durling, the slender representative of the *N. Y. Morning Telegraph* holds forth there. In the beautiful lobby will be found Mr. Durling's busy office—the two leather arm-chairs to the right as you enter. It is here that Bennie Zeidman, Pat Dowling, Ken O'Hara, Ken McGaffey and other famous press persons browbeat the docile Durling into giving them space in his paper for their various and respective stars. It is also here that J. C. Jessen, Monroe Lathrop, Guy Price and other reporters of great repute gather to collect carbon copies of press stories given to Durling.

One thing must be said in favor of the film colony of Los Angeles. It contains the most democratic selection of good fellows ever assembled in one spot on this globe. In their quiet, simple way they can afford even the most blasé Broadwayite a night in Bohemia that will last long in his memory—as well as his constitution. When Broadway turns off its lights the California Film Colony begins to enjoy the evening. If the party is desirous of dancing after 2 A.M., what is more simple than to engage the cabaret orchestra, load it into taxi-cabs and continue the dancing at Eric Campbell's palatial bungalow, with its splendid hardwood floor and its complete buffet? It is a great life—if you don't weaken.



JACKIE SAUNDERS



KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

West Coast Favorites

Lottie Pickford, whose collection of Vernon's cups must by this time, fill a large-sized warehouse. Each evening film persons and others, try for the cup and each evening Lottie leaves the place with it tucked snugly under her arm. The orchestra is good—but sadly spoiled. It will play one short dance and then stop until someone endeavors to hit the leader with a coin ranging in worth from four bits to one of those shiny five-dollar gold pieces. There is no such thing as a tipless encore as far as these accomplished musicians are concerned (I hope no Broadway orchestra leader reads this). The lone cabaret entertainer does not endeavor to amuse the whole audience at the same time. He has a more potent manner of extracting more of the big round dollars which are so current in this neck of the woods. Attached to his hand is a chair which he drags around after him. Without

It was in this setting that Eric Campbell, Charlie Chaplin's corpulent leading man met dainty little Pearl Gilman, of vaudeville fame, at a dinner given to the writer soon after his arrival in the land where, according to Bennie Zeidman only, a person is compelled to sleep under blankets due to the cool evenings. (It is rumored that Bennie collects a royalty from the local Board of Trade.) The meeting of Eric and Pearl would have proved just an ordinary instance, and the film colony would have continued on its blasé way, were it not for the fact that two things happened to Eric within four days after this meeting. The following night some ruthless person acquired a sudden passion for his beautiful gasoline consumer in which he never did less than 60, according to the police records, and without further consulting Eric, neglected to leave his card when he



'Tis Violet Mersereau, Bluebird star that you are gazing at. Violet has won contests for beauty, popularity, and such like, with astonishing regularity—that is, it's astonishing until you meet Violet!



Looking at Mabel Normand one would never suspect her of being the comedienne that she is. Millions have laughed at her Keystone Comedies and undoubtedly will duplicate their laughter when her first Goldwyn picture is released



Elizabeth Risdon as Kate in George Tucker's photo-dramatic version of Hall Caine's "The Manxman," has affixed her signature to a William Faversham contract. This is one instance where the stage gains what the screen loses



You may wonder how the horse got in on this page. The truth of the matter is that you cannot separate Bessie Barriscale from her trusty steed, in her Paralta production of Harold MacGrath's mysterious romance "Madame Who"



Marguerite Clark, dainty little star of many successful Paramount Pictures, will repeat her triumphs of "Miss George Washington", "Snow White" and "The Amazons". At the popular character Bab and the "Sub Dab" she will appear in several of the Mary Roberts Rinehart stories of Saturday Evening Post fame, the first of which is "Bab's Diary".

A Library of Photoplay Classics

Paramount is building a library of Photoplay classics—selecting the best standard works and also the most promising efforts of modern playwrights and dramatists, and unusual photoplay stories. The best stellar talent available is featured in the vehicle best adapted to his other particular personality and ability.

For instance, in one month is released the following

Paramount Pictures

Sir Arthur W. Pinero's "The Amazons" with dainty Marguerite Clark; "The Varmint," Owen Johnson's famous Lawrenceville story with the clever youngsters Jack Pickford and Louise Huff; the inimitable Douglas Fairbanks in "Down to Earth," an original photoplay by Mr. Fairbanks himself; George Broadhurst's successful play, "The Law of the Land," adapted to the screen for Mme. Petrova; Wallace Irwin's popular Japanese Schoolboy stories adapted to the photoplay for a picture entitled "Hashimura Togo," presenting the gifted Japanese actor Sessue Hayakawa; the American idol George M. Cohan in an adaptation of his successful mystery farce "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and the charming Vivian Martin in an original photoplay entitled "Little Miss Optimist."

It will pay devotees of the photoplay to select Paramount Pictures. The manager of the local theatre wants to please you—make sure he shows Paramount Pictures.



Paramount Pictures Corporation
FOUR EIGHTY FIVE FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y.

Controlled by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.
Adolph Zukor, Pres. Jesse L. Lasky, Vice-Pres.
Cecil B. DeMille, Dir. Gen.

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 245)

becoming fidgety. But "Pants" is such a charming effervescent story replete with subtle humor that its length is forgotten—in fact the picture ends all too soon. "Pants" is the story of a little girl who wants to play with all the boys, doing all the things that boys do, and saying all the things that boys say. She does all of these, thereby shocking a spinster aunt and delighting a bachelor uncle and an indulgent father. "Pants" are not always an attractive sight, but with Mary McAlister in them they become as attractive as the most alluring lingerie.

* * *

STRAND THEATRE. "THE TEN OF DIAMONDS," with Dorothy Dalton.

The Triangle Pictures Corporation

presents Dorothy Dalton in "The Ten of Diamonds," by Albert Cowles. Neither the Triangle nor Cowles have achieved anything to be proud of. "The Ten of Diamonds" is an impossible, improbable story, which neither mystifies nor entertains. Dorothy Dalton as Neva Blaine, a barroom seductress, who is picked up and out by a man who has been left "waiting at the church" and whose idea of revenge is to stick his enemy with Dorothy, plays a mean and unappreciative part. The Triangle have stolen a little of their own thunder for some of the first scenes are very reminiscent of "The Flame of the Yukon," which, by the way, was an excellent picture. Sitting through "The Ten of Diamonds" is a foolish way of spending the afternoon or evening.

THE SCREEN WINS MARGARET MAYO



Miss Margaret Mayo and her devoted companion

IT is just a bit staggering when a successful woman playwright begins an interview by saying:

"I don't think I shall ever write another play."

It is "copy," too, splendid copy. Too splendid, the interviewer is apt to think, as he recalls that Margaret Mayo is also a member of a very prominent Broadway producing firm and that one of her plays, "Baby Mine," is still going round the world hunting for a language into which it has not yet been translated. Even the charm of her frank blue eyes and the rigidity of her reputation as a truth-teller would hardly prevent you from thinking twice over her renun-

ciation of the stage, unless you happened to possess certain further facts.

The facts: The lady happens also to be a leading factor in a new firm of photoplay producers. For the past eight months she has worked ceaselessly in their studio. Within the last few weeks the releases of the new firm began with two films made from her plays "Polly of the Circus" and "Baby Mine."

But there was another surprise.

"I suppose you will write original scenarios, now that you have seen 'Polly of the Circus' and 'Baby Mine' on the screen?"

"No, I don't think I shall write any



Taylor Holmes' simple diet seems anything but a laughing matter to us—however, perhaps "Efficiency Edgar" is smiling at the ease and simplicity with which he wooed and won the lady on the opposite side of the page, otherwise, Virginia Valli, his leading lady in "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," released by Essanay



Laugh and the world laughs with you, is aptly illustrated by Lew Fields in the photoplay, "The Barker" by Charles K. Harris



The Dressler Producing Corporation presents Marie Dressler in "The Scrub Lady." Some scrub lady what? These pictures will be released by Goldwyn

Goldwyn Pictures



Goldwyn
presents

The International Beauty

Maxine Elliott

in

The Eternal
Magdalene

From the tremendously
successful play
by

Robert McLaughlin

In Leading
Theatres
Everywhere
October 7th

This Marks The First Appearance On Any
Screen of One of America's Loveliest Women
and Popular Stage Favorites

THE SCREEN WINS MARGARET MAYO

(Continued from page 248)

scenarios, at least for a long time. I just want to help in the making of photoplays. They don't have to be my own. I want to work over the thousands of details that come up in the course of production. I want to see the growth, the assembling, of the elements that make that wonderful, powerful, satisfying new form of art, the photoplay, and then the diffusion into the thousand cities of the world. It is fascinating from beginning to end.

"And the final stage, the actual showing of your work before the public, brings a far keener pleasure than the career of any play. 'Baby Mine' is six years old, and, like a certain older gentleman, still going strong. But now that its life has been drawn out through all those years, it has lost interest for me. In fact once it was a produced success, 'Baby Mine' seemed a very unentertaining child. I hardly noticed that it grew slowly older and more and more prosperous.

"But the movies are so different! 'Baby Mine'—what a thrill it gave me to think that it flashed in one night out over scores of screens in distant cities, States and nations. And for the period of its life, it will live with an intensity a thousand times fiercer than its parent plays.

"Of course, I shall be happiest in my studio work when I am helping with the filming of a play of my own. For I shall know that at least one author is doing his duty by his story—and how few do that!

"The most serious criticism levelled at the screen to-day is on the score of its stories. Wiseacres propose that the film companies should do just what many of them are doing, pay prices which should induce fiction writers of the magazines and stage to write for the screen. But something more is necessary. The companies must pay enough to make the author follow his story through from 'continuity' to celluloid. It is to his advantage now, but he will not realize this until his work is put on a royalty basis or he is paid to come to the studio and watch the director work.

"I don't want the author to 'boss' the scenario writer or the director. I just want him to be ready with explanation and advice. I want him to tell the 'continuity' writer when he leaves out some incident that makes a character what it is intended to be. I want him to tell the director just what was in the back of his head when he invented some particular incident. And I want the 'continuity' man and the director to tell the author just where and why some part of his plot runs off the screen and has to be reshaped. Then we shall have better pictures and hear fewer kicks from the literati. An author nowadays lays his story down on the counter, picks up the check, walks away and then raises an astonished hullabaloo when the story doesn't come out on the screen the way it did in his head.

"I followed 'Polly of the Circus'

and 'Baby Mine' straight through the process of filming, and I learned a lot. Perhaps I learned most from the last process of all—assembling and editing the final print. I did that work in the case of 'Baby Mine' and I discovered that when a director has 'shot' all the scenes, the company has disbanded and the laboratory has turned out its product, the photoplay is no nearer real production than when a play goes into rehearsal. In the cutting of the scenes, the elimination of some, the arrangement of the others, and the insertion of titles, the photoplay—and its success or failure—is really made.

"'Polly' was too much for me. I didn't dare try to do more than advise. It took eighty thousand feet—eighty reels—of positive film to record the acting. This was cut first to ten reels, and then finally Studio Manager Kennedy had to get it down to eight. And all this is a matter of cutting and matching scenes that vary only an infinitely small bit from those that have gone before. And there I think, as Goldwyn does, that a new point of view, other than the directors, is of vital importance."

And it's a fresh view that Miss Mayo has brought to the whole photoplay problem. That busy little question, which annoys the public quite as much as the scenario department—the novel versus the plays as a source of moving picture material—has a witness in Miss Mayo, and as it happens, an unprejudiced one.

"Frankly, when I began to think professionally about the photoplay, my idea was that the novel would make the best field for delvers after screen stories. The novel, it seemed to me, had more incident, and incident was what the screen needed. Yes, and a good many plays that I had seen screened helped me to come to that decision."

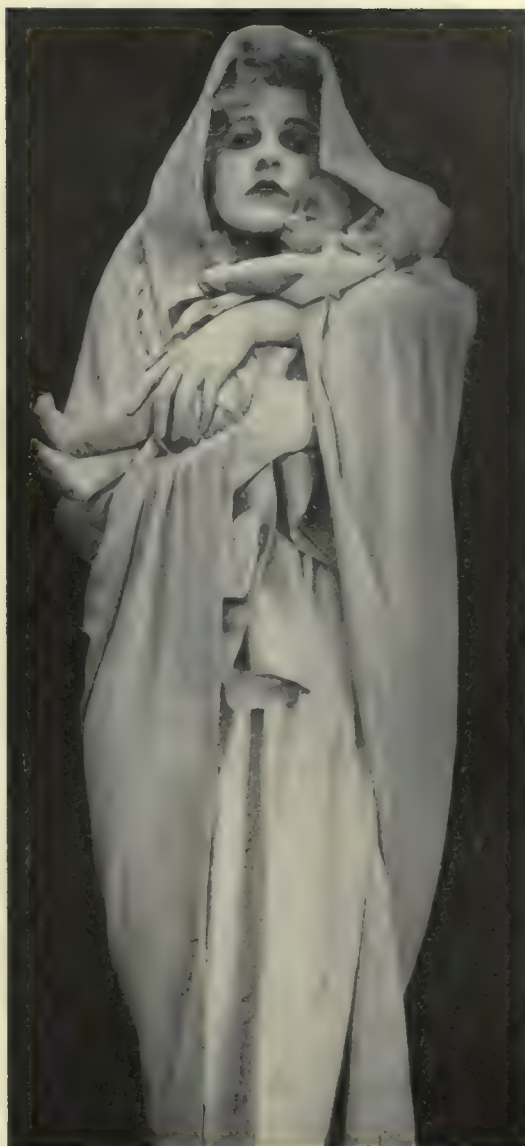
Miss Mayo's experience has driven her back upon the theatre in another way. She feels, from what she has seen of the results of production methods, that half the charge of cheapness, lack of good taste, and of aesthetic feeling lodged against the movies, will be eliminated when the "continuity" writer gives up the incessant, meaningless "flash back" and clatter and jump of which he is now too fond.

"These things have their place. That has been demonstrated by Mr. Griffith. But they are frightfully abused. The best stories, the stories that really make the screen a splendid entertainment, don't need them. My ideal, as I have seen it grow from actual experience, is a smooth, easy-running continuity of scenes with dramatic interest centered in one place at a time and developing steadily and rapidly, as it does on the stage.

"The 'dialogue of the screen'—the 'spoken titles' and 'leaders'—has been quite as much abused, both by omission and commission. It is the style nowadays to talk of the printed word on the screen as an artistic anachronism. Directors strive to eliminate it



Pedro De Cordoba, supporting Elsie Ferguson in Artercraft's production of "Barbary Sheep"



A beautiful unknown in Rex Beach's American drama "The Auction Block," presented by Goldwyn



Benjamin Chapin as Abe Lincoln, director, producer and star of the Lincoln Cycle



The pictures of The Italian Battlefront are a vivid indication of the remarkable work done by the Italian Army on the Austrian front. The American tour of these pictures will be under the direction of William Moore Patch

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

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INDIVIDUAL ORGANIZATION

FIRST RELEASE
"MAGDA"

PERSONAL MANAGEMENT
HARRY I. GARSON

AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK

THE SCREEN WINS MARGARET MAYO

(Continued from page 250)

almost entirely. They claim it is either an intrusion from the stage or the proof that a story is not genuine screen material.

"I think that there is no general rule. Each story is a new one—or ought to be. It presents a new problem in the use of or omission of 'leaders.' There are cases where a story can be made to flow so naturally from a series of scenes that no word is necessary or even advisable. In the production of 'The Eternal Magdalene' there are two and a half reels of the dream episode in which only six or seven titles appear. I know a photoplay critic who saw 'Sunshine Alley,' a Mae Marsh film, when it had been assembled without 'leaders'; and he found the story absolutely clear but for one minor point of relationship between two characters.

"Yet 'Sunshine Alley' will be fully titled when it is released. And for the very good reason that its story can be pointed, its quaint and whimsical atmosphere heightened and the flavor of its characters spiced by just the right 'tip' to the audience. In 'Baby Mine,' the titles served a different purpose, to keep humor racing along from incident to incident."

"But, Miss Mayo, how about the other half of the case of Good Taste vs. The Movies?"

"Oh! That's mostly a matter of fur rugs and plaster statuary. We've tried to clean up the photoplay by cleaning up its palors. And there, though the stage has again given us the inspiration, I think we've far outdistanced it.

"The firm to which I still owe theatrical allegiance, has always tried to put its dramatic houses in decent order, and I think it has succeeded in so far as the difficulties of producing for Broadway and touring the

whole country permit. But my picture associates went clear beyond the standards of setting common to the theatre and took a leaf from Gordon Craig's 'by-no-means-popular' book. They brought artists into the studio—genuine pen-and-ink-and-oil paint artists. They hired Everitt Shin, to supply the homely atmosphere of stories like 'Polly of the Circus' and 'Sunshine Alley.' They put William H. Cotton, the portrait painter, upon the problem of Jane Cowl's first film, 'The Spreading Dawn,' which demanded settings to match Basil King's distinctive flavor. A third man has had opportunity to contribute even more through his long work at the studio, Hugo Ballin, the mural artist. He has supplied the backgrounds and supervised the costumes for 'The Eternal Magdalene,' 'Fighting Odds,' 'Baby Mine' and 'Nearly Married.' In every case, he has simplified his halls and bedrooms, his restaurants and parlors, down to something near reality. Indeed, in most cases he has gone farther. He has used such simple but beautifully proportioned flat walls, and such clean restrained ornament that the result is a great deal more tasteful and unobtrusive than the common run of reality. Art, you know, always has had a habit of showing the way to life. And that sort of art, incidentally, gives the actor a real chance to act and the author an opportunity to have his say.

"Of course, camera art must go a long way beyond photographing handsome and tasteful rooms. Composition and light play a tremendous part in the beauty and the expressiveness of a photoplay scene.

"Seeing such things accomplished, feeling yourself a part in the growth of a great art, makes it easy to forego Broadway for Fort Lee."

UNWINDING THE REEL



CHARLIE CHAPLIN has completed his last picture under the \$670,000 contract he had with the Mutual. This picture is entitled "The Adventurer."

* * *

The latest George Ade Fable to be released by Essanay is entitled "The Fable of What Transpired After the Wind-Up."

* * *

Paralta Plays, Inc., announce that they have signed a contract with Rhea Mitchell whereby that young lady will shortly make her debut as an independent star at the head of her own company in a modern morality play by Hayden Talbot. Miss Mitchell's productions will be dis-

tributed through the Triangle.

* * *

Artcraft Pictures Corporation have selected for Elsie Ferguson's Film Vehicle "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" by Mary S. Watts to follow "Barbary Sheep." Maurice Tourneur will again direct Miss Ferguson.

* * *

Artcraft further announces that the next Mary Pickford offering will be entitled "The Little Princess." "The Little Princess" was a popular play dramatized from Frances Hodgson Burnett's book, Sara Crewe."

* * *

The Herbert Brenon studio has been built around one man's knowledge of the psychology of acting. Proceeding on the assumption that

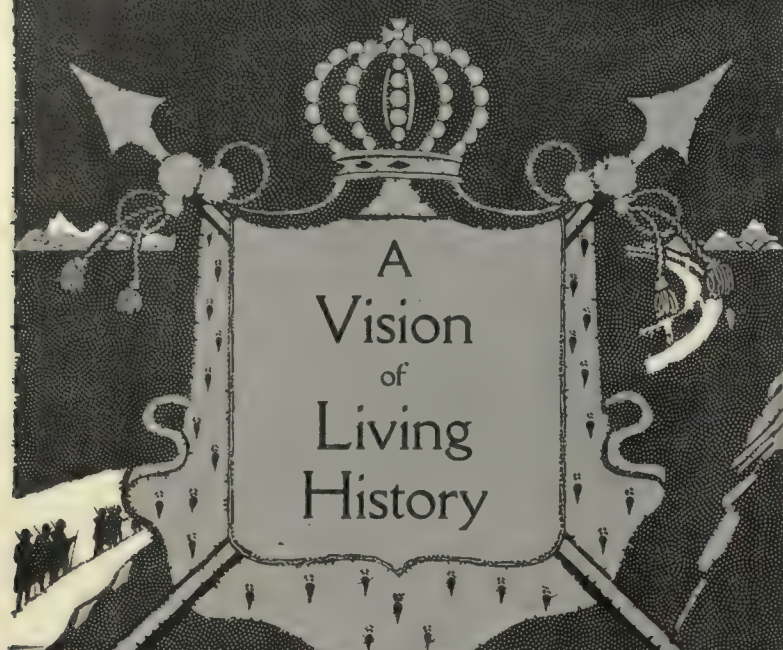


A scene from the photoplay production of "Barbary Sheep," made by Artercraft Pictures, from the novel by Robert Hichens, with Elsie Ferguson. This is Miss Ferguson's first picture, and moving picture fans throughout the country are waiting with keen anticipation for its release



The following was printed on the back of the photograph from which this picture was reproduced. We claim no responsibility. "Theda Bara in 'Cleopatra,' produced by William Fox in California, cost \$500,000, with 15,000 people and 2,000 horses. Roman Palaces—Roman Forum—Barge on the Nile—Pyramids—Sphinx, and all scenes incidental to the story perfectly reproduced, and will be shown in America in October and in Europe in January"

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THE BABY DANCE

Mlle. SONIA SEROVA, of the Vestoff-Serova School, has given a most beautiful contribution to the gladsome realm of baby folk. It is the gift of "Little Bo Peep," and "Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary" and other friends in the Nursery Rhyme Book, dancing to the music of laughter and tinkling melodies.

These dances, in spite of their quaint and joyous freedom, embrace the most scientific and subtle of Mlle. Serova's methods of educating the innate grace of the student of the dance. "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." For every child who has reached a sufficient maturity to pilot his little feet to any chosen destination, these dances are created to establish in those same movements a sense of rhythm and a graceful poise.

Mlle. Serova's baby dances have not only introduced this art to a new world of beings previously deprived of its pleasures, but experienced representatives of the Dance have journeyed to the Vestoff-Serova School in New York from all over the country, that they may carry its doctrines back with them to gladden the hearts of the very young.

UNWINDING THE REEL



the studio was made for the actors and not actors for the studio, Herbert Brenon has arranged every detail of the entire plant with a view toward creating an atmosphere that would sustain the illusion and stimulate the imagination of those acting under the trying technical conditions of film work.

Your first impression of the studio is that it suggests a legitimate theatre with an important scene continually on the stage. There is an atmosphere of eager and intense preparation throughout the entire building which is subdued, however, by the "Silence" signs out of consideration for the actors on the main stage. The keynote of the establishment is given by printed placards hanging in nearly all the rooms, which state that "The Studio Means as Much to the Artist as the Church Does to the Devout Worshipper," and that "The Greatest Strength Lies in Silence, the Greatest Power in Motionlessness."

The mental attitude of the film worker is obviously of paramount importance and nothing has been left undone to provide the actor with the inspiration that a theatre performance would give, but which is too often lost in the mechanics of motion picture work. To this end, a small orchestra has its place in the studio, which plays appropriate selections especially adapted to the various pictures as they are being filmed.

The screen actor enters the studio very much as a legitimate actor takes his cue for a stage entrance, and through all the time that he is before the camera, he is made to feel the presence of the invisible audience that will greet the finished picture.

* * *

Clara Kimball Young celebrated the anniversary of her birthday, and also the completion of "Magda," the first picture to have been made by her new organization which she heads, on September 6th at the Hotel Knickerbocker.

* * *

After giving the matter most careful thought Edward Warren has decided to call his next production the "Weavers of Life." The art direction, as in "The Warfare of the Flesh," is under the direction of Mrs. Warren.

* * *

Little Mary McAlister's next Essanay picture is entitled "Young Mother Hubbard." It is a modernization of old Mother Hubbard of nursery rhymes.

* * *

Geraldine Farrar's new Artcraft spectacle will be directed by Cecil B.

De Mille and is entitled "The Woman God Forgot," by Jeanie MacPherson.

* * *

A motion picture convention will be held in New York in February, 1918. It is expected that the entire industry will be represented.

* * *

Perfection Pictures is the name of a new corporation which includes the Essanay, Edison and Kleine Companies.

* * *

Why wonder how motion picture companies can pay enormous salaries when the first Goldwyn release, "Polly of the Circus," played in eighty cities simultaneously, showing receipts of \$350,000.

* * *

We are glad to announce that Henry B. Walthall will appear as a star manager at the head of his own independent producing company. It is Mr. Walthall's intention to present photodramatic productions of magnitude. Mary Charleson has been engaged as leading woman for his new organization.

* * *

Montagu Love has been re-engaged for World-Pictures under a contract covering the next twenty-four months. During this period Mr. Love will be either "starred" or "featured."

* * *

Announcement is made by Harry I. Carson, manager for Clara Kimball Young, that Miss Young has formed the Fun Art Films, Inc., and has signed the vaudeville team of Ray and Gordon Dooley for five years. Two-reel comedies will be released each month beginning September 15th.

* * *

As this publication goes to press, we learn with regret of the report of death on the Italian battle front of Maciste, the giant star of "Cabiria," and more recently, "The Warrior."

The news of the casualty was brought to this country by E. Matson of John Olson & Company, prominent Scandinavian film traders.

According to the information borne by Mr. Matson, the giant Italian screen player was slain during the terrific fighting on the Bainsizza Plateau in the recent great Italian offensive. It is understood Maciste fell leading a charge across "No Man's Land" in a hand to hand conflict with several of the Austrian soldiers. Further details are not available at this moment.

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MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 242)

Mr. Whitcombe Howard Wall
Mr. Russell John A. Boone
Mr. Cain J. H. Greene
Mr. Flynn William C. Hodges

IF "Turn to the Right" ran for a year I don't see why "A Tailor-Made Man" shouldn't enjoy quite as long a career at the Cohan and Harris.

It is a delightful entertainment. Rich in clean-cut characterizations, situations of telling dramatic and humorous contrast, trenchant dialogue, a nice spirit of helpful progressiveness and withal healthy and clean. I have no hesitation in highly recommending it.

Grant Mitchell is an actor with an engaging personality and a method so easy and untheatrical that perhaps the average theatregoer doesn't entirely appreciate how expert his work is. A young journeyman tailor with ideas, ideals and ambitions, he borrows the evening outfit of a customer, invades "society," makes good and accomplishes big things in the industrial world by his push and enterprise. His secret is revealed, but his worth is acknowledged. To crown his romance he marries the daughter of his original employer, the little tailor's daughter who had always believed in him.

A splendid cast supports Mr. Mitchell. The smallest part is admirably good. Gus Weinberg as the tailor, Harry Harwood as a parvenu, Frank Burbeck as a captain of industry, Rowland Buckstone as a gentleman's gentleman, and A. P. Kaye as a fussy Anglo-maniac are well nigh perfect. Admirable in detail is Barlowe Borland's sketch of the jealous little tailor's assistant, while Minna Gale Haynes, by her sweet dignity, Theodore Friebeus by his dignified egotism as an opinionated sociologist round out a finished picture.

SPEED MANIA AFFLICTS VAUDEVILLE

(Continued from page 216)

songs, old, old songs. They ranged through their successes of six years back as well as singing three brand new numbers, and whether it was new or old, the audiences wanted to hear them all over again. Their applause registered as high as a dog-days thermometer.

Adele Rowland has smart frocks, new songs, and a Red Cross nurse recitation—all of these worth while in themselves. But more than that, she has personality which makes her frocks more chic than any modiste's model; it makes her songs seem more clever—listen to other people sing the same songs and realize how much Miss Rowland brings to them.

The "Bandbox Revue," which is Gus Edwards' name for his aggregation of talented youngsters, is still headed by Georgie and Cuddles. Georgie has outgrown his youthful precociousness but has developed into a splendid comedian. Cuddles is a beauty—neither the cunning baby of yesteryear, nor yet a young lady. The next six months will mean a great deal in her theatrical development. But undoubtedly she will do Mr. Edwards credit and join the ranks of Edwards' graduates which includes Eddie Cantor, Sallie Fields, Margaret Haney, the Martin Girls and many another.

ENTER THE PLAYWRIGHT MANAGER

(Continued from page 220)

I have heard Mr. Woods say many times to the author and the producer, "That scene is wrong," and when asked to state why it was wrong he has replied, "I don't know, but just the same it is wrong. I feel

it," and in a big majority of cases results have proved that he was right. Mr. Woods does not choose his many successes by chance or luck. He knows drama when he reads it. He has the instinct.

"And the playwright manager should be able to go one step further along the road and either re-write the weak scene in the play itself, or instruct the author how to do it."

One objection that has been raised by several persons apropos of the playwright going into the managerial field is that it will tend to commercialize his work.

"The box office," Mr. Broadhurst replied to this criticism, "always has and always will decide the fate of plays. No commercial well is so deep as is that of the unsuccessful theatre. There is, in fact, no bottom to it. No matter how high its aims or how lofty its theme, the play that fails to draw a paying patronage will be taken off. It is inevitable, and, from the point of the manager, it is absolutely right, and any man who writes for the theatre must take it into his calculations. A man may write a play teaching the greatest moral lesson in the world, but what is the good of it if it is withdrawn in a fortnight? He may have the greatest message that was ever given to mankind, but what will it avail if there is no one to hear it?"

The novelty of the new Broadhurst Theatre lies in its "disappearing rows" of seats. The managerial end of playwright manager knows that it is exceedingly difficult to play farce in a large house, the humor may not reach the last rows. So when there is farce the back seats disappear in portable foyer-like construction that is the invention of a clever architect from a managerial suggestion. When the theatre is housing a drama, back will come the extra rows.

CONFESSIONS OF A LYRIC WRITER

(Continued from page 224)

Little bloom of fairy glory
Tinted still with sunrise gold,
You are like some living story
Just commencing to unfold.

When the Princess had finished singing, and the applause had died down, I was still optimistic and inexperienced enough to hope that the rather swinging flirty duet between the Prince and the dashing young soubrette would a little later on reveal to the audience that a rhymester of considerable muscularity was helping to provide a snappy evening's entertainment for them. When the cue came for Ferdinand and Isabella to begin I settled back in my red plush to enjoy the duet-number which had never failed to "go big" at the rehearsals. Even the producer liked this one. Sure enough the performers got two rousing encores—but it was for the dance that went with the song!

I did not make any curtain speech although the play proved a fair success. It ran for five months in New York and there are three companies on the road all earning money. This first attempt of mine taught me that lyricists are a privileged class. Their job (after their first play) is a sinecure for when they discover that no one understands a word of their songs anyhow, they write accordingly.

My first experience at lyric-writing did one good thing for me which I think it my solemn duty to report to you. It helped to refute the carelessly-flung accusation one so often hears that actors and actresses can't keep a thing to themselves. I take much pleasure in denying this rumor. It is *not* true. They can keep things to themselves. They can keep lyrics.

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Hoot Mon! Its Muckle for a Nickel!!

People o' Refined Tastes Ask
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Flavors—Vera Guid for the
Husky Throat; Delightful for the
Breath; Fine for the Digestion;
They eat them After Ilka Meal an'
After Smokin' or before Singing.

SCOTMINTS

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

(Continued from page 195)

the player is forced to do a barrier against which the trained actor is likely to shatter his enthusiasm and his art. In a word in the making of a movie, a man sneezes his head off to-day, and takes the snuff that causes this nasal convulsion in three weeks. Mind you, I love the completed picture, it is only the necessary incongruities of its mechanics that causes me to hesitate before many temptations to re-enter the field of film.

I have spoken of the splendid friendships that have come into my life through association with the men and women of the stage with whom I have worked since boyhood. I cannot find words to express the high happiness it has been to me to meet and know the splendid souls who give their work to the stage; loyalty, generous thoughts and deeds, honor and unselfishness meet one on every hand, in our beloved profession and it must be a small spirit indeed who is not stirred as an actor to meet the fine characteristics of his fellow-players with equal generosity. And now to speak of the highest delight, the most splendid privilege my whole career has brought me. That is my brief-professional but long personal association with the revered, the beloved and lamented Joseph Jefferson.

BRIEF, indeed, was my professional alliance with that peerless master of stage art, since I was in the same cast with him for but one production—that of "The Rivals," in which I had the inestimable delight of appearing in the same cast with Mr. Jefferson, Mrs. Drew, Viola Allen, Nat C. Goodwin and other brilliant lights of the stage—the play having been given for the benefit of Charles W. Coudock, a venerable actor of the passing school. To the stimulus, the inspiration, the exquisite and finely chiseled stage craft which Mr. Jefferson knew not alone how to employ, but also to impart, to the personal characteristics of a true gentleman, a kindly wit a profound philosopher of the stage and of human life a man with a broad, keen but always kindly vision, every player who ever came even for a brief day within the range of that splendid influence owes a debt of gratitude which for my own part I am glad to acknowledge if I may never repay. And tinging every reminiscence of my stage life must always be the remembrance of the privilege it has been mine to enjoy of knowing and loving that man who was, as Walt Whitman said of William Shakespeare, "the boss of us all."



THE WARDROBE MISTRESS

(Continued from page 196)

newspapers. But these gowns belonged to the principal and the understudy could not use them. How were we to create a wardrobe? I think for the fifteen minutes following the announcement that I was to fake a set of costumes, I did more hard thinking than ever before in my life.

The road is the most difficult part of the work of the wardrobe department, for with constant packing and unpacking the dresses get harder usage than ever. And on the road the theatres are cramped, often inadequate as to dressing-rooms. When they are week stands it is not so hard, but packing, mending and unpacking for the one-night stand is not a simple matter. However, I personally like the road and most of the members of the theatrical profession have not the dread of it that is commonly imagined.

THE STAGING OF "CHU CHIN CHOW"

(Continued from page 198)

side is far more effective than sarcasm, noise or curses.

"The stage of the Manhattan is a wonderful working one and the acoustic properties of the house so admirable that I can conceive of effects we couldn't think of at His Majesty's. There is one feature, we shall present, a distinct novelty, I think. Every scene in this production of fantastic poetry will be a full stage set. First scenes are eliminated, yet there will be no delay. A shutter arrangement, such as is used in a camera, enables the presentation of some beautiful effects by which one scene fades away only to be instantly succeeded by one even more beautiful and elaborate than that which went before. But I'll boast no more. I shall do my best. I have an original, novel and interesting play, the everything needed for the most beautiful scenery and appointments, an immense corps of supernumeraries and a company of superior artistic excellence. Under these circumstances it is evident that my share of the responsibility is very great. I shall only hope to prove equal to it."



RICHARD MANSFIELD'S REAL SELF

(Continued from page 202)

wishing success to the new play. A day or two later came the following note:

"My dear friend:

"I have your kind dispatch. 'Beaucaire' opened well, and appears to please. Touching our little talk on Broadway recently—You really must excuse me for my seeming abruptness but when one accosts me thus it always puts me at a disadvantage.

"Sincerely yours,

"RICHARD MANSFIELD."

Because it proved prophetic, and at the same time is one of the most pathetic admissions from a man of Mansfield's pride and courage, the following letter, which I had from him from the West, I reproduce, venturing the belief that in it he for once poured forth his disheartened self:

"My dear—

"I have to thank you very much for a very interesting, very kind and very complimentary letter, and I am very grateful to you for taking so much interest in my work. I have come to believe that nobody really cares as long as they are entertained. That ends the matter. And I'm afraid I do not present plays to please the public, but I am directed in my choice largely by a desire to satisfy myself.

"In three years I shall—if I am spared so long—probably retire; and in less time than that thereafter I shall be forgotten.

"My life has been a hard one and a stormy one and I am longing for rest. Believe me,

"Yours very gratefully,

"RICHARD MANSFIELD."



CORRECTION

IN our last issue in the article entitled "The New Season," it was stated that Arthur Hopkins had "secured the services of Miss Billie Burke for a term of years beginning with the coming season."

Miss Burke is under the management of Flo Ziegfeld, Jr., but for the purpose of securing the Clare Kummer play controlled by Mr. Hopkins, an arrangement was entered into with him by Mr. Ziegfeld by which Miss Burke will be presented in that play jointly by Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Ziegfeld, the agreement being not for a term of years, as stated, but for a period of thirty weeks only.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

35 Cents
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NOVEMBER, 1917

VOL. XXV, NO. 201



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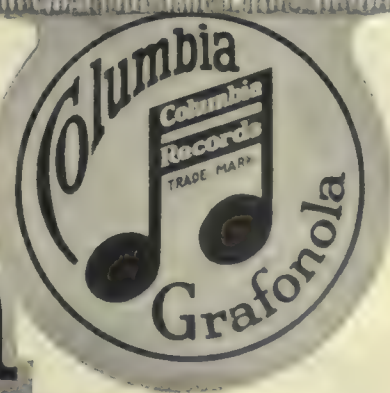
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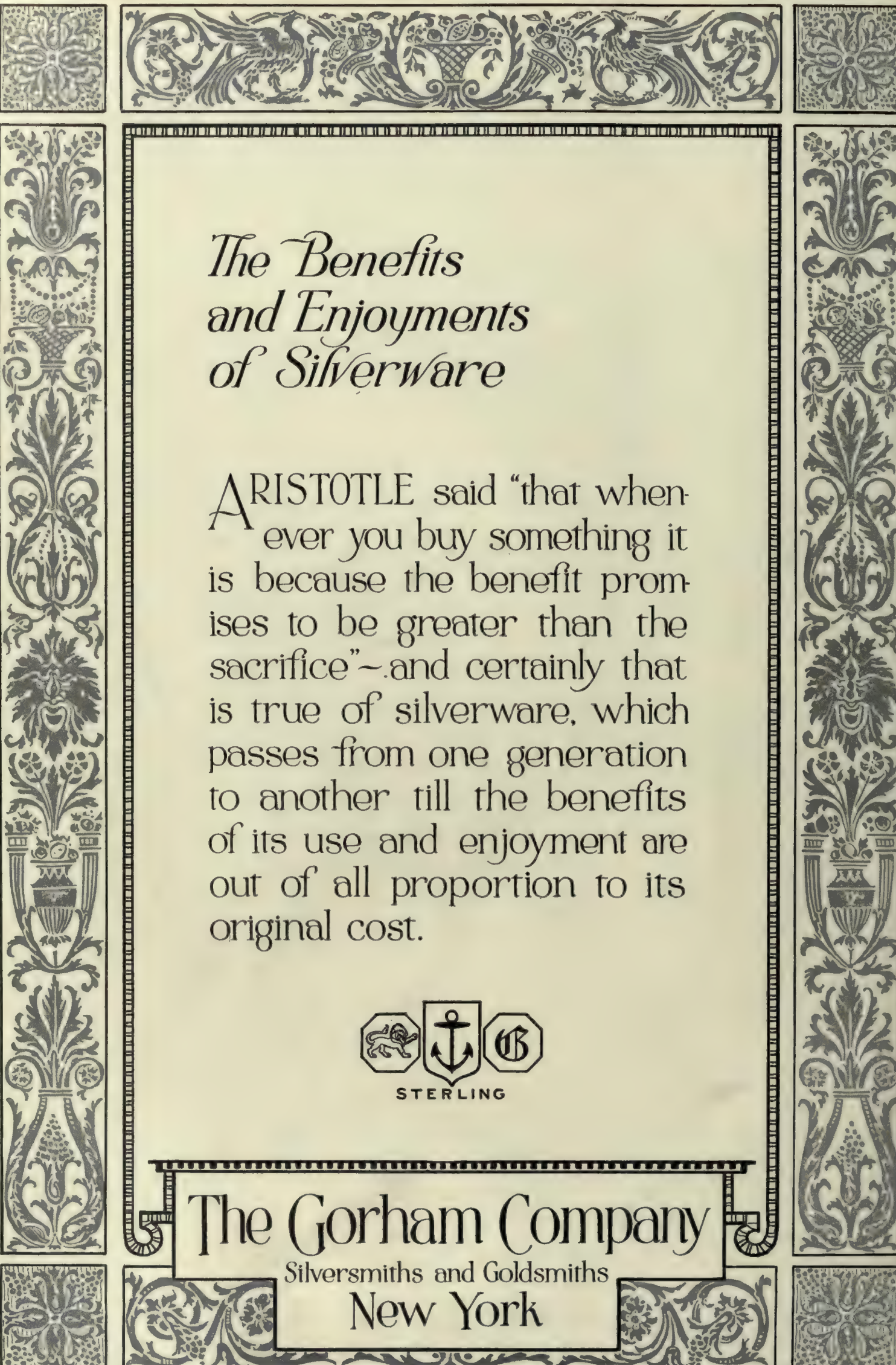
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THEATRE MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1917



YULETIDE GREETINGS!

Christmas is here again for you as well as for stage folk.

Even actors write to dear Old Santa.

"A Letter to Santa Claus" from Henry E. Dixey will appear in the December THEATRE MAGAZINE. Mr. Dixey sends a whimsical communication to Santa and asks him to bring lots of things to the American theatregoer.

Under the guise of humor he names some very pressing needs of the theatre, and by poking fun at certain conditions and traditions is able to suggest needful changes.

A letter that will make you laugh and think!

PRODUCING grand opera on tour is no easy task.

Yet Max Rabinoff has done it—and successfully too.

Of course, he has had some extraordinary experiences, such as being rescued at the eleventh hour when pressing financial difficulties stared him in the face.

In his article, "The Trials of an Impresario," he tells how he has accomplished what others deemed impossible—conducting grand opera on tour.

HAVE you ever wondered after witnessing a big musical revue with its riot of color and costume, its host of girls, its comedians and prima donnas how this heterogeneous mass has been evolved into a harmonious whole?

"Rehearsing Musical Comedy," which Percy Waxman has written for the December THEATRE, will take you into the empty theatre where you can watch unobserved the way musical comedies are rehearsed.

FIFTY years on the stage!
What a glorious career!

James O'Neill, the eminent actor, has just celebrated the passing of his half-century mark on the stage.

The THEATRE MAGAZINE will publish his reminiscences in the December issue. Mr. O'Neill's account of his stage

much excitement and fun as it does for those who sit at their family dinner table.

Robert Hilliard, in the next number, will tell of Christmas on the road, how preparations are made, some notable stage celebrations, and what Christmas means to the young player.

"The Theatrical Christmas" is a colorful story, filled with interesting reminiscence.

ARE you acquainted with all the actors who won fame in Shakespearean rôles?

You've read about Garrick's Richard the majesty of Forrest's Lear, the beauty of Booth's Hamlet.

But there are many other distinguished Shakespearean actors about whom you have never heard.

Read about them in the next issue.

STAGE folks are always giving parties for the benefit of someone or other.

Feeling in an altruistic mood—and who doesn't in Christmas season—we have arranged a big party for them. At least Harold Seton has. It is to occur in the Christmas THEATRE and is to be given by no less a personage than Santa Claus.

Don't miss being present. No invitations have been sent out, but all the important theatrical folks will be present, and there's to be lots of fun.

Watch for it. It's to be called "Santa Claus Gives a Party."

IF you can't just make up your mind what to give for Christmas this year, why not let us help you out?

There's nothing so welcome as a subscription to the THEATRE MAGAZINE. It's not only a Christmas greeting, but one for every month of the year.

Twelve beautiful issues, exquisitely illustrated. \$3.50 a year.

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No. 201

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LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER

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ARTHUR HORNBLow

Editor

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life and associations is inspiring, illuminative and interesting throughout.

TO the pessimistic among the theatrical profession, Christmas means just one more matinée.

But to those who carry the spirit of the season in their hearts it contains just as



© Ira L. Hill

INA CLAIRE AS JOAN OF ARC IN THE ROSEMARY
PAGEANT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE RED CROSS

THEATRE MAGAZINE

THE TAX ON THEATRE TICKETS

By MARC KLAU



IN the last hours of the War Revenue Bill just before the Conference Committee in the Senate ended their labors, two points stood out like promontories in the sea of confusion which had been imposed upon the theatres by the war tax demands.

One was the startling discrimination made in favor of the motion picture houses, and the other the naive way in which was placed a tax upon theatre tickets without any consideration for the endless, almost helpless way in which it might work out at the box-office.

The great trouble with the theatrical profession at all times has been to "let George do it." When I came back recently from California I found that a motion picture representative had been allowed to go to Washington and talk his head off in favor of his own industry (the picture people call theirs an industry) and at the expense of everything in the spoken drama; this in spite of the fact that he went there as a member of the United Managers' Protective Association.

The motion pictures were exempt, I was told by members of the Committee, because they were a poor man's amusement and educational; but that same poor man was to be taxed if he bought a 25-cent gallery ticket in a theatre where the spoken drama is given. This in spite of the fact that in England and France most of the Government revenue collected comes from the motion picture houses.



THE educational argument was too absurd for serious consideration. It meant simply that if "Ben Hur" or "Hamlet" were played in a first-class New York theatre, in which there were hundreds of cheap tickets on sale, that a tax would be imposed upon every man, woman or child who dared to come to see it; but, if either of these plays were shown in an ill-ventilated picture joint next door the same theatre-goer was to be exempt. In other words, the pictures without language were more educational than the poetic text of Shakespeare or the fine English text of William Young, who dramatized "Ben Hur," or the spoken thoughts of the late General Lew Wallace. No further illustration is necessary in arguing this burlesque feature of the bill before its revision.

The silly plea was made that the motion picture is educational to the exclusion of all other forms of amusement. Considering that the motion picture industry up to the present has thrived largely as a by-product of the spoken drama I resented this idea of labeling it as educational. The records show that most of the exploited so called educational pictures were usually finally suppressed by the public authorities.

It is time that this whole silly theory of the educational in amusements was exploded. Amusements should be wholesome and moral and incidentally, if possible, educational. To say that

is their primary object is a pose so hypocritical as to be unworthy of discussion.

The sands of the theatrical seashore are strewn with the corpses of theatrical managers who have catered to those so called critics who are yelling for literature in the drama. In the theatres the thinking for the audience must be done on the stage, and unless it is done so elementally that the auditor can follow it quickly, it fails.



OUR Government has been more drastic in taxation than any other Governments were in the first or second year of the war, and in fact even now in Canada the maximum tax is 10 cents on a ticket, no matter what its price, and in Canada the theatres are allowed a commission on the sale of tickets, running from 5 to 10 per cent., according to price of the tickets. This is done by the Canadian Government to reimburse the theatres for the extra expense occasioned by reason of their having to install ticket-choppers or extra assistants in collecting the tax. But, I have always found that the attitude of the authorities to the theatre is more considerate in England and its Colonies than it is in this country.

A communication before me from Mr. J. Trohite, Solicitor of the Treasury of Canada, concludes with the words, "I might add that the collection of the tax here has been proceeding very satisfactorily and with no friction and little or no inconvenience to the public or theatre managers."

Do not misunderstand me; there was little or no complaint from managers of so called legitimate theatres, who were going to bear the burden of this taxation in spite of the fact that the motion picture industry (they call it an industry—we call the spoken drama a profession) was to be made exempt. Happily the Committee of Conferees decided at the last moment to include the picture houses, all except the so called 5-cent theatres, and the motion picture people, if they have a spark of patriotism left in them should be proud they were included in the efforts of the Government to raise revenue and should be ashamed of the leader who stood before the Senate Committee, begging off for the picture houses and asking only that the high-priced theatres be taxed.



MR. ERLANGER and I are interested in several picture houses and are quite willing that they should bear their share of the burden and letters are on file with the members of the Finance Committee and the Secretary of the Treasury testifying this fact.

The only complaint I have heard from managers of so called legitimate theatres is that the tax was imposed without any consultation or hearing as to how the tax should be collected. We want to avoid as much as possible

the trouble and confusion for both the theatre and the public which will ensue until the plan is worked out.

Personally, I favored a stamp tax, but there are some troublous aspects in that form of collection.

In the present bill before me there is to be a charge of 1 cent for each 10 cents or fraction thereof of the amount paid for an admission, to be paid by the person making such payment. In other words, we are to be the collectors for the Government, just as we are in the income tax matter.

Under this arrangement for a 25-cent ticket in the gallery, 28 cents must be collected, that is, 1 cent for each 10 cents or fraction thereof; \$1.50 ticket will become \$1.65; 75-cent ticket will become 83 cents. The making of change under these conditions is going to be interesting to say the least. A flat tax of 2 cents or 5 cents per ticket would have given the Government a much larger revenue, because then stamps could have been used. They could have been purchased from the Government in advance and the Government would have had its money in advance.

By using ticket choppers such as are employed at the subway stations, tickets and stamps could have automatically been cancelled and much auditing and checking up with their attendant expenses could be saved. I have not read the revised bill and possibly this arrangement may still be employed.



SO far as the hotels and ticket agencies are concerned the bill as it lies before me threatens to legislate them out of business, but possibly there is some revision.

Everyone in the theatrical business knows I hold no brief for the agencies and have fought them on many occasions but I question the wisdom or justice of the legislators saying to us that, in addition to the 10 per cent. of the gross which we are taxed, plus the percentage of profits which will be taken from all corporations and the income tax that the theatres will bear sufficient proportion of taxation without asking them for half of any excess over their required prices. If the hotels would charge a fair excess to the public this whole evil could be avoided but they don't do it, and until they do do it they must expect prejudice to rule against them and cost them money whenever there is legislation in the air on the subject of theatre tickets.

Some confusion is likely to result from the clause which says the tax shall be paid by the purchaser. Supposing a theatre, in order to avoid the complication incurred in making small change should decide to pay the tax itself. That is, sell its tickets at the regular box office price, giving the Government 10 per cent. on all the money it takes in. This after all was the intent of the Legislature (Concluded on page 310)

IS BERNARD SHAW SINCERE?

The British Satirist Judged by Professional Associates



IN these days of mutual recrimination in the great theatre of international affairs, it is well to be cautious about our playwrights and our plays. We are fast approaching the time when we may exact a government investigation of the sincerity of the dramatist. Insincerity has long been in need of censorship though it flourishes. In the theatre the masquerade of truth is often too obvious. Plays are either pretty, witty, or stupid. Few are ever sincere.

The clever writers for the theatre are usually ambitious to be taken seriously. They are the men and women who write plays to make people think. No man who has enlightened the theatre with a genius for illuminating plays has done more to rumple our feelings than George Bernard Shaw. He has pinched our pride and our conventions till they are black and blue from the bruises. He has operated on us in the interest of moral research, or in the interest of private curiosity, to an extent that would be disastrous except for his delightful anæsthetic of humor and painless application of diluted sentiment.

Is Bernard Shaw sincere?

Because he thinks brilliantly we are almost convinced that he is, until we feel the sting of his idea ourselves, and then we are in pardonable doubt about him. The healthiest actors have found cause to question his sincerity because he is a vegetarian. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was the first to point this fact out. He had been unusually irritable at a rehearsal of "Pygmalion" in London, which was practically written for her. The crisis came to a very difficult situation when Mrs. Campbell walked to the footlights and said:

"You may be right, Mr. Shaw, but if anyone gives you meat, God help the women of England!"



MOST of the players who have come under the spell of his work, who have had to study the two-edged meaning of his lines regard him with the respect of sincere admiration. They do not warm to him personally, but they warm to the power of his lines, of his ideas. Hilda Spong, who has appeared in many of the Shaw plays, remembers him with gratitude for many successful seasons in his plays.

"Shaw's workmanship is sincere," she says, "because he never forgets himself in it. His philosophy stands the test of research in truth. As a teacher, a preacher he is far too sincere. It is in these degrees of his genius that he reveals his amazing understanding of human nature, that he presents himself as one of the most puzzling anomalies of the world of letters. He drives his lesson home in a spirit of cynicism—never with a lump in the throat. He shows the skeleton in the closet, makes his audience gasp in recognition of the human hideousness of their friends or their own households. Thanks to Shaw, I've had a number of full dinner pails, of long seasons, but during all that time I've never felt a Shavian audience thrill with feeling, I have never sensed that any heart in the audience has been touched, never felt that the singer out in front has acquired an emotional determination to be better for anything Shaw has said to them from the stage."

The smooth and polished personality of Wil-

liam Faversham has contributed much to the latent charm of the Shaw idea. His performances in "Getting Married" lifted the cynicism of the usual actor's perception of Shavian wit to the higher purposes of the Shavian school. That was because Mr. Faversham believes what Shaw writes.

"There is no more sincere man in the world than George Bernard Shaw," he said. "I met Shaw many years ago. At that time I was producing Stephen Phillips' remarkable drama 'Herod,' and he was much interested in my plans. We did not talk of producing any of Shaw's plays then, but I was struck by his vitality and his vividness. Later Forbes-Robertson, who was the first to play Dick in Shaw's 'The Devil's Disciple,' said to me: 'If you were ten years older you could play Dick better than any of us.' I recently wrote Shaw and told him what Forbes-Robertson had said and he gave me the rights to the production of the play over here, but wished the piece to be held over until the war is ended as he feared the public might misunderstand and think he accused England of being a foe to liberty. I heartily agreed with him."



MY first active interest in Bernard Shaw was aroused when I saw 'Getting Married' produced in England. It was not a success over there, but I was sure of it for America. I took the matter up with Shaw, and he gave me the play, but as we disagreed on the cast, I dropped the piece. But I couldn't forget the play and eight years later I opened negotiations with him again. It seems he had been keeping the comedy for me all the time. Everything was soon settled and 'Getting Married' was produced, scoring a success far exceeding Shaw's prophecy and my own great expectations. Shaw means everything he says. I recall that he once wrote me on this point:

"There is absolutely nothing subtle in my plays. Unless I know exactly what I mean I don't say it; and when I do know, I give it straight in the face."

"Shaw has been the victim of his admirers as much if not more so than of his enemies. Because he is brilliant, biting and satirical, he was often accused of being insincere, but this he never is. He once wrote to Tolstoi that if life is a huge joke, why not make it the hugest joke possible? Tolstoi was offended at what seemed to him Shaw's levity, but I know of no more serious-minded man than Bernard Shaw. He knows that, if you can make a man laugh, you can get his attention. The average man hates being told anything. Life is strenuous enough without the preachings of other men. At least so it seems to the man in the street. Shaw, being gifted with humor, has used this weapon to reach the average man."



MISS GRACE GEORGE has demonstrated her inclination and her ability to present plays with ideas, plays of cerebral activity. Her performance last season in Shaw's play "Major Barbara," was considered unique in its clear appreciation of the author's purpose.

"It is a great pity that we haven't a Bernard Shaw in this country," she said. "We need such a playwright, not only for the brilliant amuse-

ment that his Shavian inclinations would supply, but because above all we need some strong mind equal to the task of being sincere. I think that George Bernard Shaw has been unjustly localized as an English author. Besides being actually an Irishman, his themes and his observations are not of England, but of life. Although he has taken a special delight in destroying the stupid conventions of that insular humankind, the Englishman, he has swept the world of human beings with a vision far broader than the scope of England could give him."

"His sincerity is perhaps the cause of the question, the doubts, and the confusion of opinion about him. Sincerity is a danger sign to most people, because insincerity cannot co-exist with it. That is why women do not always understand Shaw, that is why men attack his motives. Aside from the natural brilliancy of his mind, Shaw writes only because he wants to be sincere, because he wishes to impress the need of sincerity in a world of extreme hypocrisy. Of course I can have but one answer to your question,—George Bernard Shaw is the sincerest man in literature."

From the standpoint of the producer, Miss George C. Tyler's personal acquaintance and relations with Shaw are conclusive.

"I have known Bernard Shaw for many years," said Mr. Tyler, "and so far as he personally is concerned, as a man distinct from his writings, I consider him one of the sincerest human beings I have ever met. He is the kindest and gentlest of souls. The malicious quality of much of his humor he reserves for his plays. In private life his humor has a human warmth that makes him one of the most delightful companions and friends I have ever had."



HIS charity is unbounded, though he sometimes tries to make people believe that he is a hard-hearted wretch. Shortly after the beginning of the Great War I spent an evening with him in London. He had just written an appeal for the relief of the suffering Belgians at the request of a committee.

"I finished it this afternoon," he said, "and it was a most convincing narrative. When I read it over I felt myself so tremendously moved that I wrote my cheque for a hundred and fifty pounds."

"As to the sincerity of his writings, that is another question. I think that whenever he scores a point for genuine social reform, for the relief of distress and for the abolition of the curse of poverty he is superlatively sincere. Many of the other ideas that he gives expression to, many of the surprisingly novel sidelights on all sorts of things that he puts into his plays are, I am certain, not intended to be taken seriously by intelligent people. The English are the most ultra-conservative people in the world and Shaw takes a positively devilish delight in shocking them, just for the fun of the thing. He likes to jar them out of the complacent attitude toward life and the rest of the world and so long as he accomplishes that he doesn't mind whether people are going to consider him sincere or not."

Miss Elizabeth Risdon, who has been a Shavian actress under the spell of Shaw's own reaction, regards the author as an optimist, sincere to the core.



Photos White

JULIETTE DAY AND SAM HARDY IN "THE RIVIERA GIRL" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM



RUTH MAYCLIFFE AND EVA LE GALLIENNE IN "SATURDAY TO MONDAY" AT THE BIJOU



Otto Kruger

George Parsons

Maude Eburne

SCENE IN "HERE COMES THE BRIDE" AT THE COHAN THEATRE

INTERESTING MOMENTS IN POPULAR PLAYS

In "Misalliance," where she is appearing now, she presents Shaw's idea of the emancipated young girl, as she ought to be but is not, her conception of Shaw is interesting because it touches him emotionally.

"I first met George Bernard Shaw when he sent for me in London with a view to my playing Fanny in 'Fanny's First Play' in America," she said. "He engaged me for the part and rehearsed the company. Shaw is well known through his many photographs, but I often think that the public would better understand the man could it but see him in person. There is something very vivid about Bernard Shaw, something very vital and to come in contact with him, if even for only a few minutes, is like a tonic. He is invigorating. No one is more alive, to my idea, than Shaw. He is now growing very grey, but his eyes are as keen, his smile as kindly, his interest as great as that of a schoolboy just entering life. He seems never to have been disillusioned. He has faith, real faith in life and in people. There is almost a yearning tenderness about the man. He seems to want so much for people to understand, to believe and to live in the fullest meaning of the word. It has seemed to me that when he has written a play full of sharp comment on the

slothfulness and toleration of humanity he must almost feel as a father does when he has punished a naughty child.

"To ask if such a man is insincere is to put a wrong note into the scheme of things. If people will misunderstand him—and why they should I don't know for no one is more direct in what he says—then it is a pity. I must confess I often think more of the man than of what he says and what he says is always illumined for me by the man. If one once gets the personal touch with a big man, his whole work appears so much the greater. Shaw seems the personification of simplicity, sincerity and directness. He dresses very quietly, always in a darkish-colored suit of tweed or some rough cloth. He seldom if ever wears starched linen. In fact I do not recall ever seeing him with a linen collar. When he attends a theatre he generally sits in a box and does not dress, as is the almost unbreakable law of some London theatres. His home is very comfortable without a single suggestion of 'high art.' He is an admirer of William Morris, however, and there is something of Morris in the decorations. There is heaps of sunshine everywhere—that is when the sun shines, as it does sometimes in London.

"Shaw wants people to think. He asks his

players to believe in him, but if they cannot believe in what they have to say, to deliver the lines and act the rôles as if they did believe in him. 'Conviction is the alpha and omega of Shaw playing,' he always tells everyone who appears in his plays.

"Shaw wants people to laugh. Life is so good—he feels—there is so much fun if one only looks for it. There are enough things to make people cry. Besides he knows that the surest way to kill silly ideas is to laugh at them and to make those believe in them laugh at them. I truly think no one has accomplished more worth-while reforms than Shaw, and he has done it all by making others see the ridiculous side.

"He is not a bit clever to talk to. I mean, clever in the sense of the smarty-smart person who want to be clever at your expense. He is always at rehearsals, sitting up in the front row of the dress circle, or balcony, and he is most amused at his plays.

"So you see I know Shaw is sincere. And I know no one is more dead in earnest about anything than Shaw himself. He doesn't say a brilliant thing, as do so many of his imitators, just to be clever. He says it because he means it and he has to."

THE PATRIOTIC POEM

By HAROLD SETON



SCENE: The office of Jingle and Company, music publishers, Times Square, New York City.

(Enormous quantities of letters are piled up on desks and chairs. Jimmie, the office-boy, enters from Left, with two trash-baskets filled with unopened letters. Mr. Jingle enters from Right, with two trash-baskets filled with opened letters.)

JIMMIE: Mr. Jingle, what shall I do with these letters?

JINGLE: Well, you might as well put them in my private office! There's no more room in here! And say, Jimmie, throw these out!

JIMMIE: But where will I throw them?

JINGLE: In the big tin can in the hallway!

JIMMIE: But that's all filled up!

JINGLE: Then tell the janitor to empty it!

JIMMIE: He's emptied it three times to-day, and he says he won't empty it again!

JINGLE: How many letters came to-day?

JIMMIE (consulting a memorandum book): One thousand seven hundred and eighty-two!

JINGLE: How many does that make for the two weeks that the contest has been open?

JIMMIE (consulting memorandum book again): Twelve thousand four hundred and forty-one!

JINGLE: Who'd have believed that there were so many poets and so little poetry in the world? When I offered a five hundred dollar prize for the best words for a patriotic song, I never imagined such a thing as—this! (He looks around in bewilderment.)

JIMMIE: No, sir, neither did I! Neither did the postman! Neither did the janitor! Neither did nobody!

(Enter Bertie Butterfly from Left. He is extremely ladylike.)

BUTTERFLY: I beg your pardon! But is this Mr. Jingle's office?

JINGLE: It is!

BUTTERFLY: And are you Mr. Jingle?

JINGLE: I am!

BUTTERFLY: Well, my name is Butterfly, Bertie Butterfly, of the Summer Garden chorus, and I have written some verses that I thought would be perfectly lovely for a national anthem! Do let me read them to you!

JINGLE: But I—

BUTTERFLY: There, there! No trouble whatever! (He unrolls a manuscript tied with pink ribbon, and starts to read.)

"A HYMN OF HORROR!"

This war is a disgusting thing,
And rough, rough, rough!
But harken to the song I sing,
So gruff, gruff, gruff!
We'll have to very manly be,
And tough, tough, tough!
Until the Germans cry, "Oh, gee!
Enough, 'nough, 'nough!"

CHORUS:

Then stamp your feet, and pout your lips,
And at the Kaiser sneer!
With both your hands upon your hips,
Scream boldly, "Hoops, my dear!"

(Enter Mike McGovern from Left. He is extremely tough.)

McGOVERN: Say, what's goin' on here?

JINGLE: A patriotic song contest!

McGOVERN: Well, this is the dump I'm lookin' for!

JINGLE: Have you written a patriotic song?

McGOVERN: I soitainly have! Got any objection? Wanter make an argerment? If you do, just start somethin', and I'll hand you a wallop on the nose! See? I'm Mike McGovern, of de Gas House Gang! I'm a pugilist by profession, but I'm a poet on the side! I write de woids for the yells at the picnics of the Timothy O'Brien Outing Association. But dis is different! Lissen and see! (He takes a dirty scrap of paper from his pocket, and starts to read.)

"LIBERTY!"

The Joymans kinder tought dey had
A grip upon de woild,
But jasser same dey got in bad,
Soon as dey seen unfoiled
De stars and stripes of U. S. A.,
Surmounted by a boid

Day screams all night and screams all day!
A soitain little woid.

CHORUS:

Liberty! Liberty! He calls it loud and long!
Liberty! Liberty! He calls it swell and strong!
Liberty! Liberty! He whistles and he hums!
Liberty! Liberty! De Joymans all is bums!

(Enter Fritz Dinkelhauser from Left. He is extremely German.)

DINKELHAUSER: Iss dis der Sangerbund?

JINGLE: The—what?

DINKELHAUSER: Der place vere patriotic songs is vanted?

JINGLE: It is the place where patriotic songs were wanted!

DINKELHAUSER: Vell here iss mine! (He produces a ten-page manuscript, and starts to read.)

"DER SPIRIT OF AMERICA!"

Dis iss der time for Yankees all
To answer to der nation's call,
Und rally round der flag!
Ve are der vons der country needs,
Und vords can't take der place of deeds,
So do not stop to brag!

On liberty our hearts are set,
But just the same do not forget
Der var vas started by
Der English, who, as all can see,
Vere envious of Chermany,
Und vished to see her die!

Dey used der French, und Belgians too,
To help to put der business trough!
Vy should ve giff a dam
For any udder land but ours,
Or get mixed up vit foreign powers?
Hooray for Uncle Sam!

(Enter a Postman at Left, pushing a wheelbarrow filled with letters. He dumps them in the middle of the room.)

POSTMAN: Here y'are! I'll bring another load up right away!

(As the Postman goes out at Left a crowd of people come in, male and female, young and old, rich and poor.)

THE CROWD (together): Is this the place for the patriotic poems?

JINGLE (in despair): No!!!

(QUICK CURTAIN.)

Photo Fairchild

MARGOT KELLY

Who will be remembered as the charming Phyrnette of "Pierrot the Prodigal," and now a feature of "Miss 1917" at the Century



Sarony

ANN PENNINGTON

This dainty little dancer is just as pert, graceful and adorable as ever in the new Century production



Sarony

WILDA BENNETT

Who has scored again in the title rôle of "The Riviera Girl"



Fairchild

LUCILLE CAVANAGH

Chic, if somewhat décolletée, Miss Cavanagh has high-stepped her way into vaudeville's favor

A G A R D E N O F G I R L S



© Ira L. Hill

ETHEL BARRYMORE AS SUFFERING BELGIUM



© Ira L. Hill

LIBERTY
Gladys Hanson

A HUGE audience of over 5,000 persons, representative of almost everyone of note in the social, literary and business life of the metropolis, assembled on October 5th last at the Rosemary Open Air Theatre on the beautiful estate of Mr. Roland B. Conklin at Huntington, L. I., to witness the National Red Cross Pageant.

A truly brilliant spectacle and one of the most elaborate ever presented in this vicinity was the general verdict regarding this ambitious undertaking for which the foremost players and women prominent in society lent their services.

Nature contributed a background of rare loveliness. In a lagoon with bluish waters, separating the stage of greensward from the amphitheatre, swam stately swans, while lovely maidens and fierce Tritons disported as King John sailed along in his royal barge. Over the rocks gushed a waterfall. An orchestra of fifty pieces from the Symphony Society of New York and conducted by Victor Kolar, discoursed sweet music from a rocky promontory, while the splendid Naval Band of Lieut. John Philip Sousa played on the rock-clad green.

The pageant began at 2.30 p.m., the pupils of Florence Fleming Noyes, dressed as Greek vestals, dancing a welcome to the Genius of Enlightenment, impersonated by Edith Wynne Matthison who dedicated the grand central altar to peace. Then followed the various episodes and procession of historic personages.



© Ira L. Hill

AMERICA
Marjorie Rambeau

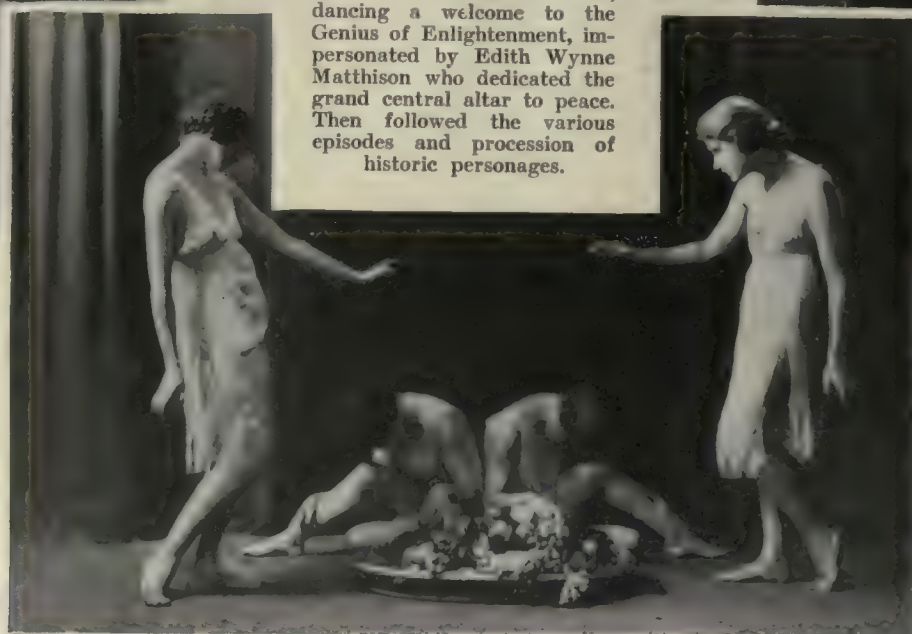


Photo Genthe

The Florence Fleming Noyes Dancers who opened the Pageant with the Dance of the Invocation



THE GENIUS OF ENLIGHTENMENT
Edith Wynne Matthison



ARMENIA—Helen Ware



JUSTICE—Howard Kyle



Photos copyright Ira L. Hill
FRANCE—Rita Jolivet



ENGLAND—E. H. Sothern



ITALY—Clara Joel

NOTED PLAYERS AS THE WARRING NATIONS



Photos copyright Ira L. Hill
MRS. BEN ALI HAGGIN
 as Duchesse d'Alençon



BEN ALI HAGGIN
 as Dunois, the defender of France



AIMEE DALMORES
 as Marguerite, Comtesse de Nevers



FRANCES WHITE
 as The Page



IVY TROUTMAN
 as Euriante, Comtesse de Nevers



CLIFTON WEBB
 as Alain Chartier, the poet

PICTURESQUE PERSONAGES IN THE FRENCH EPISODE



THE DRAWING OF THE SWORD—Justice, Truth and Liberty on their thrones

TO the court of Truth, Liberty and Justice comes Serbia, stating the demands made upon him by Austria. Liberty and Justice bid him draw the sword. Truth warns him that the act will set the world aflame. But Serbia may not choose. He draws the sword.

Belgium enters with her orphaned children, her stricken people, she pleads her cause, and to her defense come England and France, and after them, Russia, the fires of revolution already smouldering among his people. England calls to his far colonies, and Japan brings his pledge of the defense of the Pacific.

And now, as from a great distance, comes the cry of Armenia. Italy, casting off the bonds of the Triple Alliance, joins the Allies, as do Portugal and Roumania. To the assembled nations, Poland, the thrice divided, makes her appeal.

Now truth warns the nations of the strength of the foe, and the nations lament their losses. Liberty and Justice call to America. And now a new tumult arises in the Russian group, the haughty leader is dethroned, and the New Russia gropes her way toward the fires of freedom and war. Her bewilderment falls upon the nations as a pall, and they moan beneath it. But now, a new trumpet is heard, and America enters, saluting her Allies, and pledging her sword to their common cause.

The Flemish is the first of the episodes. Flanders enters from the left with her escort. She comes to centre and takes her position on the altar steps. The four cities enter in the order named, Bruges, Ghent, Ypres, Louvain. They leave their banners and groups and come forward giving allegiances to Flanders. Then all turn to the altar, and the symbol of the fleece is deposited upon it. They then come down stage in order, Flanders leading. The groups and banners fall in behind the respective cities, and all go off to right in procession.



Photos copyright Ira L. Hill

GHENT

Margaret Moreland



THE FLEMISH HERALD

Douglas J. Wood



YPRES

Adelaide Prince



LOUVAIN

Olive Tell

DEVASTATED BELGIAN CITIES APPEAL TO THE COURT OF THE WORLD

THE ACTOR IN TIME OF WAR

By CHARLES BURNHAM



IN times of great stress it is often advisable that the thoughts of people should be directed into channels that will for the moment give them needed relaxation. When the citizens of Paris threatened an insurrection, Napoleon, in an effort to divert their mind from such a project, instructed his ministers to have the dome of the Invalides gilded. Shakespeare expressed this idea when he wrote:

"Is there no play,

To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?"

In furnishing the multitude that change which amusement should afford, the theatre, when rightly guided will undoubtedly extend to the greatest number the best means to that end. Now that this country has become deeply involved in the World War, the great question that will naturally arise in managers' minds will be, what form of entertainment will best appeal, at such a time, the light and frothy, or the deeper more thoughtful plays? Perhaps a more serious question will be where will the actors come from, especially the younger members of the stage.

The legitimate stage has been quite well drained by the call of the movies, and should the young actor's number be drawn, and his services demanded by the Nation authors may be compelled to write plays in which youth plays no part, or else the elder actor who remains at home, may be forced to show the extent of his art in his ability to simulate youth. This would prove a difficult task. It might succeed on the screen, but when it came to an elderly actor endeavoring to make himself acceptable in such rôles as that played by Forrest Winant in "Turn to the Right," or of Henry Hull in "The Man Who Came Back," or of Otto Kruger in "Captain Kidd, Jr.," or any of the plays in which youth is the dominating feature, would require a stretch of the imagination which our audiences of to-day are not given to.



A GLANCE over the list of names of actors who have already offered their services to their country will disclose the fact that the list is nearly entirely made up of our juvenile men. The question of the actor may be more serious than the question of a play.

During the years of 1863 and '64, when the war between the States was at its height, the people, recovering in a measure from the strain under which they had been laboring, began to seek for recreation and the result was that the theatres were taxed to their capacity in an endeavor to cater to the increasing demand for diversion. In fact business was so good that it seemed to have affected both managers and actors with the "big head," reaching such a point that the press of the time advocated audiences hissing the performers, to bring them to a realizing sense of their obligation to the public.

While there was no lack of actors during the War of the Rebellion for managers to select their casts from, the stage was well represented in the fighting lines at the front. Many of the prominent members of the profession were among the first to volunteer their services, winning merited promotion on the field of battle for their valor. D. H. Harkins raised a company of cavalry and was made a major, participating with his command in many of the important en-

agements. G. L. Fox, the once famous pantomimist, was a lieutenant of the 8th Regiment of New York, and participated in the Battle of Bull Run. Nathaniel P. Banks, rose to the rank of general. Robert McWade, father of the present actor of that name, rose from the rank of private to that of an officer, receiving his commission for meritorious conduct. James E. Murdoch, one of the most famous actors of his day, at the age of forty-nine, followed his son in offering his services to his country, announcing his determination never to appear upon the stage again until the Rebellion was overcome. George Wallack, a member of the famous Wallack family of actors, added more glory to the family name by his bravery. Thomas J. Herndon, W. J. Fleming, William Harris, George Beach and F. B. Boudinat were well-known members of the pro-



Press Ill.

MAJOR REGINALD BARLOW

The well-known actor seen recently in "Old Lady 81," and now a Major in the United States Army

fession who volunteered in the service of the nation. Pauline Cushman, a sister of the famous actress, Charlotte Cushman, and herself an actress of merit, attained the rank of major for her services as scout and spy in aid of the Union Army.



AT this period in the history of New York, there were some twenty-odd places of amusement of the first class, while numerous halls housing what might be termed the forerunner of the "cabaret" of to-day, enticed the "tired business man" to enter and forget his worries. No charge for admission was made to these places, but once inside the visitor had to pay well. "Lady waiters," as they were termed, served liquid and other refreshments at prices that compare favorably with the present high cost of living extant in the "halls" of to-day. A

small stage occupied the rear of the saloon where so-called "talent" held forth, while the centre of the room was kept clear for those who desired to dance with the "lady" attendants. These resorts, or more properly speaking, "dives," were given the appellation of "concert halls," and occupied the basement of buildings adjacent to or in close proximity to the theatres. Their style of entertainment appealed strongly to the soldier and sailor who roamed Broadway, and to that element who looked for the "bright lights" of the town. An indignant public caused the police finally to take action and close them up.

The theatres were located in that district lying between Union Square and Ann Street, with the exception of the Bowery houses which were in a class and neighborhood by themselves.

First and farthest uptown came the Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street, where grand opera in Italian and German were given. Brignoli, the Caruso of his day, was the brightest particular star, dividing at times the applause of the audience with Clara Louise Kellogg, Mmes. Medora, Mazzolini, Bellini and Colletti. When the opera of "Fra Diavolo," with Brignoli and Medora in the cast was rendered, the attendance was so enormous the management was compelled to close the doors and hold them by main force to prevent their being broken down by the crowd endeavoring to obtain admittance. At the close of the season an extra matinée of "Faust" was given at which the admission price was placed at one dollar and no seats reserved. The police were called in to preserve order and hold back the crowd which completely blocked the street from curb to curb. During this season the management raised the prices and in an apology to the public in excuse of their action, claimed they were forced to do so by the demand of the employés for higher wages.



THE price for the best seats was placed at two dollars and a dollar seventy-five. Family circle: seventy-five cents and gallery: thirty-five cents. It was in this building during these trying days that one of the greatest public functions ever held in this city took place—the ball and reception tendered the royal visitors from Russia. The cost of the affair was estimated as, dresses, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; masculine apparel, fifty thousand dollars; jewelry, one million dollars; flowers, thirty thousand dollars; hair-dressing, two thousand dollars; suppers and wine, twenty thousand dollars; carriages, five thousand, and expense of the building, ten thousand dollars.

The leading theatre of those days was Wallack's, which stood on the northeast corner of Thirteenth Street and Broadway. Lester Wallack and his company, comprising Charles Fisher, John Gilbert, George Holland, W. R. Floyd, John Sefton, Mark Smith, Mary Gannon, Fanny Morant, Madeline Henriques, Ione Burke and Mrs. Hoey, were presenting the standard plays and the old comedies to capacity audiences. It was at this period that Wallack produced his own play, "Rosedale," which ran for over a hundred and twenty-five performances with seldom a vacant seat. The prices ranged from twenty-five cents to one dollar and during the run the receipts amounted to over ninety thousand dollars.

At the head of Bond Street stood the Winter Garden Theatre, where Edwin Booth with



FLORENCE NASH
As Sonia, the Russian immigrant, on
her arrival in the Land of the Free



Photos White

A New York sweat-shop, where Sonia finds herself
swallowed up in the vortex of New York commercialism

"THE LAND OF THE FREE" AT THE 48th STREET THEATRE

Lawrence Barrett as a member of his company was presenting Shakespeare's plays. On the stage of this theatre two of the most notable dramatic events of the time took place, when in November, 1864, the three brothers Edwin, Junius Brutus, and James Wilkes took part in a performance of "Julius Caesar" which attracted an audience numbering some two thousand, followed shortly afterwards by Edwin Booth's hundred-night run in "Hamlet." At this theatre, following Mr. Booth, came the Florences in their long run of "The Ticket of Leave Man."

Farther down the great thoroughfare on the north side just below Bleecker Street, was the Olympic Theatre, originally known as Laura Keane's, but at this period under the direction of Mrs. John Wood, who was providing acceptable and popular entertainment of farce, burletta and comedy with a company that contained the names of many of the most notable and talented actors of the day. Here Augustin Daly made his debut as a playwright, as did A. Oakey Hall, the then District Attorney of New York. Sir Charles Wyndham, having served the time for which he had volunteered in the Union Army, applied to Mrs. Wood for an engagement and was given rather an important part to study, which he did diligently night and day. His method of study, that of repeating a sentence over and over, proved his undoing. His first speech in the play began with the words, "drunk with enthusiasm," which he started to speak as he appeared on the stage. After uttering the one word, "drunk," he could go no further, that one word reiterating itself in his mind. As

he afterwards expressed it, "I stood staring vacantly at an audience filled with what Charles Dickens once called on 'unholy joy,'"

A block or two farther down Broadway was the finest and one of the most popular houses in the city. Niblo's Garden, which formed part of the building known as the Metropolitan Hotel, was the largest of the then existing theatres and was presenting the great stars of the day including Kate Bateman, Mme. Vestvali, Matilda Heron, Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest (with John McCullough as a member of his company), Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, James H. Hackett and Daniel Bandmann. The plays given were, "Leah the Forsaken," "Hamlet," "Othello," "King Lear," "The Fool's Revenge" (produced for the first time), "Gamea or the Jewish Mother," "Falstaff," "Camille," and the Irish drama, "Connie Soogah." Drama and tragedy formed the bulk of the offerings at this theatre, interspersed with English opera by the Caroline Richings company, Italian opera in opposition to the forces farther uptown, and pantomime by the Revel family. In the same building that housed the theatre was a hall known as Niblo's Saloon, where performances given in French were attracting their share of patronage. It was in this hall and at this period that Lotta made her first appearance in New York, but failed to make any public impression.

At the corner of Broome Street stood a building famous for many years as the original home of the Wallack company. At this particular time it was known as the German Opera House and opera in German was being presented. Later

on a circus occupied its stage which in turn was succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Waller in tragedy, John E. Owens in farce and F. S. Chanfrau in comedy.

If one followed the crowds going towards the lower part of the town, they would find the destination of the majority to be the building at the corner of Ann Street. From early morn till late at night Barnum's Museum was always crowded. The various curiosities, the animals and the lecture hall where Barnum's company presented the "moral" drama, were a source of constant delight to the never-ending stream of visitors. Notwithstanding the conflict raging between the North and South, New York was all worked up over the forthcoming marriage of General Tom Thumb and Miss Lavinia Warren. They were holding daily receptions at the Museum and Barnum was adroitly exciting the public mind in anticipation of the coming nuptials. Drama held a prominent place in the repertoire of the company and "The Ring of Fate," Raffle or the Reprobate," were the titles of some of the plays put forward to amuse in those strenuous days.

There are at present in Greater New York something like three hundred houses of entertainment of the first class, innumerable halls devoted to concerts and the like and more than twelve hundred moving picture houses. If we are really visited with the horrors of war close to our doors what will the effect be upon these numerous houses. But the principal point and one which may well cause managers to ponder over, is, given the play will the actor be available?

GRANT MITCHELL - - THE TAILOR-MADE MAN

By ADA PATTERSON



ENTER a young man, slightly below the medium height, of ruddy complexion and delicately chiselled features. A man of perhaps thirty-five years' experience with life, he is. His speech is rapid and incisive. He gives the impression of thinking before he speaks but he thinks and speaks faster than most men. He dresses remarkably well and wears his clothes with the air of one who, having chosen them well and put them on carefully, forgets them until removal time. Behold Grant Mitchell, latest risen star, the man who helped in great measure to create "The Tailor-Made Man."

The Rialto, by which term is known Broadway with its environs, a region of irregular boundary which includes habitual theatregoers, has been saying a great deal about Grant Mitchell. It is significant of the new star that no one refers to "Grant Mitchell's luck." On the contrary the comment begins with "He deserves it. He has earned it." From which may be inferred that Grant Mitchell has climbed the ladder of success rung by rung.

My memory, which includes a somewhat long and rather intimate knowledge of plaver folk, does not comprise more than one offer of a start on the stage that was declined by an actor hungry for it. Of that unique incident Grant Mitchell was the hero. Or perhaps it was Clyde Fitch. You may decide.

To the playwright a Western friend, a large figure in the world of finance said: "A boy from our town has been studying for the stage. Will you please give him a chance in one of your plays?"

"Certainly, if I can," was the answer, as prompt and amiable as though Mr. Fitch did not receive a dozen similar requests a day from thoughtless friends.

"I'll arrange for you to meet him." Easily said and easily done. But the boy from our town bethought him of all the demands that were probably made upon the long suffering kindness of their host. He bethought him again of the same condition when, two weeks later Mr. Fitch wrote saying: "There is a small

a courtesy to our common acquaintance. It could not have been made for any other reason because you do not know what I can do.

"After you have seen some effort of mine on the stage if you care to make me an offer I will be most happy to accept it.

Cordially yours,

"GRANT MITCHELL."

A year later the playwright saw a bit of juvenile comedy work done in a transient play. "Good work! Where have I seen that young man before?" He studied his programme. The name Grant Mitchell challenged his memory. "The boy from our home town," he said. After supper at Rector's he wrote the boy: "I have seen your performance. I offer you a good part with Clara Bloodgood in 'The Girl with the Green Eyes.'" Whereupon the young man, his dignity vindicated, his self-reliance established, accepted the rôle.

Mr. Mitchell is one of the small but growing number of college men on the stage. He is a Harvard man. Having been graduated from the University, he attended the Harvard Law School. There was no reason why he should not practice law. He comes of a family of lawyers. He opened an office and business came because of the honored legal name he bore, not because Grant Mitchell sought it.

But law proved distasteful and he essayed journalism for a brief time. Then one day he read an advertisement of a school of acting. That spirit in him which always rejoiced at a chance to "go to the theatre" clamored within him. After appearing in "The Girl with the Green Eyes," "The Mountain Climber," "Cousin Billy," and "The Fortune Hunter," he was seen last season in "It Pays to Advertise."



GRANT MITCHELL
Who is being featured in
"The Tailor-Made Man"

part for you in the play I have written for Mary Mannering. You may play her brother in 'The Stubbornness of Geraldine.'" The reply astounded the playwright who lived in the World of Unexpected Things.

"My dear Mr. Fitch:

"You are most kind. But I cannot accept an offer you feel under obligations to make as



White

Pedro de Cordoba, Lenore Ulric, William Courtleigh, Thomas Findlay, Fuller Mellish, Calvin Thomas and Willard Mack
SCENE IN WILLARD MACK'S PLAY "TIGER ROSE" AT THE LYCEUM



Ernest Torrence

SCENE IN "FURS AND FRILLS," THE MUSICAL FARCE AT THE CASINO

THRILLS AND LAUGHTER IN NEW OFFERINGS

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Floyd

TERESA MAXWELL-CONOVER

DELIVERING epigrams, with the due combination of force and subtlety, is one of the fine arts. Teresa Maxwell-Conover possesses it. Most of the smart, satiric speeches of "Saturday to Monday" fall to her. Mrs. Maxwell-Conover is an adept at portraying smart life, in part because she is an admirable actress, in equal part because she knows better than do most actresses, the segment of life she portrays. The power, overlaid by restraint, which she displays in the latest Winthrop Ames production, was learned in the Shakespearean school. She was of the Louis James company.



Fairchild

JEANNE EAGELS

SOMETHING new in adventuresses is the siren who draws Hamilton temporarily out of his orbit in the play of that name. Miss Eagels learned to be all things according to the part, in the severe training of a Western repertoire company. At fourteen she went on the stage and at fifteen was playing Parthenia in "Ingomar." Her education in being all things to all audiences was supplemented by a course in musical comedy. Versatility enabled her to leap at a bound from "The Crinoline Girl" to the name rôle of "Outcast." She is of the mixture of races that breeds talent, sometimes genius, being the offspring of an Irish mother and a Spanish father. She came out of Kansas City.



EDITH BARKER

AS Mother Carey emerges from the stage door after the performance of the play at the Cort you will see a smart, trig young woman scarcely turned thirty. It was but a short while ago Miss Barker was playing bewitching ingenues. She compassed the gamut between E. H. Sothorn's repertoire and "The Village Postmaster." She evolved into the leading woman with Richard Mansfield in "A Parisian Romance." It was not accumulating years but the accident of Henry Miller's discovery of a quality of extreme gentleness in her that earned her distinction as a "mother." She became a stage mother in "The Rainbow."

EDWARD ELLIS

VILLAINS, by all the traditions, come furtively upon the boards. Edward Ellis's Handsome Harry, in "The Scrap of Paper," trips gaily into an office as into the first figure of a "Paul Jones." A veteran Lamb said that Edward Ellis's performance of the part is a lesson in acting to any player. Mr. Ellis has been on the stage since he was four years old. Conjecture is not forbidden. He has played sinister Blackie Daw in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" and the Christ in "Russia," and a few hundred rôles between these antipodes of the drama.



White

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



EMPIRE. "RAMBLER ROSE."
Musical comedy in three acts. Music
by Victor Jacobi, book by Harry B.
Smith. Produced on September 10,
with this cast:

Rosamond Lee	Julia Sanderson
Joseph Guppy	Joseph Cawthorn
Gerald Morton	Walter Smith
Marcel Petipas	Stewart Baird
Timothy Briggs	George E. Mack
Willis	George Egan
A Farmer's Boy	W. H. Bentley
Angele	Ada Meade
Lady Cloverdale	Kate Sergeantson
Claire	Ethel Boyd
Blanche	Doris Predo
Dora	Wilma Walton
Tita	Gladys Siddons

RAMBLER ROSE," a pretty
title that extends a cordial in-
vitation to visit the box-office. Roses
ramble over the walls of the house
in which Rose (Julia Sanderson)
lives and ramble over the walls that
enclose innocence. Through the
gate of the protecting wall presently
Impudence, in the person of Mr.
Guppy, (Joseph Cawthorn), is to
enter.

The story is made up of Inno-
cence and Impudence. Guppy must
marry within twenty-four hours, be-
fore the arrival of his rich, un-
known uncle from Brazil, and the
girl selected, no other than our Rose,
is in love with another young man,
who, if not as impudent as Guppy,
is much better looking. Guppy is
not good looking; his age is in-
determinate,—he is young enough,
but he is just Guppy.

Cawthorn in this character is
amusing beyond dispute. A co-
median's comicality, it sometimes
happens, is a subject of even vio-
lent controversy. There can be none
here. Joseph Cawthorn lacks polish
and disdains grace, but he is a
maker of merriment. He brings
his laughter with him and does not
delay to unpack. He is not to be
praised as extraordinary or accom-
plished beyond other comedians; he
is just plain funny—at all events in
"Rambler Rose."

Much of this humor has to do
with the story, but more with talk,
a great part of which, no doubt,
has been provided by Harry B.
Smith or some other Smith. Mr.
Cawthorn reaches his highest point
somewhere in the play with a song
(or rather a recitative) entitled
"Poor Little Rich Girl's Dog." The
comedian will hardly, in his entire

career, achieve anything else more
applaudable.

It would require skill to disen-
tangle the story of "Rambler Rose"
from the dances and the personal
features of the performance and to
give an intelligent account of it
here. The play upon which the
opera was based came originally
from France and, in its English
form, helped Billie Burke to popu-
larity in those days when she smiled
from the stage care-free and pouted
petulantly. Julia Sanderson, unem-
phatic as Rose, the character, is em-
phatic as herself, and has a lightness
of movement (without much to
move) that is a high form of danc-
ing in itself. Miss Ada Meade, who
was let loose in the second act,
proved to have voice, vigor and ani-
mation. She deserves to be cher-
ished.

Except for the three mentioned,
"Rambler Rose" is the usual comic
opera with its appeal to the eye and
the lighter emotions.

KNICKERBOCKER.
"HAMILTON." Play in four acts by
Mary Hamlin and George Arliss.
Produced on September 17, with
this cast:

Alexander Hamilton	George Arliss
Thomas Jefferson	Carl Anthony
James Monroe	Hardee Kirkland
William B. Giles	John D. Ravold
Gen. Philip Schuyler	George Woodward
Count Talleyrand	Guy Favieres
James Reynolds	Pell Trenton
Zekial	James O. Barrow
Chief Justice John Jay	Wilson Day
Colonel Lear	Harry Maitland
Citizen	C. M. van Clief
Betsy Hamilton	Mrs. Arliss
Angelica Church	Marion Barney
Mrs. Reynolds	Jeanne Eagels
Melissa	Katharine Hayden
Mrs. Zachary Whalen	Gillian Scaife

THE qualities of Mrs. Hamlin and
of Mr. Arliss, as seen in their
work together on "Hamilton," the
new play in use by Mr. Arliss, are
distinct and different, the one being
more natural in attitude toward the
drama, the other being more ar-
tificial.

The conjunction provides a play
of extraordinary merit and effective-
ness in much of its substance and
form.

To reproduce the atmosphere, the
circumstances and the figures of the
Revolutionary period is a formid-
able undertaking, largely made so

from the unspeakable shortcomings
of most plays that have been sought
to be obtained from our great store-
house of historical material. Most
of them have been historical rather
than human.

"Hamilton," with some better-
ments in the expression of internal
character, particularly in the act-
ing, would have permanent value.
It has uncommon value now. It
holds the interest. The characters
live.

In the intrigue against and dif-
ferences of political opinion with
Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, James
Monroe, Count Talleyrand, Gen.
Schuyler, Chief Justice Jay, Wil-
liam B. Giles and others are in-
volved. The women supply the do-
mestic or social side; it might even
be said the human side, for the story
turns on an affair that Hamil-
ton had with Mrs. Reynolds who
was employed to destroy his public
usefulness by luring him into a tem-
porary relation which would ruin
his private character.

Jeanne Eagels, in playing the in-
strument of this design, was curi-
ously appealing. As a bit of profes-
sional work it was altogether the
best in the performance.

The characterizations in the play,
however, were generally so good
as to, alone, make the play worth
seeing,—Anthony as Jefferson, Kirk-
land as Monroe, Trenton as Rey-
nolds. To make criticism of small
deficiencies would be to rob one's
self of that satisfaction that the
acting really affords. Marion Bar-
ney, as Angelica, the sister of Betsy
Hamilton, with her breeziness and
naturalness, more than pays off the
score of some of the others. Mrs.
Arliss was Betsy Hamilton.

Mr. Arliss was Hamilton. He
shone in the details of stage man-
agement. Hamilton sacrifices his
private character and domestic hap-
piness to save the political situa-
tion.

Betsy's opinion in the matter might
furnish another play.

48TH STREET. "OVER THE
'PHONE." Comedy in three acts by
George Broadhurst, founded on the
Hungarian of Imre Foldes. Pro-
duced on September 12, with this
cast:

The Artist	Henry Kolker
His Friend	Will Deming
Man Servant	W. J. Ferguson
The Telephone Man	Earle Mitchell
The Stepfather	J. R. Armstrong
The Janitor	Adin B. Wilson
The Porter	Benjamin Hilden
A Girl	Alma Belwin
Another Girl	Marion Vantine

FROM what we see and read of their lucubrations, I think that we may safely say that the Austro-Hungarian playwrights show more novel imaginativeness and psychological insight of character than any body of authors now writing for the stage. Schnitzler, for example, is quite marvelous in his analysis of the human soul.

"Over the 'Phone" is of Hungarian origin. An impressionable artist falls in love with a voice over the 'phone. The ingenious young woman who owns it, by a ruse visits his apartment. A delicate situation which leads to complications. The play, however, failed to please and the run was brief.

CRITERION. "THE SCRAP OF PAPER." Melodrama in three acts by Owen Davis and Arthur Somers Roche. Produced on September 17, with this cast:

Robert Blaisdell	Russ Whytal
Daniel Cardigan	David Glassford
Martin Masterman	Robert Hilliard
Terrance Greenham	Robert Strange
Higgins	Edwin Holland
Dixon Grant	H. Dudley Hawley
Connors	John J. Pierson
"Handsome Harry"	Edward Ellis
Kirby Rowland	Carroll McComas
Tom Hanrahan	Frederick Hand
Jessie Sigmund	Vida Reed
Miss Small	Ruth Donnelly
Henry	J. Fred Holloway
Nelson	Harold Hartsell
Laurel Masterman	Margalo Gillmore

IT is funny sometimes, how actors deceive themselves. It is safe to say that when Robert Hilliard agreed to star in "The Scrap of Paper" he was under the firm conviction that Martin Masterman was the stellar rôle. By this time he has probably learned to the contrary.

The fat of the piece is in the character of "Handsome Harry" Mack, an international crook and Edward Ellis fairly eats it up, forcing Hilliard to content himself with an exhibition of overpowering commercial genius in the first act and an outburst of contrition and paternal love in the final scene. *Inter media* he is a "feeder."

Owen Davis, who got his inspiration from a story by Arthur Somers Roche, has gone back to the first principles of melodramatic construction. Movement, action and situation are the essentials, words

are subservient, subtlety and probability unnecessary. The result is a good old-timer with some capital scenes of stirring moment and an equal number of those that only fill up.

Masterman and two business associates enter into a conspiracy to corner the resources of the country and sign a contract to hold together in their nefarious plan. The paper blows out of the window. Consternation on the part of the predatory plutocrats, who are prepared to offer all kinds of money for its recovery. Its passage from hand to hand, some criminal, some altruistic, lead to scenes ingenious and dramatic. When it is finally recovered Masterman finds that his only daughter, appalled at its enormity, is stricken to the verge of death. So he abandons his wicked scheme, the daughter recovers, the altruistic proletariat is satisfied and so is the crook who makes by the operation the tidy sum of \$200,000.

Hilliard looks his part and acts it with his accustomed force and skill. Ellis as the crook is admirably droll, Carroll McComas as the sociological reformer is pretty, Robert Strange is forceful as a detective and Hilliard's two business associates, as portrayed by Russ Whytal and David Glassford, are really convincing. A slangy switchboard operator is played to the life by Ruth Donnelly.

COMEDY. "THE FAMILY EXIT." Farce comedy in three acts by Lawrence Langner. Produced on September 19, with this cast:

Rutherford	Rutherford-Vandusen,
	Edwin Forsberg
Mike O'Rourke	Frank E. Jamison
Martha Rutherford-Vandusen,	
	Alberta Gallatin
Cornelius	James Dyrenforth
Eugenia	Frances Ross
Peter Rutherford-Vandusen,	
	David Higgins
Elise	Alethea Luce
Evelyn de Gascoigne	Betty Ross-Clarke
Gaston Dupres	Winthrop Chamberlain
Cousin Alice	Elizabeth Patterson
Cousin Susan	Kate Morgan
Mary	Helen Edwards
Waldo	Frank Longacre
Ellen Sullivan	Jean Robb

IT isn't every one who can defy a convention and get away with it. The modern playwright can in spots be as daring as he likes but his entire scheme work must not be too revolutionary.

That was the trouble, I think, with "The Family Exit," recently presented at the Comedy. Lawrence Langner, with an uncompromising fidelity to the truth carried through his hypothesis to a conclusion which though at all times amusing must

have displeased a very considerable conventional public. His dialogue was exceptionally crisp, pertinent and witty but it was all at the expense of accepted traditions. Shaw is not a model who can be followed with impunity.

Peter Vandusen was a middle-aged New Yorker who had lived abroad for twenty years to escape his relatives. When he returned to this country with his cook he found himself held up at Ellis Island for violation of our moral laws. His marriage and subsequent divorce to overcome the inconveniences of his own and her family formed the basis of some very amusing situations.

David Higgins was Peter and by his dry, quiet methods made him a most agreeable personage. The quiet middle-aged cook was sweetly presented by Alethea Luce while a professional co-respondent was snappily acted by Betty Ross-Clarke.

Frank E. Jamison was excellent as a nondescript butler while at least five of the relatives were acted with nice skill and humor by Edwin Forsberg, Albert Gallatin, Winthrop Chamberlain, Elizabeth Patterson and Kate Morgan.

MOROSCO. "LOMBARDI, LTD." Comedy in three acts by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Produced on September 24, with this cast:

Yvette	Judy Harris
Muriel	Winifred Bryson
Daisy	Grace Valentine
James Hodgkins	Hallam Bosworth
An Expressman	Percival Vivian
Tito Lombardi	Leo Carillo
Norah Blake	Janet Dunbar
Phyllis Manning	Sue MacManamy
Millie McNeal	Marion Abbott
Robert Tarrant	Charles Hammond
Lida Moore	Maude Gilbert
Riccardo Tosello	Warner Baxter
Max Strohn	Harold Russell
Miss Curran	Carrington North
An Errand Girl	Mary Robinson
Mrs. Warrington Brown	Ina Rorke
Eloise	Ruth Terry

IN the matter of the drama I'm afraid I'm getting too sophisticated. Ten minutes after the curtain had been up on "Lombardi, Ltd." I had guessed the plot and how it would eventually work out. I'll admit there were some side excursions that I couldn't foresee, and some of these I liked and some I almost deplored.

Tito Lombardi, a dear, sweet Italian, was the head of a big fashionable dressmaking establishment. His devotion to his art was superior to his business sense and before long failure stared him in the face. For a wanton show-girl he entertained a chivalrously pure devotion, quixotic in its simplicity. Then there

was a devoted shop assistant—yes, she loved him like Viola, mutely. Well, the duplicity of the chorus girl was shown up, the dressmaking business, thro' the devotion of the employés and help from an unexpected quarter was saved and Tito married his Twelfth Night, Norah Blake.

Just a shade conventional but tintured with some snappy sidelights on the business that the Hattons, Frederic and Fanny avouch have been truly writ in the book of life.

Leo Carillo, now raised to the stellar rank, was a buoyantly graceful and valuable Tito. There was a lot of him, but if he did not quite convince in his sentimental moods his personable and likeable qualities stood valiantly forth. Norah was sweetly acted by Janet Dunbar and Harold Russell impersonated a "con showman" with fine spirit. Ina Rorke was amusing as an exacting customer and a young "Vermicelli King," who eventually married a model, was engagingly vicarious, as presented by Warner Baxter.

The aforesaid model, yclept Daisy, became a real character in the hands of Grace Valentine. It was to be regretted though that some of her lines were so appallingly raw. The naked truth sometimes needs a fig-leaf. The minor characters were acted with exceptional skill by a large company.

FULTON. "BRANDED." Drama in four acts by Oliver D. Bailey. Produced on September 24, with this cast:

Miss Nancy	Martha Boucher
Miss Vivian	Hazel Sexton
Miss Betty	Helen Saxe
Miss Maisie	Edwyna Boyd
Miss June	Suzette Gordon
Miss Pearl	Ruth Van
Miss Wier	Caroline Lee
Ruth Belmar—(Barrow),	Christine Norman
"Billy" Pitman	Dwight A. Meade
William Pitman, Sr.	Walter Craven
Professor Spettigue	Jack B. Hollis
Dolly "Dot" Belmar	Blanche Moulton
"Velvet" Kraft	Geoffrey Stein
Officer Merrill	Guy Hitner
Amos	G. Lester Paul
Douglas Courtney, Sr.	Frank MacDonald
Mrs. Courtney, Sr.	Jennie Ellison
Douglas Courtney, Jr.	A. H. Van Buren
"Silver"	John F. Webber
Roselinda	Dorothy Burton
Dora	Agnes Findlay
Tony	H. H. McCollum
Officer Boyle	T. Gunn

WERE it not so childishly crude, so fiercely improbable, Oliver D. Bailey's drama recently at the Fulton might easily be classed as vicious. Harking back to those days when white slavery was a universal dramatic theme, Mr. Bailey drags out of a well-deserved oblivion

some of the high lights of that detestable condition.

The heroine is the child of a "Mrs. Warren." The rigorous fate which enmeshes her in her endeavors to escape from the obloquy of such a mother is pictured with an emphatic brutality that would be highly unpleasant if it were presented with any skill or sincerity. As it is, "Branded" was cheap, fulsome, mawkishly sentimental, coarse, vulgar and impossible. A schoolgirl in the first act, a young mother in the second, a dope fiend in the third act Ruth Belmar is a character that would tax the resources of a much more experienced player than is Miss Christine Norman.

Geoffrey Stein gave a rather novel touch to the rôle of a pander and all the vulgarity and depravity of the heroine's detestable mother were presented with unflinching fidelity by Blanche Moulton. As a young husband with a shaken faith A. H. Van Buren was sincere and manly while a policeman with a heart was deftly sketched by Guy Hitner.

COHAN. "HERE COMES THE BRIDE." Play in three acts by Max Marcin and Roy Atwell. Produced on September 25 with this cast:

Thomas Ashley	Albert Reed
James Carlton	Franklyn Ardell
Nora Sinclair	Mildred Booth
Robert Sinclair	William Holden
Ethel Sinclair	Francine Larrimore
Mooney	Thomas Meegan
Frederick Tile	Otto Kruger
Thurlow Benson	George Parsons
Roberto Servier	Walter Fenner
Maria Tile	Jean Shelby
License Clerk	Kenneth Keith
Judge Huselton	Frank Walsh
The Bride	Maude Eburne
Hawkins	William Lennox
de Puy Almonte	d'Alvarez,
	Mario Majeroni

HERE COMES THE BRIDE," compounded in the workshop, is as effervescing and sparkling as if it bubbled up from natural sources. To tell of it is to taste of its flatness.

That an impecunious young man, unable to marry, without money, the girl of his choice, should yield to the temptation of a bribe of a hundred thousand dollars to go through the wedding ceremony with a veiled female person whose visage is a terror when unveiled, would not seem amusing either in theory or in fact. The idea is not of an effervescent kind at any moment. Yet the danger of having to stand by such a contract, along with resultant complications, does provide a certain amount of shop-made humor.

You are held by the extraordinary animation of the characters, and for-

get the flatness of the medium. You are beguiled by the craftiness of the authors and you are entertained by very clever actors. You laugh heartily. There is something to laugh at. Applaud? Hardly. There is nothing to applaud—except individual cleverness and naturalness.

An infinite deal of fun is had in transacting the bargain about the money. Mr. Otto Kruger, in this way, beginning, as it were, with a shoestring, builds up something worth the while. Then Mr. Kruger puts up at a stylish hotel, the room opposite his being occupied by the real girl of his heart.

An encounter in the dark, lights up, excitement, confusion, pajamas, an irruption of people from the four quarters of the plot, the veiled bride of the terrible aspect, and finally the subsidence of all the effervescence. In some way the daring youth gets rid of the wrong bride and retains his honorarium. Francine Larrimore acted the charming right girl in night dress (and day dress as well); while the wrong girl, the opposite, the hideous, was done by Miss Eburne, whose drollery with affected awkwardness and ugliness is known as a valuable asset in farce.

C O R T. "MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS." Comedy in three acts by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Rachel Crothers from the book by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Produced on September 25, with this cast:

Ossian Popham	Wallace Owen
Gilbert Carey	Lorin Raker
Nancy Carey	Edith Taliaferro
Mother Carey	Edith Barker
Kathleen	Doris Eaton
Peter	Charles Eaton
Cousin Ann Chadwick	Marie L. Day
Julia Carey	Mabel Acker
Mrs. Ossian Popham	Ursula Elsworth
Lallie Joy Popham	Helen Marqua
Ralph Thurston	Robert Glecker
Cyril Lord	Stuart Fox
Tom Hamilton	Thomas Carrigan
Henry Lord, Ph.D.	Wilson Reynolds

SOMETIMES a thing is most easily defined by saying that it is not something else and the "twister" play of which "Esmeralda" (not to go farther back), "Little Women," "Young America," and the current illustration "Mother Carey's Chickens" may be summarily dismissed by the negation that they are not plays at all.

In other words pieces of this kind, although they frequently reach the stage absolutely fail to meet its demands. It is not pleasant to generalize thus since the aim of the writers of these twitters is so laudable. They wish to offer something clean and sweet, they would like to

teach an indiscriminate audience that Life is Love and Cheer and Hope. It is a charming lesson but it cannot be taught in the theatre except by indirection. That powerful influence is exerted on men by means of violent contrast, its effects have been and always will be obtained by the use of the Big Brush. The theatre is not life but something better or worse.

When the curtain rose on Wallace Owen as Ossian Popham (and very good was he) singing "*There is a Better Land*" in the first act of this new play by Mrs. Wiggin from Mrs. Wiggin's book the audience knew what it was in for,—a piece that belongs on the improvised stage of a Sunday School and in the hands of amateurs. I knew, too, that it would not be called on either to laugh or to cry. And the audience politely did neither.

There are a couple of Rachel Crothers' characters in the cast but nothing besides to show that she was concerned in its production. Certainly she counted for nothing in the direction for this author realizes the value of speed in a play and especially in an inactive piece.

The members of a fair cast did what they could with it but it will fare better with amateurs.

BROADHURST. "MISALLIANCE," by Bernard Shaw. Produced on September 27, with this cast:

John Tarleton	Maclyn Arbuckle
Lina Szczepanowska	Katharine Kaelred
Hypatia	Elisabeth Risdon
Mrs. Tarleton	Mrs. Edmund Gurney
The Aviator	Warburton Gamble
Lord Summerhays	George Fitzgerald
Johnny Tarleton	Frederick Lloyd
Bentley Summerhays	Philip Leigh
Gunner	Malcolm Morley

THE English really never did stand for G. B. S. He told them too many unpleasant truths about themselves. When he dipped into war criticism the brilliant Shaw suffered a still further eclipse.

The spirit seems to have reached, in a measure, this country, judging from the reviews of my critical brethren on his "Misalliance," recently produced at the new Broadhurst, a very beautiful, comfortable and artistically-planned playhouse.

Yet how absurd it is to cavil at his output. His worst is so immeasurably superior to the trivial puerile trash that occupies so many boards, that I should think "the chain gang" would rejoice at an evening spent under the Shavian spirit.

It goes without saying that Shaw of late defies still more the traditions attaching to the well-made

play. What matters the form, however, if the story is there and that too punctuated with scintillant wit and slashing epigram? Whether you agree with Chesterton that Shaw is one of the most sincere reformers extant or find in him only a buffoon prostituting his philosophy for the sake of a laugh the fact remains that any one who takes his gray matter with him to a Shavian production will have it exercised and thoroughly entertained.

"Misalliance" is sheer fantastic farce, but shot through with flashes of illuminative detail on the questions of parent and child, morals, sociology and political economy. Whether you want it or not beneath all the fun certain indisputable truths are being forced home upon you.

I shall not attempt to retail the plot fantastic and preposterous, almost, as it is. In the main it is the conflict between untrammelled youth and contentious and opined age. Youth shall be served and so it works out.

Produced under the management and direction of William Faversham it stamps that actor as a man of artistic judgment and indubitable taste.

It is a splendid company which he has assembled, it is an admirable scenic equipment with which he has invested the play. Maclyn Arbuckle plays John Tarleton, one of those egotistical middle-class Britishers that Shaw paints with such fine verisimilitude. Arbuckle perfectly realizes it mentally and physically. His impulsive daring daughter is a creature of sterling vitality, charm and humor at the hands of Elisabeth Risdon, while the Polish aviatrix, with her joy of living is most picturesquely personated by Katharine Kaelred. The hysterical Bentley Summerhays, the cock-sure Johnny Tarleton and the firmly-poised Percival are deftly interpreted by Philip Leigh, Frederick Lloyd and Warburton Gamble.

The humanity of Mrs. Tarleton and the polished contentment of Lord Summerhays are equally admirable as acted by Mrs. Edmund Gurney and George Fitzgerald, while as the down-trodden but emotional enthusiast gunner, Malcolm Morley gives a sketch of vital value, a wonderful blend of comedy and pathos. To me "Misalliance" is a sheer delight.

BIJOU. "SATURDAY TO MONDAY." Play in four acts by William J. Hurlbut, suggested by a story by Jessie Leach Rector. Produced on October 1, with this cast:

Mrs. Ercoll	Teresa Maxwell-Conover
Mrs. McVey	Eleanor Hutchison
Lucy Delaney	Constance Binney
Arthur Barnard	Cecil Yapp
Foxcroft Grey	Norman Trevor
Susanne	Ruth Maycliffe
McCauley	Charles F. McCarthy
Charlie Hamilton	Saxon Kling
Dot Carrington	Eva Le Gallienne
Mrs. Entwistle	Marie Haynes
Mary	Elizabeth Brown

ONCE more an effort at an American comedy of manners has been shipwrecked on the treacherous shoals of farce. In W. J. Hurlbut's "Saturday to Monday," which Mr. Ames so delightfully produced at the Bijou, the farce—two acts of it—is sandwiched in between the comedy.

The piece opens effervescently, with Teresa Maxwell-Conover shedding Wildeian epigrams profusely and pleasantly. She has a daughter, Ruth Maycliffe, who has had a stultifying matrimonial experience with a jealous husband named Rollo. As a result, daughter has become a soap-box feminist, unwilling to yield to her love for the amiable Norman Trevor.

That gentleman, however, growing importunate, daughter hits upon the idea of a contract marriage which shall be binding only at week-ends. Four days of each week both shall be absolutely free. So far, so good—for comedy of manners.

Then comes the farce. Ruth spends the first week-end with Norman. As she is leaving for liberty suspicious things happen. She returns abruptly to find a youthful anti-suffragist lady in the apartment. Wife gets promptly jealous and decides to make hubby likewise by visiting a harmless playwright late at night and sending an anonymous telegram to hubby, bidding him visit the playwright at the same hour.

Nothing comes of all this but climbing in and out of fire-escape windows, trapping a janitor who later carries Miss Maycliffe, kicking and squealing out of bachelors' chambers, and more silliness in the playwright's bungalow, which would be unbearable but for the skilful caricaturing furnished by Cecil Yapp.

The last act, which brings back Mrs. Conover and comedy, is decidedly appealing. The week-end wife breaks the contract and is only too glad to become a regular seven-day wife.

Mr. Trevor, Miss Maycliffe, Miss Le Gallienne, and Miss Haynes, in addition to those already named, give nearly perfect performances.

As farce "Saturday to Monday" is incredible burlesque. As comedy

(Concluded on page 328)



Photos White

JEANNE EAGELS AND GEORGE ARLISS IN
"HAMILTON" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER



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JOSEPH CAWTHORN AND JULIA SANDERSON
IN "RAMBLER ROSE" AT THE EMPIRE



ELIZABETH PATTERSON, DAVID HIGGINS AND
KATE MORGAN IN "THE FAMILY EXIT"



LEO CARILLO AND GRACE VALENTINE
IN "LOMBARDI, LTD." AT THE MOROSCO

P L A Y S T H A T P L E A S E B R O A D W A Y

STAGE WOMEN DOING THEIR BIT

By HELEN TEN BROECK



WHEN the arms of France turned back the barbaric wave that threatened to submerge that beloved country in deep seas of Prussian savagery, we all blessed the valor of the French, but told ourselves that back of that desperate effort was no real stamina, no fibre, no national vertebrae; that the fighting qualities of France lacked staying power and would yield after the first brave rally to the stolid irresistible onslaught of German arms. We all said it; America as one voice, you and I as trembling individuals, praying against prayer, hoping against hope for the final triumph of France through the aid of her allies. How magnificently the world was mistaken has been proven by the flint-and-fire stamina which has won continuous and bitterly contested victories for French arms, and has been spurred to fresh courage and conquest.

In a smaller sense we said the same slighting thing of the staying qualities of the American actress when the Stage Women's War Relief Association sprung into being less than a year ago. Managers and friends of the profession and some actors and actresses themselves declared that it was fine of our girls to think of this splendid thing, but of course when they were confronted with the colorless grind of continued hard work with no possible chance of great newspaper "notices," the spirits of the group of workers would droop and their enthusiasm and activity die in the trenches "somewhere on Fifth Avenue."

AGAIN prophecy failed. To-day at the rooms of the Stage Women's War Relief the work born of the example of Minnie Dupree and the energies of Rachel Crothers and her associates is going along like a sweeping river of help and healing that carries splendid freights of relief to various war fronts and base hospitals "out there."

Big actresses and little actresses, stars whose brilliance has long brightly illuminated the dramatic horizon, and young players whose names you have never heard, perhaps, sit side by side through all the daylight hours, working in gray November with the same creative and executive enthusiasm which marked the first fine burst of enthusiasm with which Miss Crothers' idea was hailed and put into execution in the early Spring.

For to Rachel Crothers, president of the Stage Women's War Relief, is due the honor of the actual launching of this great work. It happened this way. Miss Minnie Dupree, star of "The Road to Yesterday," headliner in vaudeville, and well-known actress of leading comedy and ingénue rôles, had joined the Red Cross forces at the first call for workers, at its New York branches,

and by two years of unremitting service had not only won her duly certified credentials as an official "instructor in surgical dressings," but had accomplished a wider work in interesting sister actresses in the same high cause. Then, too, many stage women were independently working wherever they found an outlet for their activities in the many-sided phases of war relief work.



TO co-ordinate and stabilize all these energies, to render effective the least and the greatest activities of actresses in this task of humane ministry, Miss Crothers suggested the formation of an organization of stage women "on their own," to work with the far-reaching national movements of relief, and do their bit to make the world safe for democracy.

Immediately the whole profession sprang to the colors, and the Stage Women's War Relief was an accomplished fact. To-day there is no busier and no more efficient hive of industry in all the buzzing centres of war work than the headquarters at 366 Fifth Avenue where from nine until four daily stage women fill every

certificated and highly critical eye; humbly doing over and over again the tiresome cutting and folding until perfection, which is the standard of the Stage Women's War Relief, is attained. Side by side have worked with equal patience hundreds of talented girls whom fame has failed to lead to such heights as their star sisters, all determined that the profession they represent shall not fall behind any other in the magnitude or the perfection of its work. As a result, no better hospital supplies have been received at the front than those which bear the stamp of Miss Dupree's inspection. Official praise in documentary form has reached the rooms over and over again to spur the girls to continued endeavor. More than 100,000 perfect surgical dressings alone have been shipped or stored for shipping since the organization began its work, while other hospital supplies, with comfort kits, sweaters, helmets, garments for war refugees and for wounded fighters, cushions, drains, and every manner of handiwork for helpfulness have found their way directly and through Red Cross and other channels to Italy, France, Belgium, Serbia, Roumania and Russia. Members of the Twelfth Night Club who are

also War Relief girls, have resolved themselves into a "jam committee" and more than four thousand pounds of fruit jams and jellies are ready to go to the hospitals where they are needed on call.



THE perfervid heat of summer, and the rest which actresses find so dear between seasons failed to interrupt the well-adjusted work of the Association. All through the heated term the click of knitting-needles, the snip-snip of scissors, the click-click of larger shears and the happy hum of voices was heard at 366 Fifth Avenue, and at Siasconsett (the summer official capital of Stageland).

Percy Haswell, Mrs. Walter Sanford, Mrs. Sydney Armstrong Smyth, Isabelle Irving, Mrs. Henry Miller and many others well known to the footlights, worked for the Association with energy that wilted not and enthusiasm that no heat could wither. As a result, while surgical dressings by tens of thousands were piling up in the Fifth Avenue work-rooms, sweaters (thirty-four of them), socks and helmets in formidable stacks, and other relief supplies were turned out at 'Sconsett, while a War Relief sale under the auspices of the same group netted one hundred and fifty dollars—and a hundred and fifty dollars, let me tell you, goes quite a way in the purchase of raw material for these busy hands.

Of course, the little sisters of the screen are not forgotten in this work. Six ambulances fully fitted and furnished for war work, comprise the splendid dream of Mrs. J. Stuart Blackton who is chairman of the (Concluded on page 308)



Beals

From nine a.m. till four p.m. daily the women of the stage toil on their merciful self-appointed task for the boys in France

bench and table and sit at the self-imposed task of making dressings, comfort kits, clothing for war babies and war widows and war wounded—knitting, sewing, fashioning comforts for the living and tender wrappings for the dead. Great actresses and lesser ones united in a common work of mercy, joining hands in a loving sisterhood of service with no thought of personal gain or glory.



JULIA MARLOWE and Frances Starr, Mrs. Henry Miller, Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, Blanche Bates and Laurette Taylor, Louise Closser Hale, Margaret Mayo, Dorothy Donnelly and many other stage women whose names you have been accustomed to see in glittering electric lights on Broadway, have sat here, day after day, patiently learning to cut and fold the bandages for sterilized dressings that must be "just so" to pass Miss Dupree's



Architect—James Brown Lord

Photos M. E. Hewitt

"Drop in at Kyalami" is John Drew's gracious bidding to one of his neighbors of the limousine colony in the east half of Long Island. John Drew's invitations are always accepted. Accordingly a large, compactly built house, much veranded and many windowed, of weather stained shingles with green centers, at Easthampton, is often surrounded by forty limousines on a Sunday. Kyalami is no



roadhouse, nor smart inn. It is the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Drew. Its name is a Kaffir word, meaning "The place where we live." Mrs. Drew, who before her marriage was Miss Josephine Baker, a young comedienne, is a hospitable hostess. A feature of the home is the manifest love of color of its occupants. The living room is in red, the library in green, the dining room in blue.

KYALAMI, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. & MRS. JOHN DREW AT EASTHAMPTON, L. I.

THE ART OF ADAPTING PLAYS

By GEORGE M. COHAN



THE two had evidently just finished a matinée,—and they were discussing the production as they boarded a northbound Broadway car.

"It really was good, wasn't it?" the blonde one asked earnestly, "and yet I refused three invitations to see that show before you asked me."

"You flatter me," laughed the lady in sables, "but why?"

"Well, you see, I was just crazy about the book,—and you know what most plays made from books are like."

Her friend nodded.

"Of course this one wasn't perfect,—but honestly, it did seem as if the characters of the book were really living, up there on the stage,—didn't you think so?"

An incoming crowd swept me away from the door and the conversation, which promised to be interesting, for as an adapter of several short stories and books that have had fortune enough to become Broadway successes, I was curious as to the further non-professional analysis as to what made the adapted play they had just seen so much better than the others—that is, in addition to the fact that the characters of the book truly lived in their stage representation.

And now,—looking back to that conversation, I wonder if to that very attribute, the vitality of the characters, is not due about sixty per cent. of the success of the adapted play.



THAT there is a decided art in dramatic adaptation, and that it is difficult seems to be a fact recognized as truth not only by playwrights and managers, but by audiences themselves. And they have reached their decision, not by any lengthy arguments and discursive studies, but by going to the theatre and seeing books that were best sellers, and therefore enjoyable, presented as very bad plays, plays that frequently did not last as long as the two weeks generally allotted to the Broadway failure.

As it is through the failures we come to know the successes, it might be well to analyze one or two of the adapted plays that did not succeed and then contrast their good and bad points with plays that were successful from a box-office standpoint. And that, by the way, is the only way an author can judge his play. The degree of his success can be judged by his clever lines, how many seasons the play is good for, what the critics say of it,—but success, pure and simple, is weighed by the money that comes through the little window a dollar or two at a time.

One of the most glaring failures I have in mind was the dramatization of a very popular novel that as a serial and novel caused a decided sensation by frank portrayal of a type of girl well known to our larger cities. The announcement that it was to be made into a play created considerable stir, and when the cast was selected it contained any number of well-known names.

Then came the opening night. The dramatization had been made by the author, who had previously written one or two plays,—and the unfolding of the play showed that he had carefully tried to put the entire action of the book into one evening's entertainment. As the book ran something over five hundred pages the show

had to hurry to end by midnight, and in the hurry, rushed to failure.

There was one other very serious fault with the play in question and that was the fact that the girl cast for the title part was hardly the type portrayed in the book. All the newspapers commented on the fact the following morning and that fact alone kept the public away, for in a dramatic adaptation the one thing that is absolutely necessary is that the types which appeared in the book be faithfully kept in the stage representation.



WHEN, after reading Mr. Chester's very human and humorous "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" stories, and seeing a play in the character, the first thing I did was to sketch in the people in the story who would appear in the play. In the case of Wallingford, the adaptation was not being made from a book, but from short stories, and incidents from several of the stories were used in the play.

These incidents were carefully read, and then, once they had made a lasting impression in my mind, Mr. Chester's script was discarded and the work commenced in earnest. The first thing I did was to sketch in the action of the play, and how many characters would be required.

The dramatic adapter needs to be very careful with his characters, even the woman in the car knew that. After all, the audience, seeing an adapted play, has more vivid memories of the characters of the book than of the situations. If some of the more prominent situations are included, some of the bits that were so human that they could not be forgotten, then the audience is perfectly satisfied to overlook any changes,—any additions, or omissions.

Once the action and characters required are thoroughly in mind the actual writing of the lines is started. In an ordinary drama,—the work of some author's brain,—this does not mean much more than mechanical labor provided each scene and act has been mentally studied beforehand.

With an adaptation, however, the writing of the lines is difficult, often laborious. The reason is obvious. In a new drama which one has just created the lines may express the opinion of George M. Cohan,—in an adapted play they must express and reveal the thoughts of the author of the stories—in the language of the characters of the story. For example, imagine Wallingford and Blackie Daw talking Harvard English,—and leaving the slang out of their conversation. They were petty grafters, those two, very human, and they had to live their stage lives so that they could leave the play with a happy ending.

And so I labored for hours over single speeches, worked out situations and tore them up when I had finished, all in my endeavor to create play characters that were story characters.

Once these characters and the play surrounding them were in what I considered their best shape, there was another trying period of casting which is more difficult when an adapted play is being produced than in an ordinary drama. A miscasting in an ordinary drama may, or may not, be serious. Frequently a player will give a good performance of a character, and yet the character as shown to Broadway will be different from the author's conception. Such a mis-

conception would be fatal to an adapted drama.

Do you remember Blackie Daw? And the waitress? And the old fellow who came in and looked down on the covered carpet tacks? Just the types you imagined when you read the stories. To get these types, however, meant a long search along the Rialto. Several times a player would appear to be a physical type, and then fail in the delivery of the lines. In the end the cast was about as near a reproduction of the types of the stories as it is possible for it to be,—and Wallingford played in one New York theatre for over a year.

Wallingford, however, was a comedy,—and its types were rather exaggerated. In the drama, where the types more closely resemble the people one meets daily, the writing and casting is even more difficult, for Wallingford types can be slightly overdrawn, while exaggerating the smarter types means something close to burlesque.

There are two very successful dramatic adaptations playing in New York at the present time, and in each case, while the play and the book are closely related, there is an element in the success which helps the adapter materially. This element is mechanical. The two plays I refer to are "The Masquerader" and "Peter Ibbetson."



ONE of these dramas has a dual personality to help make it interesting, the other, the wonderful playing of a popular actor and some dream scenery. In both cases, when the plays were being reviewed by critics,—and incidentally they were highly praised,—mention was made that frequently one became so absorbed in the mechanics of the drama as to have the thread of the story swept into the background. Such playwriting is difficult, and yet, looking at it from one angle, easy.

I really think that any dramatic adapter of to-day faces one of the hardest jobs ever handed out to anyone, a job harder than it was ten years ago. The reason for this is the movies. I had recently finished reading a light but interesting novel, and having a spare hour I went to the movies. It chanced to be a screen version of the novel,—and in one short hour and forty minutes they gave me about as accurate a resumé of the story as I have ever seen. In thinking it over afterwards I realized that only the more dramatic part of the story could ever have been used on the stage,—and here were audiences getting accustomed to seeing the whole story,—in detail.

There is one branch of literature that I believe the dramatic adapter will do well to let severely alone, and that is the classics, or even the semi-classics. In looking back over the past few years there have been several attempts to make plays about the characters of Dickens and Thackeray. They have never been decidedly successful, some of the productions have been bad failures. The reason for this is that almost every reader of one of the standard classics has a definite idea of the characters, and no two ideas are alike. It is just the same as writing a play about a famous man. He has been idealized,—and the ideals differ. Of course there have been some of Dickens' stories made into plays,—"Oliver Twist" was a big hit twenty years ago, but as a rule dramatic adaptations of such novels are far from perfect.



Goldberg

(Left)

LAURA HOPE CREWS

A charming, whimsical society woman in William Hurlbut's comedy "Romance and Arabella" is Miss Crews' rôle this season. In the new play she essays a part in marked contrast to her recent interesting characterization in "Peter Ibbetson," and incidentally returns to her old love—high comedy



(Right)

VIOLET HEMING

No wonder Miss Heming is never off Broadway! Her beauty and ability have earned her a place among our leading actresses. Successful in "The Flame," "Under Fire" and "The Lie," she is to appear shortly on Broadway in Sydney Rosenfeld's play "Under Pressure"

© Ira L. Hill

TWO INTERVIEWS

By HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL



IT was my privilege to know the Washington Square Players before they became famous.

In those days one could safely admit such acquaintance. Few cared whether you knew them or not and the utmost of comment was a reference to "those nuts who are starting another amateur theatre."

But now it is a dangerous thing to confess even to a passing acquaintance with the opulent coterie who have leased the Comedy Theatre, who have supplied actors and scenery to Broadway, who have become known from London to San Francisco, and who boast more boiled shirts in their audience than any other theatre in New York except the Metropolitan Opera House. Merely to be acquainted with the Washington Square Players puts you in peril.

Someone whom you met at last night's reception calls you up.

"Delighted to have met you last night," he says. "We must see more of each other. By the way, you said you were acquainted with Mr. Goodman of the Washington Square Players, didn't you? How interesting. By the way, let's get together some time. Why not meet me at my club this afternoon and have a drink?"

You know what is coming. After the second drink has been ordered and your mutual friends have been disposed of, your new friend remarks quite casually:

"Oh, by the way, I wonder if you would do something for me? I have a niece, a most talented girl, who lives in Kansas. She is sure that she must go on the stage—insists on it. Her parents simply don't know what to do with her, so they thought she might join the Washington Square Players. Do you think you could prevail on Mr. Goodman—?"



OR there is your lawyer friend who confesses that he has written a one-act play—right out of his own experience—which he has been revising for the past six years. Could you prevail upon Mr. Goodman—? He will gladly defray the expenses of the production and even make it worth Mr. Goodman's while, etc.—

So I do not dare permit myself to be seen with Mr. Goodman in public. I consult him—if he has time to see me—only behind closed doors, and only for professional purposes, as, for instance, this interview.

It was three years ago that I first interviewed the Washington Square Players as a corporate body. They were gathered in the back room of Albert and Charles Boni's Bookshop on Macdougall Street, in that Italia Irredenta, the southern fringe of Greenwich Village.

"Do you know anybody who would subscribe to our theatre?" asked Lawrence Langner, the business manager. "Five dollars a season for two seats at each of our five productions. We have four subscriptions already and another promised."

The house manager was dolefully reporting that he could find no theatre available at a rental of less than \$50 a month, and the legal counsel was adding that the law required a set of fire extinguishers costing at least ten subscriptions. The tone of the meeting was pessimistic.

When the session had adjourned I sought my interview. "Yes," said Mr. Goodman, "the

American theatre, as it exists to-day, is all wrong. There's just one thing to do—sweep the whole system away and begin all over. That's what we intend to do."

"You see," added Philip Moeller, "we've got to assert the rights of the human soul. The American theatre has no place for the subtler nuances of drama. The whole system is wrong. The acting is mechanical, the production lifeless and the scenery damn—no, it is worse, it is positively mid-Victorian. The trouble is that the whole system is commercial. The American theatre is aiming at nothing but the dollar."

"I wish I could find another subscriber," said Lawrence Langner. "That would make six."

"Say, I'm hungry," put in Helen Westley. "Let's go around to Pa Gallup's and get an egg sandwich."

So we all went out and discussed art.



RECALLING the pleasant conversation that had accompanied that egg sandwich, I went the other day to interview my old friends of the Washington Square Players, now busy and prosperous and much accustomed to interviews and pictures in the daily press. The elevator man in the loft building on 41st Street told me that the business offices and studios were on the second, third, fourth and fifth floors. I took a chance on the fourth. The clatter of many typewriters smote my ears.

"I'll refer you to Mr. Goodman's secretary," said the pretty blonde at the switchboard. "Your name, please."

Mr. Goodman's secretary was occupied at the moment. The head office-boy gave my name to another office-boy, who disappeared into an inner office. Presently Mr. Goodman's secretary appeared.

"Mr. Goodman is very busy these days," she explained. "He isn't seeing anybody until next month."

I ventured the remark that I was an old friend.

She smiled wanly and said: "You see, Mr. Goodman has so many demands on his time just now. If you will give me your name and address and telephone number, I will bring the matter to his attention and send you word."



SOME weeks later I received a note telling me that Mr. Goodman would see me the following Friday at 2:30. I was ushered down a long corridor, past a number of offices, to the large room at the end. As I entered, Mr. Goodman was studying the photograph of a pretty young lady who had apparently applied for employment as ingenue.

"Welcome," he said, as he motioned me to a seat. "No, I'm rather fond of my own," he added, refusing my proffered Virginias and reaching for his box of imported Russian cigarettes.

I explained that I wished to interview him about the work of the Washington Square Players.

"In regard to the technical work I must refer you to our Mr. Pennington," he replied. "Mr. Pennington is busy this month superintending the lighting for Raymond Hitchcock's *revue* at the Cohan and Harris, so you can't see

him. As for the scenery and production, you must see Mr. Lawson and Mr. Moeller, but I'm afraid they can't be seen either. They have finished their work on "Hitchy-Koo," and are at present at the Palace conferring about some one-act pieces for the circuit. The costume department is simply swamped with work for Broadway productions just now and musn't be disturbed." I expressed my disappointment.

"In regard to our general aims and ideal," he continued, "we view with alarm the growing tendency of half-baked amateurs to usurp the field properly belonging to the trained professional. They suppose that what they call inspiration will take the place of years of practical experience behind the footlights. Every week, it seems, a new amateur company springs up, proclaiming that all the work which practical theatre men have done is valueless, and promising to effect a revolution over night. I notice that there is still another company starting up in Greenwich Village, where most of these crack-brained schemes originate. Its directors complain that the American theatre is becoming commercial. Commercial! They forget that every good theatre is a commercial theatre. There is just one test of excellence in dramatic art—the box office."

He paused a moment, and then glancing at his watch added: "Have I given you what you want? I'm sorry, but I have an appointment with David Belasco, and after that I must confer with Arthur Hopkins. You might look at our press books on the way out. They will give you any other information you may need."

He pressed an electric button and before I realized it I was being ushered out toward the clicking typewriters.



I LEARNED from the secretary that many of my friends who had been with the company in its early struggles had graduated to Broadway. Roland Young I talked with while he was waiting for his entrance cue in "A Successful Calamity."

"The Actor's Art," he said, "consists of technique, more technique, and always technique. That is why these upstart amateur companies invariably fail." I missed Teddy Gibson, who was then rehearsing in "Mary's Ankle," but I found Helen Westley in her dressing-room at the Lyceum Theatre, making up for her part with Shelley Hull in "The Lasso." Margaret Mower was with her.

"When I was with Bernhardt—" began Miss Mower, reflectively.

"Never mind Bernhardt," interrupted Miss Westley. "Save her for supper to-night.—You see," she added, turning to me, "I simply can't keep in condition unless I drop into the Claridge for a bite of terrapin before I go to sleep."

I left the theatre and ran across Lawrence Langner, now the consulting business manager. "I'm trying to think of a scheme," he said, "for keeping our subscription list confined to the really nice people. It doesn't look right to have those Greenwich Village nuts overrunning the place. It makes it look as though we were just one of those amateur art theatres."

I confessed my ignorance of practical business, and sadly taking my leave, went into a nearby dairy lunch and ordered an egg sandwich.



Karl Struss

BLUCH LANDOLF—IN SILHOUETTE—AN ARTIST IN THE LINE OF PANTOMIME



White

The funmakers—(left to right) Bart, Tony Ladella, Dippy Diers, Fred Walton, John Hendricks, Nat M. Wills, Malbia, Bluch Landolf, and Arthur Hill

THE MEN WHO HELP "CHEER UP" AT THE HIPPODROME

DRAMA A LA CARTE

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



THE SCENE:

The dressing room of a New York theatre. As the curtain rises, Love Element is discovered at the dressing-table, making himself beautiful for the evening performance. He is of the Byronic type with curly-black hair and dark poetic eyes. As he puts rouge on his lips he gazes into the mirror like Hyacinth in love with his own image. Enter Uplift, a thin, ascetic-looking person attired in dark, clerical-cut garments. He looks smug and pious and when he smiles his expression is unctuous and complacent.

UPLIFT

(Smiling) Ah, I see you are preparing for the scene with the fair heroine.

LOVE ELEMENT

(Romantically) I adore that scene! It carries me into a zone of purest poetry. The lines are exquisite. I am constantly reminded of the great Shakespeare himself. And how the audience applauds when I make love to Charmian! Without that scene the play would fail utterly.

UPLIFT

Bosh! It is *me* that has made the play. I am the Alpha and the Omega of every play. The managers wouldn't put one on without *me*.

LOVE ELEMENT

(Angrily) Your egotism becomes unbearable. Do you think for a moment that audiences crowd the theatre to hear you preach? Absurd! They come to see me make love to Charmian. I am the essence of romance that is in every man and woman. No playwright to-day dares ignore me.

UPLIFT

What do you suppose would become of you if I didn't stand at your side in the last act?

LOVE ELEMENT

(Scornfully) Some of the greatest plays ever written managed to toddle along without you.

UPLIFT

(Didactically) Those were the plays of yesterday. We are discussing the plays of to-day. You whisper sweet nothings. I inspire preachers and editorial writers. I preach the gospel of optimism and send the audiences away feeling that the world is not a vale of tears but a place of sunshine and joy. I appeal to the tired business man. I—

LOVE ELEMENT

(Wearily) You are a sop to Cerberus, that's all.

UPLIFT

(Complacently) Without that sop, my dear fellow, the play would be torn to pieces.

LOVE ELEMENT

(Blackening his eyebrows) That's merely what the managers say.

UPLIFT

(Sharply) It's what everybody says.

(Enter Comic Relief, dressed in motley, with a cap and bells on his head.)



COMIC RELIEF

(Pretending to stumble over his own feet) Tut, tut, children, be of good cheer. The worst is yet to come.

UPLIFT

(Sourly) Nothing could be worse than your cheap wit.

COMIC RELIEF

(Grinning) Jealous cat! Where would you two chaps get off if it wasn't for me?

UPLIFT

(Sarcastically) At one-night stands, I suppose?

COMIC RELIEF

(Imperturbably) You've got me, Stephen. I'm the Little Brighteyes that brings in the shekels. I furnish the laughs and the audience eats 'em up. (Strutting around) Believe me, I'm class, gentlemen. Class with a capital C.

LOVE ELEMENT

(Spitefully) You mean you're an ass with a capital A.

COMIC RELIEF

I'm the whole show. I'm the friend of the author, the public and the box-office. I'm the prop of the modern drama. "Ah, here's our old friend Comic Relief," they say when I step out on the stage, and I always get a hand.

UPLIFT

(Sneering) You should get the boot.

COMIC RELIEF

(Executing a jig-step) "I don't care! I don't care!"

LOVE ELEMENT

(Admiring himself in the mirror) You haven't brains enough to care about anything.

COMIC RELIEF

(Cheerfully) Come, come, gentlemen, don't let's cast asparagus on one another's character. We must stand together. We are the three Graces of the modern stage. With such a trio the play is invincible. We—

(He is interrupted by the violent throwing open of the door. A tall man dressed like a cowboy and wearing a sombrero and a fierce black mustache bursts into the room like a tornado.)



THE PUNCH

(Crossing to Comic Relief and shaking him like a rat) You lie, you dog! You lie in your teeth! (Turning to the others with a roar) You lie, too, both of you! For two cents I would shoot up the whole damned establishment. How dare you ignore me like this? (Releasing Comic Relief and striking his chest with a hairy fist) I'm the whole cheese in the modern play. Deny it, any of you, and I'll choke the lying words down your throats. I'm the show-horse of the manager, the royal flush of the playwright and the one best bet of the second-balcony. I'm the Theodore Roosevelt of the stage. I'm the Big Stick, the Knock Out, the Thunderbolt. I'm the dynamic force of the Twentieth Century personified. I'm IT! Do you get me? I'm IT!

LOVE ELEMENT

COMIC RELIEF

UPLIFT

Who are you?

THE PUNCH

(With a roar) I'm THE PUNCH!

LOVE ELEMENT

(Faintly) I—I beg your pardon!

UPLIFT

(Piously) Brother, I salute you as a colleague. You and I have preserved the life of the modern drama.

COMIC RELIEF

(Crossing to The Punch and putting out his hand with a grin) We've got to hand it to you, kiddo. You're there with the goods all the time.

THE PUNCH

(Mollified) Huh! Now you're beginning to talk sense. I—

(He is interrupted by a loud wailing sound that rings through the theatre. All four look at one another uneasily and there is a dramatic pause.)

LOVE ELEMENT

What was that?

COMIC RELIEF

I'll go out and see.

(Exit Comic Relief)

UPLIFT

It sounded like a lost soul in purgatory.

THE PUNCH

Huh!

LOVE ELEMENT

(Shuddering) It was dreadful!

(Enter Comic Relief with a look of indifference on his face)

COMIC RELIEF

(Humming) "That tick, tick, tick, tick, Oh, that tick-i-lish rag!"

THE PUNCH

(Angrily) Cut the singing! What was that noise outside?

COMIC RELIEF

(Yawning) Real Drama was dying, that's all.

UPLIFT

Is he dead?

COMIC RELIEF

Yes.

LOVE ELEMENT

(Sighing) Poor old thing!

UPLIFT

(Thoughtfully) He was an unconscionable time a-dying.

THE PUNCH

(Brutally) I'm damn glad he's dead! He was out of place on the modern stage anyhow.

COMIC RELIEF

Ain't it the truth!

UPLIFT

(Didactically) His death will not be without a certain significance to the world. From his ashes there will rise, Phoenix-like, a newer drama—a better and a stronger drama. For every one of God's creatures that dies, there is always a better substitute being born. That is the message of optimism. That—

COMIC RELIEF

(Frantically) Chop it! Chop it! Where do you think you are? In church?

THE PUNCH

(To Uplift, menacingly) Say, Bo, I'm going to soak you one if you start that line of talk again.



STAGE MANAGER

(Entering in a panic) Come, come, Comic Relief, you are badly needed on the stage. The audience is beginning to think.

COMIC RELIEF

I'll be there with bells on. (Turning to the others with a grin) Here's where I get a big laugh, fellows. (Exits.)

STAGE MANAGER

I won't need you, Uplift, until the last act—just before the final curtain. (To Love Element) Are you ready for your entrance cue?

LOVE ELEMENT

Yes.

STAGE MANAGER

You'll get it in three minutes. (Turning to The Punch) Don't you forget, Punch, that the big scene is in the third act. That's where you come in strong. (Concluded on page 308)



Campbell

BEATRICE ALLEN

An attractive young player appearing in Arthur Hammerstein's new musical production "Furs and Frills" at the Casino



Sarony

EDITH HALLOR

"Leave it to Jane"—that is, leave it to Miss Hallor in the title rôle of the smart musical comedy at the Longacre to captivate her audiences nightly



National

EMILIE LEA

Dancing a Futurist Jazz with Nigel Barrie in a new musical revue on Broadway



Moffett

AUDREY MAPLE

Who played the prima donna rôle in "Good Night, Paul," the musical farce recently at the Hudson and now on tour



Rochlitz

GEORGIA O'RAMEY

As Flora Wiggins, this clever actress dances and sings her way successfully through "Leave It to Jane"

SOME BLOSSOMS OF STAGELAND

PUTTING PEP INTO SPECTACLE

By R. H. BURNSIDE



THE manager of a theatre in a South-western city, a rare visitor to New York, was my guest at the Hippodrome one evening, and before it was time for the curtain, he sat in a box and enjoyed his first thrill as he watched the big house fill up.

"Say," he asked after about ten minutes, "I've heard about this Hippodrome show,—and I've heard about your spectacular musical comedies that cost \$100,000, but this is the first time I've ever had the chance of cornering one of the fellows responsible. How do you do it?" And he waved his hand out over the house.

For a minute I was what the schoolboy would call "stumped." I wanted to give an intelligent answer,—but, if possible, to sum up the situation in a very few words.

"By never letting in a dull moment," I said finally, and thinking now of my answer I believe that it is the keynote of the success of all spectacular productions.

Of course the spectacular production may be dramatic, but that is outside of my particular field, so in referring to spectacular plays, only those of a musical nature are being considered.

There are four great requisites for success with spectacular musical plays. 1. It must have the Spirit of Youth. 2. There must be Color in Harmony. 3. There must be good, catchy music. 4. There must be Continuous Comedy.

To elaborate, one might take as an example, the latest Hippodrome production, the famous "Chin Chin" show, or Mr. Stone's new production "Jack o' Lantern." One of the greatest assets of any of these plays is the chorus girl. They must all be young and fair to look on. They must look spontaneously filled with the joy of youth. The same is true with the principals. Bored prima donnas are not needed in spectacles; everywhere there must be youth. The chorus girls in such a production are the background on which the work is built.



AND there must be good music for them to sing. The smaller musical productions can get along very well with music that is pretty, that has real charm in its lyrics,—but the spectacular shows want smashing tunes that have to be whistled and hummed as the audiences leave the theatre.

For the coloring, the changes of costumes must be many and startling. The same applies to the scenes. To again contrast with the more intimate type of revue which is very popular at present,—it would be impossible for Mr. Stone to appear in a play giving his talents full scope unless he could have a shifting background. These very dainty indoor "sets" would absolutely ruin his work. He needs magnificence—a hint of the unreal, for after all the spectacle depends on the lure of the unreal, a glimpse of fairyland, to make its appeal.

The need for good music is of course obvious, as is the comedy requirement.

To again contrast the truly spectacular play with the quieter variety there is no need of quiet lines to build up the plot of the spectacle. All that is necessary is that before the applause from one bit of entertainment is gone, the next piece of fun is ready. That is why the specialty performer, with real talent, is in demand for spectacles,—the six Brown Brothers, for instance,—or Belle Story, they make interesting

some moment that might be dull. A dull moment is the curse of a spectacular show,—the reason why such productions fail. I have figured it out rather carefully and experience has led me to believe that one bad line kills six good lines, just as it takes six good scenes to erase the deadening, restless effect of one bad scene. Every scene, every act of a spectacular production must end in the staccato.

"But how can you tell a dull spot before the first performance?" is the eternal theatrical question.

You can't—always, any more than you can positively tell the line that is going to bring the biggest laugh,—or the song that will get the most applause.

Generally, however, it is possible to eliminate during dress rehearsals, moments that are absolutely dull.



IN last year's production of the Hippodrome we had as a first scene, several characters come to life from a billboard. In the original script, these characters had considerable dialogue, explanatory of the course of the play. During final rehearsals, however, I noticed that when this scene was in progress, Mr. Dillingham was always restless—and finally, just a few minutes before the last rehearsal, I cut out the dialogue.

The rehearsal proceeded, and when Mr. Dillingham missed the dialogue, he asked me about it.

"I cut it out."

"You did," he laughed. "Oh, that's too bad, I wanted to do that myself."

By such methods—literally studying the spectators, even though they are only members of the show who are watching from the wings,—can dull spots be eliminated.

Interest! In the literary game they are always talking about "sustained interest," and in the spectacular play we worship sustained interest as a god. There are no rules to follow which lead to interest;—as long as it is present it makes no difference where it comes from. The show may open with a spectacle or a monologue—but it must improve scene by scene,—act by act—and the culminating climax must be a smashing punch that sends the audience away happy.

Just as long as you please the public—and put the high spots of the show towards the end, then you can count on success.



A RATHER remarkable incident of putting the best last is one that I believe has never been told. This was when "Watch Your Step" was taken to the Empire Theatre, London. Shortly before the production, an early closing law went into effect, and it was necessary to shorten the play. The script was carefully examined and it was found possible to play what was the second act at the New Amsterdam Theatre, as the first act, and give the first act with its smashing climax as the final. The third we just forgot.

And the story of the play—there never was enough to do any harm,—so it did not cause any inconvenience.

The story of a spectacular play is really of little importance, in fact it is so unimportant

that too much story is a burden. In my work of the past few years I have had two failures, "The Three Romeos," and "The Dancing Duchess." Both had too much plot,—and to that I attribute their non-success.

There must be some story, however, even such a big spectacle as the Hippodrome show has to have a story to start with,—or, perhaps I could be more correct if I said,—an idea.

Once this idea is on hand, and the book and music has been written, it is up to the producer to put "pep" into the show. This is work that requires much thought. First comes the engagement of the chorus, and then the principals and specialty performers. Whenever there is a dragging moment, in goes a specialty. Perhaps, as in the case of Mr. Stone, the star is able to do plenty of specialty work himself,—but no matter where it comes from, something new and startling must be constantly before the audience when a song hit is not in progress. And the fun must be spontaneous,—we work hours and hours for just that effect. The actors have to appear to be having a good time to put the spirit into the audience. The dances have to be lively—and it takes deep thought and long hours of rehearsals to make them so. I have worked two hours on the dance for one encore of the chorus of a catchy song—but in the two minutes that the number is before the audience it sets their blood tingling, and brings applause.



THE rehearsals for a spectacular production take anywhere from four to six weeks if the work is done quickly,—some managements seem to feel that eight or even ten weeks are necessary. And during the rehearsals the piece is often entirely rewritten. The author thinks of some new bit of business,—and discards an old one. The producer sees a moment that is uninteresting, and devises some new dance movement. It is a constant tearing down and rebuilding,—until at the end the finished work is ready for the final scrutiny.

The final scrutiny, which is commonly called the dress rehearsal, may develop the most startling situation. The producer may find that what he considered a perfectly safe number is flat,—that there is no "pep" to it. That means elimination, or more work. I have often taken a song number and by working two or three hours, devised a beautiful chorus effect that would make a hit in spite of words and music that were not above the average.

I have even found out, after hours of work that such a scene is impossible, and ruthlessly thrown out. Ruthless cutting is one of the reasons for "pep" in spectacular productions. A scenic set that costs thousands is frequently discarded at the dress rehearsal because the material to be used with it is found lacking in vitality.

But after all, it's a great game of chance. I cut the dialogue out of the scene in "Hip-Hip-Hooray" last year, and I let "Poor Butterfly" go on because we had a Japanese prima donna,—and no better song. As soon as the production was launched, however, I started to look for a better song,—and found after a few weeks that the song we had all decided to reject, was steadily growing in public favor. Just what a favorite it grew to be is history, for I doubt if there was ever a more successful piece of music.



Photos White

Edith Taliaferro

THE BARN DANCE IN ACT III OF "MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS" AT THE CORT



Philip Leigh, Malcolm Morley, Warburton Gamble, Elisabeth Risdon, Mrs. Edmund Gurney, Katherine Kaelred and Maclyn Arbuckle

SCENE IN SHAW'S "MISALLIANCE" WHICH OPENED THE NEW BROADHURST THEATRE

OLD DAYS AND NEW

By CARL VAN VECHTEN



SOME toothless old sentimentalist or other periodically sets up a melancholy howl for "the good old days of comic opera," whatever or whenever they were. Perhaps none of us, once past forty, is guiltless in this respect. Nothing, not even the smell of an apple-blossom from the old homestead, the sight of a daguerreotype of a miss one kissed at the age of ten, or a taste of a piece of the kind of pie that "mother used to make" so arouses the sensibility of a man of middle age as the memory of some musical show which he saw in his budding manhood. That is why revivals of these venerable institutions are frequently projected and, some of them, very successfully accomplished. When a manager revives an old drama he must appeal to the interest of his audience; it may not be the identical interest which held the original spectators of the piece spell-bound, but, none the less, it must be an interest. When a manager revives an old musical comedy he appeals directly to sentiment.



OF course, the exact date of the good old days is a variable quantity. I have known a vain regretter to turn no further back than to the nights of "The Merry Widow," "The Waltz Dream," "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Girl in the Taxi" and "The Dollar Princess," in other words to the Viennese renaissance; another, in using the phrase, is subconsciously conjuring up pictures of "La Belle Hélène," "Orphée aux Enfers," or "La Fille de Madame Angot," good fodder for memory to feed on here; a third will instinctively revert to the Johann Strauss operetta period, the era of "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" and "Die Fledermaus"; a fourth cries, "Give us Gilbert and Sullivan!" (just here, of course, we are encroaching on the preserves of musical and dramatic art); a fifth when his ideas are chased to their lair, will rhapsodize endlessly over the charms of the London Gaiety when "The Geisha," "The Country Girl," and "The Circus Girl" were in favor; a sixth, it seems, finds his pleasure in "Americana," "Robin Hood," "Wang," "The Babes in Toyland," and "El Capitan"; a seventh becomes maudlin to the most utter degree when you mention "Les Cloches de Corneville," or "La Mascotte," products of a decadent stage in the history of French opéra-bouffe. Not long ago I heard a man speak of the cadet operas in Boston (did a man named Barnett write them?) as the last of the great musical pieces; and everyone of you who reads this article will have a brother, or a son, or a friend who went to see "Sybil" forty-three times and "The Girl from Utah" seventy-six. Twenty years from now, as he sits before the open fire, the mere mention of "They Wouldn't Believe Me" will cause the tears to course down his cheeks as he pats the pate of his infant son or daughter and weepingly describes the never-to-be-forgotten fascination of Julia Sanderson, the (in the then days) unattainable agility of Donald Brian.

In no other form of theatrical entertainment is the appeal to softness so direct. The man who attends a performance of a musical farce goes in a good mood, usually with a couple of friends, or possibly with the girl. If he has dined well and his digestion is in working order and he is young enough, the spell of the lights and the music is irresistible to his receptive and impressionable nature. There are those young

men, of course, who are constant attendants because of the altogether too wonderful hair of the third girl from the right in the front row. Others succumb to the dental perfection of the prima donna or to the shapely legs of the soubrette. All of us, I am almost ashamed to admit, at some time or other, are subject to the contagion. I well remember the year in which I considered myself as a possible suitor for the hand of Della Fox. Photographs and posters of this deity adorned my walls. I was an assiduous collector of newspaper clippings referring to her profoundly interesting activities, although my sophistication had not reached the stage where I might appeal to Romeike for assistance. The mere mention of Miss Fox's name was sufficient cause to make me blush profusely. Eventually my father was forced to take steps in the matter when I began, in a valiant effort to summon up the spirit of the lady's presence, to disturb the early morning air with vocal assaults on *She Was a Daisy*, which, you will surely remember, was the musical gem of "The Little Trooper." Here are the words of the refrain:

"She was a daisy, daisy, daisy!
Driving me crazy, crazy, crazy!"
Helen of Troy and Venus were to her cross-eyed
crones!
She was dimpled and rosy, rosy, rosy!
Sweet as a posy, posy, posy!
How I doted upon her, my Ann Jane Jones!"

You will admit, I think, at first glance, the superior literary quality of these lines; you will perceive at once to what immeasurably higher class of art they belong than the lyrics that librettists hand out to us to-day.

Wall Street broker, poet, green grocer, banker, lawyer, whatever you are, confess the facts to yourself: you were once as I. You have suffered the same feelings that I suffered. Perhaps with you it was not Della Fox....Who then? Did saucy Marie Jansen awaken your admiration? Was pert Lulu Glaser the object of your secret but persistent attention? How many times did you go to see Marie Tempest in "The Fencing Master," or Alice Nielsen in "The Serenade?" Was Virginia Earle in "The Circus Girl" the idol of your youth or was it Mabel Barrison in "The Babes in Toyland?" Theresa Vaughn in "1492," May Yohe in "The Lady Slavey," Hilda Hollins in "His Excellency?" Madge Lessing in "Jack and the Beanstalk," Edna May in "The Belle of New York," Phyllis Rankin in "The Rounders," or Gertrude Quinlan in "King Dodo?"



WHAT do you whistle in your bathtub when you are in a reminiscent mood? Is it *The Typical Tune of Zanzibar*, or *Baby, Baby, Dance My Darling Baby*, or *Starlight, Starbright*, or *Tell Me, Pretty Maiden*, or *A Simple Little String*, or *J'aime les Militaires* (if you whistle this ten to one your next door neighbor thinks you have been to an orchestral concert and heard Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony*), or *Sister Mary Jane's Top Note*, or *A Wandering Minstrel I*, or *See How It Sparkles*, or the *Lullaby* from "Erminie," which Pauline Hall used to sing as if she herself were asleep, or *A Pretty Girl, A Summer Night*, or the *Policeman's Chorus* from "The Pirates of Penzance," or *The Soldiers in the Park*, or *My Angeline*, or the *Letter Song* from "The Choco-

late Soldier," or *I'm Little Buttercup*, or the *Gobble Song* from "The Mascot," or the *Anna Song* from "Manon," or the march from "Fatinitza," or *I'm All the Way from Gay Paree*, or *Love Comes Like a Summer Sigh*, or *In the North Sea Lived a Whale*, or *Jusqu'à là*, or *The Harmless Little Girlie With the Downcast Eyes*, or *They All Follow Me*, or *The Amorous Goldfish*, or *Don't Be Cross*, or *Slumber On, My Little Gypsy Sweetheart*, or *Good-bye, Flo*, or *La Légende de la Mère Angot*, or *My Alamo Love*?

There is a very subtle and fragrant charm about these old recollections which the sight or sound of a score, a view of an old photograph of Lillian Russell or Judic, or a dip in the *Théâtre Complet* of Meilhac and Halévy will reawaken. But it is only at a revival of one of our old favorites that we can really bathe in sentimentality, drink in draughts of joy from the past, allow memory full sway. You whose hair is turning white will be in Row A, Seat No. 1 for the first performance of a revival of "Robin Hood."



YOU will not hear Ned Hoff in his original rôle; Jessie Bartlett Davis is dead and, alas, Henry Clay Barnabee is no longer on the boards, but the newcomers, possibly, are respectable substitutes and the airs and lines remain. You can walk about in the lobby and say proudly that you attended the *first* performance of the opera ever so long ago when operettas had tune and reason. "Yes sir, there were plots in those days, and composers, and the singers could act. Times have certainly changed, sir. Come to the corner and have a Manhattan.... There were no cocktails in those days.... There is no singer like Mrs. Davis to-day!"

Well the poor souls who cannot feel tenderly about a past they have not yet experienced have their recompenses. For one thing I am certain that the revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas to which De Wolf Hopper devoted his best talents were better, in many respects, than the original London productions; just as I am equally certain that the representations of "Aida" at the Metropolitan Opera House are way ahead of the original performance of that work given at Cairo before the Khedive of Egypt.

Then there is the musical revue, a form which we have borrowed from the French, but which we have vastly improved upon and into which we have poured some of our most national feeling and expression. The interpretation of these frivolities is a new art. Gaby Deslys may be only half a loaf compared to Marie Jansen, but I am sure that Elsie Janis is more than three-quarters. Frank Tinney and Al Jolson can, in their humble way, efface memories of Digby Bell and Dan Daly. Adele Rowland and Marie Dressler have their points (and curves). Irving Berlin, Louis A. Hirsch, and Jerome Kern are not to be sniffed at. Neither is P. G. Wodehouse. Harry B. Smith we have always with us: he is the Sarah Bernhardt of librettists.

So if the youth of these days chooses to be sentimental in the years to come over the good old days of Urban scenery and Olive Thomas, the Balloon Girls of the Midnight Frolic and the chorus of the Winter Garden, he will be obliged to give way to the mood at home in front of the fire, see the pictures in the smoke, and hear the tunes in the dropping of the coals.



Sarony

Did saucy Marie Jansen as Javotte in "Erminie" awaken your admiration?



© Falk

Have you forgotten the fascination of Madge Lessing in "Jack and the Beanstalk?"



Sarony

How many times did you go to see Marie Tempest in "The Fencing Master?"



Sarony

Did you ever consider yourself a possible suitor for the hand of Della Fox?



Mercean

Were you among the many who succumbed to the charm of Edna May in "The Belle of New York?"

WERE THEY POPULAR IN OTHER DAYS? ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

WILL THEY NEVER STOP DANCING?

By NELLIE REVELL



DANCING is no longer a graceful abstraction. It has expanded into a concrete art.

Not only is there a dance for every nation, there is one for every emotion. Comedy, tragedy, romance, patriotism—they are all expressed with the feet nowadays.

Of the dozen new headline acts which appear on the vaudeville horizon this month, fully half are sumptuous additions to the realm of Terpsichore. The scenery, costuming and staging of these dancing turns outshine many a legitimate production. There is even plot or story. Only lines are lacking—speaking lines that is; and for these are substituted lines of graceful evolutions as flashing as a train of thought. Compared to the subtlety and quickness of some dancing pantomime, words actually seem clumsy.



PERHAPS it is comparison with the brilliancy of the dancing acts that made the new sketches seem heavy. Even the vehicle of Mr. Robert Edeson seemed entirely upheld by the dramatic power of the star. For him alone the ovation of applause. He is the favorite actor of a great many people, as the crowded houses testify. And he did not disappoint even though the play which served him was unworthy of his talents.

His rôle was that of an Indian, Flying Arrow by name, who has received a college education but to rebel at civilization. "What is civilization?" he asks, and bitterly answers: "It is doing what your neighbors do." So he returns to the garb of the carefree Westerner—not his native blanket, but broad brimmed hat and sheepskin chaps. He falls in love with Little Faun, the halfbreed daughter of his unscrupulous guardian. And when the guardian attempts to defraud him of his lands made valuable by new finds of oil, he dons a dress suit and feigns drunkenness, foiling the villain and winning the girl. In spite of this artificial plot, Mr. Edeson put forth an impressive characterization with quiet force. His company gave him excellent support.

Listed high in the contingent of vaudeville's best known dancers are Adelaide and Hughes, Lucille Cavanagh, Joan Sawyer, Wellington Cross and Bernard Granville. But the last named two have new acts in which they didn't. Perhaps they have adopted the maxim that people like the unexpected. Audiences certainly expect to see these nimble lads do a bit of stepping. Therefore, they don't.

Or with Bernard Granville, perhaps it is deemed a levity unbecoming the serious work of recruiting soldiers. For Mr. Granville has donned the khaki and now makes his vaudeville appearance in the service of Uncle Sam. No more is it the merry old "Bunny" looking as though he had stepped out of a fashion ad,

singing and dancing and making jokes as though his heart was as light as his feet.

Now it's Private Granville in uniform who comes dashing in to join the group of soldiers that are seen in the light of a campfire. Arthur Fields, Earl Carroll and Lieutenant Barrell they are—real soldiers, too. And about real war business, too. After one song, a patriotic number, Private Granville talks. It isn't a monologue, it is a straightforward address made in sober earnest and has proved most effective in inducing men to join the 71st regiment.

Far more touching than all the tragedy of the war playlets is this piece of real soldiery. For vaudeville is one of the most patriotic branches of the amusement profession and its roster of headliners has suffered the ravages of war. Now with Mr. Granville yielded to the ranks, vaudeville can feel confident that it has certainly done its bit.

But to turn to dancing and sparkling smiles. In these stern war days there is a keener appreciation of Petite Adelaide than ever before. Worries fade away as she dances the Dresden doll to Johnny Hughes' toy soldier. It is a perfect piece of art, this toy number. Then in the garb of Paul and Virginia, barefooted they flee before the fury of the tempest—not an old-fashioned classical tempest but a modern up-to-date syncopated storm. After a dainty toe dancing number, "The Last Rose of Summer" by Adelaide, there come some unique Indian steps in an unusual arrangement from Mr. Hughes. This pair is marvelously versatile, and they finish with a Chinese fantasy. Special costumes and striking scenery give their artistry a gorgeous setting.

Equally magnificent is Lucille Cavanagh's dancing production. She sets up a fairyland castle with huge gates and therefrom she con-

There are songs, too, which Miss Cavanagh delivers in a delightfully distracting out-of-breath manner mingled with apologetic ripples of laughter. Personality always counts, doesn't it? and Miss Cavanagh's is backed by real ability. Two assistants, Paul Frawley and Ted Doner dance and sing in complete harmony with Miss Cavanagh. Indeed there is not a single flaw in the act.

Joan Sawyer, aristocrat of ballroom dances, has acquired new steps, new frocks and new setting. With George Harcourt as partner, she glides through the graceful mazes of two waltzes and a fox-trot, exhibiting three beautiful gowns. Few there are who can wear the purple and fine linen of Parisian modistes with Miss Sawyer's air of distinction. She has all the poise, good looks and slight air of disdain that real queens should have but never do. A violin solo and a piano number, both well played, gave this queen of ballroom dances leisure to make changes and get properly hooked up the back.



NOW where to find new words to tell of the Ford Sisters? For here again is a combination of beauty, talent, fine clothes and spectacular scenery. These young ladies are rightfully heirs to the ability to entertain for they spring from the famous Ford family which served memorably in assisting vaudeville to advance out of "variety."

Edward Marshall, well known in vaudeville for his piano monologues, joins the Misses Ford in this new act and plays for their songs, plays while they change their dresses, and then plays some more because the audience insists. The dancing of the Ford Sisters is a sort of butterfly affair; to Marshall's tinkling notes they flit lightly about the stage which they have decked as beautifully as a summer garden.

Dancing is something of which audiences never tire—and they are now pondering how to coerce Wellington Cross. A fellow that can dance but won't! Isn't there some way to compel him? Applause will not do it; for in response to deafening encores, Mr. Cross strolled out and—started to recite. "All the fellows recite nowadays," he said. After three lines of "Gunga Din" he was shot from the wings—and amid laughter, he slipped away without "shaking a foot."

Perhaps it is because he misses his dainty dancing partner, Lois Josephine. Audiences note with regret that she has temporarily retired from the stage. But Mr. Cross alone is a formidable entertainer.

What does he do—just sing and talk. The wag! He strolled out on the stage knitting! And he didn't drop a stitch—the feminine half of the house kept one eye on the needles all the time. Popular, patriotic, comic—he sings all kinds of songs, accompanied



Press Ill.

Vaudeville doing its bit—Private Bernard Granville and his comrades of the 71st Regiment, N. Y., who are enlisting many recruits by their patriotic appeal in the two-a-day. Soldiers like the stage, too, for here they are keeping posted on matters theatrical by reading the *Theatre Magazine*

joins a wardrobe to make even the most fashionable rainbow-clad ladies of fairyland jealous. There are effects in Russian, Spanish and American—Miss Cavanagh dances in all languages. And there are frocks no nation can claim credit for, sartorial poems of inspiration.



From a portrait, copyright, Ira L. Hill

MRS. VERNON CASTLE IN THE NEW CENTURY REVUE

Her original and beautiful costumes, her new and sprightly dance steps, her personal grace and charm make Mrs. Castle one of the most welcome members of the Century revue, "Miss 1917"

by a pianist who knows just where to pause. And he talks a delightful lot of nonsense. But he won't dance! Do you suppose it is because dancing interferes with the knitting?

Truly Shattuck, in as good voice as in the days when she was the toast of the town, and Emma O'Neil are a combination worthy to claim the laurels of Melville and Stetson. Youth has its charm and thereby usurps high place on the stage. But in the comedy of mature performers there is a richness of humor found nowhere else. This quality have Miss Shattuck and Miss O'Neil in the unctuous Melville and Stetson manner. Their act is an intermingling of songs and talk. The songs range from high class to popular, and their talk—in the parlance of vaudeville "cross-fire," is a lively battle of wits. Only Miss O'Neil must exercise great care not to overdo.

Warm welcome greeted Flo Irwin who brings forward a playlet called "Looks" by Edgar Allan Woolf. Mr. Woolf, who has been one of

the most reliable of vaudeville's authors, has lately been devoting himself to musical comedies. Thus "Looks" marks a double return, doubly welcome.

Miss Irwin couldn't do anything uninteresting if she tried. And in this new sketch she presents an eccentric characterization that is a gem. As the fond aunt of an heiress, she foils a fortune hunter at the altar. Then that the wedding veil, breakfast and parson may not be wasted, she proceeds to take over the whole equipment and marry an old suitor who had been proposing regularly for fifteen years. Magnetism, technique and imagination—all these make Miss Irwin's "Aunt" a vignette to remember.

Opinions differ as to the merit of Brenda Fowler's theatrical burst of patriotism called "The Spirit of '76." One either likes it wholeheartedly, or one doesn't like it at all. The characters of the story are undeniably artificial: a mother who is like the stern Spartan who bade

her son "bearing your shield or on it," and a son who is the slackest of slackers. A vision of 1776 ancestors wakes his patriotism and he dashes out to enlist. Miss Fowler upholds the sketch by her earnestness and enthusiasm. Though the story isn't convincing—she is.

Harriet Rempel also has an unwieldy vehicle. As a pathetic slum child with cruel, drunken father she has a rôle that people somewhat resent. Their hearts may go out to the ill-treated waif, but nowadays they don't want to worry at the theatre—they come to forget their troubles. And the better Miss Rempel enacts the pathetic youngster, the less pleased they are. It is almost a patriotic duty for vaudevillians to do "cheer up" work. Miss Rempel should turn her talents to adding to much-needed merriment.

Try again is also the watchword for Frankie Fay. Mr. Fay attempts a monologue leavened by songs; he has considerable ability but the act lacks the vaudeville "punch," without which no number can be entirely successful.

HOW THEY GET THEIR STAGE NAMES

By EILEEN O'CONNOR



IF you ask a group of actors how stage folk get their stage names they will look at you in the vague way authors do if you dare to inquire whence come their ideas. If they reply their answer will be as illuminating as that vouchsafed by authors: "O, from the air, anywhere."

It is possible to possess knowledge so vast that it remains unclassified. Perhaps that is what ails the actors who don't know whence come stage names. Let us try to help them. My own cogitations on the subject have revealed that the chief sources of stage names are three: suggestion, association and elimination with substitution.

"Wherewithal shall we be named?" is a question which confronts most players at the outset of their careers. Feeling incompetent to make a choice, and often being pressed by parental objectors to the use of the sacred family name upon the desecrating boards, they call into consultation all who will lend an ear or a suggestion. Follows the stage christening.

Julia Marlowe is of those who summoned aid in the momentous matter of choosing a stage name. Manifestly her own name, Sarah Frost, would not serve. The stage is an exercise ground for the imagination. Sarah Frost was no fitting title for an entrant. Came Ada Dow, her friend and instructor, into conference.

"The name should have a stately sound, for you are beginning a dignified career," mused Miss Dow. "Also it should have the flavor of the classics because you play classic rôles. Marlowe? You like it? Very well. And the first name should be one that blends with and balances Marlowe. And it should have a noble quality to fit your personality. I have it, Julia. I christen thee Julia Marlowe."

By suggestion, too, was Maxine Elliott named. When she who had been Jessie McMermott, and whom her little sister Gertrude familiarly addressed as "Dessie," required a stage name, she was equal to half the task. "A little girl used to go to school with me in Rockland, Maine, whose name I liked. It was Maxine. I might borrow that." To which Augustin Daly is said to have answered: "Names, like ledgers, should strike a balance. A name that will bal-

ance Maxine is Elliott." The name denoted well the personality of the woman who, Von Lembach asserted, was the most beautiful in the world. The choice of her stage name has never been among Miss Elliott's regrets. Her former husband, N. C. Goodwin, agreed to its suitability. "Just the name for a Roman Senator," he concurred while his honeymoon shone in the heavens.

Tony Pastor it was who christened Lillian Russell. When the blonde and beauteous seventeen-year-old signed to sing at his Fourteenth Street home of varied entertainment, he asked: "What stage name will you use?"

"Don't you like my own, Helen Leonard?" The young luminary made the inquiry with the western directness of a girl from Clinton Ia., by way of Chicago. "Good enough for a home girl, but not for a singer. Let's see. Lillian! Yes, Lillian's good for you. What name will go with it, a name not too long? Yes, Russell. Like it?" She did, and the name has served her since save when she signed a marriage license or a deed to property, real or personal.

Two plump, fair-haired youngsters, Ada and George Campbell, were led into the office of a Buffalo manager. He heard them sing, said they "would do," and to their mother: "What shall we call them?" "What is the matter with their own names," asked the Canadian widow. "Too hard to say," was the veteran manager's objection. "Got to have something with a smooth sound. Better call them the Irwin Sisters. Put short names before Irwin, say May and Flo." In this wise, twenty minutes before the curtain rose on their theatrical career, Georgia Campbell became May Irwin and Ada Campbell was metamorphosed into Flo Irwin.

It was managerial suggestion that gave us Ada Rehan instead of Bridget Crehan. The last was a family contribution, the first Augustin Daly's improvement upon it.

A certain beautiful young girl came from Bloomington, Ill., to Chicago to study dramatic art, and from Chicago to New York to find a place for herself on the stage. She was Maud Light. As Maud Light, a silent girl with deep eyes, I knew her across a Madison Square board-

ing-house table. But in her search for the place on the stage she grew dissatisfied with her own name. "It has no weight. It sounds like a chorus girl's name," she complained. "I want a longer, statelier name." Hall-room reflections begot the last name, derived from the state and the town which had been her home, "Ill" being inspired by Illinois, "ington" derived from Bloomington. Margaret, you will agree, paired happily with Illington.

By association, or perhaps it were truer to say, by annexation, Josephine Victor secured her auspicious stage name. To the name Josephine she had the indubitable right of infantile christening. But "Victor" she took bodily from her younger brother. "I liked Vic's name and swiped it," is her naive admission.

Maude Adams practised elimination in her adoption of a stage name. Born Kiscadden, and christened Maude Adams, she discarded the Kiscadden as unwieldy for purpose of the stage.

Wilton Lackaye was born Lackay. He added an "e" to the family name and converted the "William" bestowed upon him at the family christening to "Wilton" at the solitary ceremony of his stage baptism.

Maurice Barrymore, not fancying his family name, Blythe, juggled his fancies until he evolved Barrymore, the name destined to become one of the most resplendent of the American stage.

If you are one who waits at the stage door while Margaret Anglin bids some member of her family an affectionate adieu, you will hear her addressed as "Mary." Families do not make mistakes in names. The name of the infant who was born in the Government House in Ottawa, Canada, was Mary Anglin. But when, grown to ambitious seventeen, she sought the Mecca of mines, New York, she eliminated and substituted the more imposing Margaret.

The family name "Tout" is reliable but not euphonious. Which was the reason that Margaret Burletson, Paul Ruben's sister, bade Hazel of that clan to drop it. The suggestion coming as morning peeped between the shades after an all-night dinner and dance at Paul Ruben's home at Maidenhead, Mrs. Burletson suggested "Dawn."

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WHAT ARE WE COMING TO ?

By HOWARD KENNETH GREER



AFTER three years' time the couturières of the world have seemingly exhausted the possibilities of martial influence upon Milady's dress. From marked military lines to the subtler colorings of battle-smoke and threatening sky—from every Allied country some feature has been adapted to feminine wear. Even the vogue for black and white—born in the opening months of conflict—was one of the first examples reflecting the war. In recognition of the men who had fought and bled for her—the woman of fashion skilfully combined the black of mourning and the white of hope and purity. But after a season's buffeting about at the coarser hands of copyists, the combination evolved into stripes and checks that were ludicrous and absurd.

* * *

Long before our entrance into the Great World War, the cloth and cut of our soldiers'

and sailors' uniform had been used to advantage in smart suits and frocks of the simpler and severer type. Now that we find ourselves inside the bowl of trouble, it is quite evident that little is left from which to glean inspirations of any novelty. To a certain extent there is something a bit brutal about the imitating of such a serious costume at such a serious time, and while many of the foremost creators grasped reflections from the uniform of every nation, there were a few who tried to make the soldier's few hours of furlough more pleasant by completely removing his thoughts from the field of battle, and clothing his sweetheart in things utterly feminine and dainty. Perhaps the next caprice inflicted upon us will blossom forth from the efforts of the new Camouflage Division of the Army. Universal honor and triumph await the regiment of death, defying camoufleurs who can successfully change Milady's bright green taffeta of two seasons past into a tailored frock for the coming Winter.

And for father—perhaps it will mean an epoch of well-earned peace and quiet in his tired life. Mother will not feel called upon to halt the scorching circles of her rapid-fire lorgnettes for the occasional anxious glance at her loved one's ample waist. Daughter can devote her time to the artichoke and alligator-pear, and to sly reconnoitering, with no fear of the inevitable spots that formerly flaunted themselves before her vision when she cast a smile upon her ample paternal-parent. For with father encased in brocade vest and dinner-coat of soup-tone material, there is nothing left to prevent the passing of a perfect evening out.

* * *

Gradually now we are slipping back into the rather routined path of Fashion's cycle—that wheel of perpetual motion whose secret workings are revealed only to the masters of Style's Puppet Show—to those artists who pull the



GREENWICH VILLAGE

"Greenwich Village" is a most practical "all-round" frock of serge and black satin. The under-bodice of satin slips under one belt and falls into a silk-fringed apron. The bolero effect and armor-like sleeves are edged with black silk braid



A LA MATINÉE

Milady was never more charming than when adorned in this afternoon suit of mouse-color velveteen, fairly smothered in its battle-ship grey fox. The bronze and old blue girdle peeps thru the streamers of old blue satin, which taper into enormous tassels of blue silk and bronze thread

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strings of their enchanting figurettes—"Slaves-o'-Fashion." With but few diversions, style repeats itself every seven years. The general silhouette is perhaps the same, but without a newer relish or more novel garnish, Milady's diurnal delights lose their claim upon her interest. Thru her dress, woman attempts—in a vague way—to conceal or flaunt her innermost emotions. Always it should be an analysis of the self which she strives to be. To follow every caprice is a display of vulgarity but to adapt the novelty to her individuality is an art.

* * *

It is always a mad wager to gamble upon the future, but from this established routine, one may forecast with considerable assurance on their regular journey from billowy flounces to the bind of an extremely narrow hem. Skirts have undergone many wild distortions but quite plausible withal, the enormous bustle was the one absent feature which kept the tight bodices, snug sleeves and wide skirts from being absolute replicas of grandmother's day. For diversion the fullness took a stand on either hip and maintained the post season's furore for bouffant draperies. Wary of disclaiming such clouds of material in a single stroke, the fullness quietly subsided and disappeared from the sides into a mere suggestion of the belated but inevitable bustle—which bids fair to be the Winter's fancy.

With that gone, we are back to the very narrow "jupe." What next? Hobble skirts? Per-

haps! They can be quite beautiful, but there is much more evidence of the elaborate tunic falling over a tightly-draped underskirt—the waistline higher, accompanied by some note of the quite-full sleeve. It is history's consistency of repeating itself—giving us much the same mode as that disported in the closing months of the last World-War, when the beautiful Josephine established the Empire Line, the unsophisticated bodice and narrow skirt, embroidered and decorated with inimitable hand-made flowers of shimmering silk.

* * *

In the evening dresses of the past two seasons have been the shades of frivolous Marie Antoinette, with her foolish little pipings, and silver pecots and satin bows and tufted laces and hand-made flowers—all quite out of bearing with the modern girl who has found her kingdom under the skies rather than beneath gilded ceilings and crystal candelabras and clouds of mellow perfume. At the court of the exquisite Marie Antoinette, woman was, if ever, utterly and infallibly feminine. With her nimble wits upon perfume and snuff, powder and rouge, patches and jewels, dazzling buckles and silver heels, she was always a perfect painting, touched by a wand that gave it frail but charming life. The existence of such an exotic creature was like that of the hot-house lily, and

(Concluded on page 304)

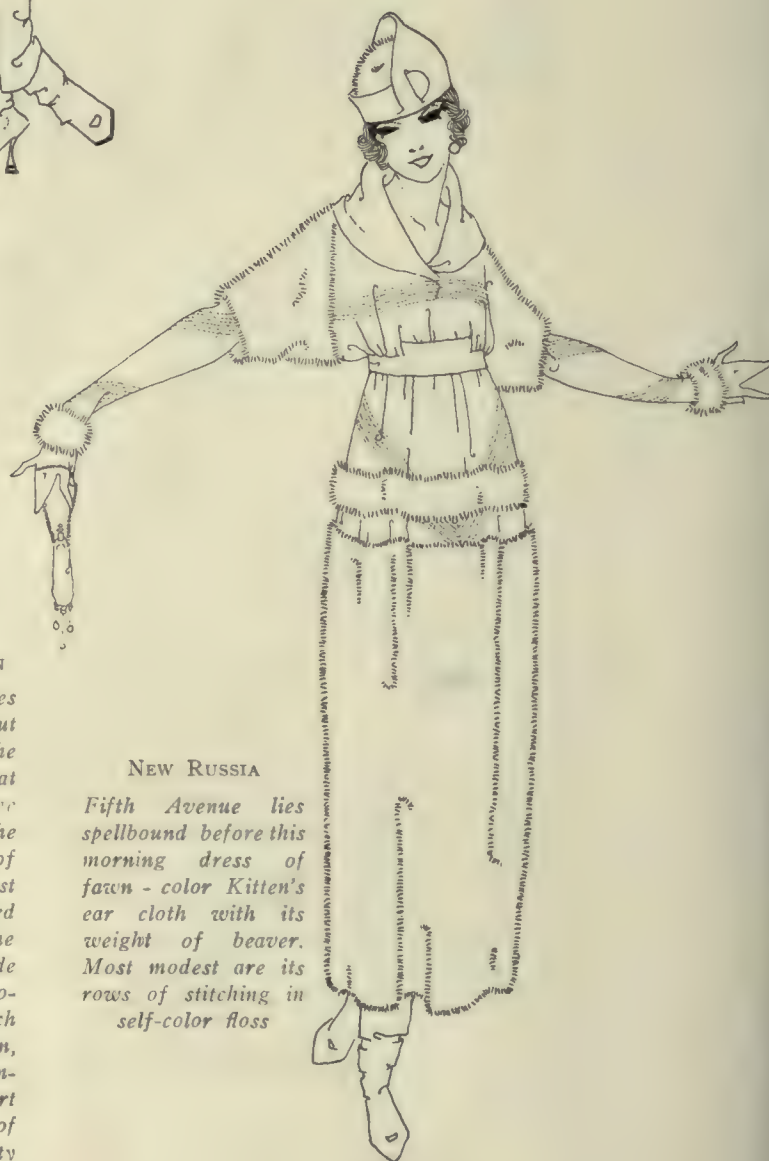


ET VOILA TOUT

For smart afternoon functions, Greer has conceived this truly Parisian frock of purple charmeuse and Japanese fox combined with oriental brocade of purple, sapphire blue and deep-sea green. The graceful cuffs are lined with brocade and finished with a strip of charmeuse in "grandmother's pleating." The dropped tunic is held to the brocade below the girdle with the same pleating


SIMPLE CONFESSION

The slits at the sides of the jacket give but slight promise to the amazing pockets that fall from under the coat and soften the rather severe lines of the skirt. In finest broadcloth of crushed mulberry hue the black fox and wide bands of Chinese brocade with their touch of black, vermilion, purple and gold, combine to give a smart afternoon suit of amazing individuality




NEW RUSSIA

Fifth Avenue lies spellbound before this morning dress of fawn-color Kitten's ear cloth with its weight of beaver. Most modest are its rows of stitching in self-color floss




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The beige chiffon Lanvin model from Gidding's that Angelina wore to lunch with Edwin

ANOTHER OF ANGELINA'S BUSY DAYS

By ANNE ARCHBALD



you see how cunning and clever the name is."

"But I think perhaps I liked the silk and wool poplins the best of all," continued Angelina. "They were such heavenly shades and had the most enchanting Peruvian designs woven into them. Theresa chose a poplin for one of her stage frocks, at my suggestion, a novel shade called "trench" color, as if old gold and khaki and dark brown had all gone into the dye-pot. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you one of the most interesting things we saw,—the "Zodiac" silks, silks for linings in the colors of the stones of the months with the zodiac signs forming an all-over design. Each person, of course, must wear the silk that belongs to her own birthday month. It will bring her lots of luck."

* * *

"Oh, yes, I know, astrology and all that," said Edwin with a sudden definite and eager interest. "I have some friends who talk it by the hour. The great thing, I've heard them say, is 'to have Venus in the right House.' Angelina...."

But Angelina scented danger.



The imported coat that Mother finally selected at Altman's of a heavy tan jersey cloth trimmed with dyed coneys

AND seeing all those wonderful silk materials, Edwin, such a variety, such art in the designs, such weaving was just as stimulating as going to some picture exhibition or other," said Angelina.

"To say nothing of being much more useful," cut in Edwin with a suspicion of malice.

"Certainly," returned Angelina calmly, refusing to be "drawn." Not the slightest breath of argument, she had previously decided, should mar Edwin's few days' leave from the aviation field. "One is only called on to know about pictures at longish intervals and any day you may have to pick out a frock."

* * *

In response to Edwin's, "And what have you been doing with yourself all morning?" Angelina had been telling him across the lunch table about a visit to the big silk house of H. R. Mallinson. How Theresa, who was rehearsing a part for a new Broadway production, had called up that morning and said she was going to Mallinson's to pick out materials for gowns, and she knew how Angelina loved to see things at first hand, and didn't she want to come along. And of how they had gone to Mallinson's and sat in a lovely grey wood cubbyhole, on grey chairs, and a good-looking young man had brought out "the whole place" and displayed it for their delectation on a long grey wood table.

"And such pussy-willows....."

"What's a pussy-willow?" inquired Edwin.

"Why, it's a kind of taffeta, of course, that is there's a pussy-willow satin now too. Pussy-willow, I suppose, as a symbol of things that belong with spring, youth and freshness....." Angelina paused a moment for breath and continued her rhapsody.

* * *

"And such Roshanara crêpes and indestructible voiles, and will o' the wisps and....."

"Stop! explain! A Roshanara?" from Edwin.

"After Roshanara who does the East Indian dances to be sure; it's a very heavy and very wrinkly, curdy kind of crêpe. Would make lovely coat and skirt suits, between you and me."

"And indestructibles?" Edwin continued his catechism.

"Why that explains itself, doesn't it? You can't wear your elbow through the material, for instance."

"Say no more," said Edwin. "Even a mere man can get that. And will o' the wisps? That's a stickler. Why will o' the wisp?"

"Well, what is a will o' the wisp? Something illusive, isn't it? You see you look at a piece of it and you say what perfectly lovely chiffon. No, I mean what lovely marquissette! No, is isn't marquissette either, its..... What is it? And when you learn it's will o' the wisp



Photo Underwood & Underwood

Lubowska, the Russian dancer, wearing a frock of velvet-striped indestructible voile in American beauty color. Quite outside of its indestructible quality the voile there's an indestructible chiffon as well—has a wonderful slenderizing effect

"I must run along," she interrupted deftly, "I promised to meet Mother at Altman's at two. I've been talking so much about myself I didn't notice how late it was. Do hope I haven't bored you, auld dear."

"You've been most interesting," Edwin assured her emphatically, in which statement I am sure he was perfectly sincere. To any well-brought up young man in love each last detail concerning his lady is glamorous and absorbing.

* * *

Besides Angelina was looking more than usually adorable in a copy of that Lanvin chiffon turban that has four rolls around the crown and a flirtatious veil emerging from its top. The silks were an early appointment and Angelina had said "turn about was fair play," and now Theresa should come with her to Gidding's and see the latest Paris models that she knew were on exhibition there, before they were all snapped up. And there Angelina had found and lost her heart to the Lanvin model—Miss Varden, the English actress in "Seven Days' Leave," had one like it in taupe, she was told—and "just had to have it: every perfect lady must have at least one turban in her outfit," donning it then and there to wear to lunch with Edwin. Model after model she and Theresa saw, and with *calinerie*—as Madame called it—Angelina induced Theresa to give an order for a copy of the Calot "frileur" or "shivering" model, because it was so deliciously snug and warm one *couldn't* shiver in it, the original a coat-dress of brown broadcloth with a border of lapin going up so high on the skirt as to meet a deep cape of the lapin coming down from the shoulders. Fur hemmed the cuffs and covered the buttons of the double-breast. Madame suggested that the copy be in black broadcloth and baby lamb as that would be more striking with Theresa's black hair and white skin.

* * *

Madame showed them the "hostess" gowns that they were featuring, Gidding's own creations, wonderful *intime* robes of chiffon and velvet, with long flowing lines, between tea and evening gowns, that fit the quieter requirements of present war-time entertaining.

"I'm going to send Mother for that purple one, Madame," called back Angelina departing.

But Mother is waiting at Altman's. Angelina hurrying in breathlessly, found her surrounded

(Concluded on page 306)

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(Continued from page 300)

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—it velvetizes the skin

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"Watch for each suggestion of a line and eradicate it *before* it becomes a disfiguring wrinkle. My *Smoothout* Cream will keep your skin clean so that blackheads and pimples will not form. It will tone up your skin pores so that the muscles of your face will never lose their elasticity.

"All the little worry wrinkles disappear, the blood pulses through your veins, every pore is rejuvenated. No matter how tired I am an application of my own *Smoothout* Cream will restore to my cheeks the soft smoothness of youth and perfect health.

"Try a complexion bath of *Smoothout*—you'll discover a new thrill. It is unique—the only cream that liquefies as soon as it touches the skin. *Smoothout* is slightly astringent, softening, soothing, cleansing, readily absorbed by the pores—a wonderful base for face powder. *It velvetizes the skin.*

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Lillian Russell

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Note: Lillian Russell's Beauty Secrets, which she offers to send gratis to any woman who writes her, contains many valuable hints on the care of the skin and the culture of beauty. This book

is written by Lillian Russell and reveals her personal experience over many years. A copy may be had without charge by writing Lillian Russell at 2169A Broadway, New York City.

when she ventured forth upon the public thoroughfare, it was but to cover the distance from her coach to her door, and her graceful feet sank into velvet depths. Never did she allow them to touch the pagan cobblestone. But times change—if the world does not—and the girl of following generations began to harbor a restless passion for pursuits without her bounds. Being a woman, she had her own way, and took up tennis and golf and motoring and flying, and in her new physique she found it impossible to keep the Dresden-like grace of the Dreamy Past. Let us hope it is but a momentary and controllable lapse in her age-bred etiquette and charm, for Fashion will always decree the things of beauty, and the more truly feminine she is, the more appealingly will she carry them.

* * *

In the quaint debutante-like frocks of the Empress Josephine that seem inevitable after the de Pompadour bustles of the present, there is much of femininity—but not such lavish furbelows. The bodice will be but a wisp of tulle or elegant lace, with pipings of pale satin darting in and out, the tiny sleeves ever crisp and fresh in their puffiness and the long tunic falling from the high waistline in soft clinging folds, elaborate at the hem with its appliquéd flowers and scrolls. The petticoat will be the suggestion of fleecy clouds on a summer day, and the wild flowers of the meadow peeping through a delicate almost transparent picture.

* * *

Just as important as the line itself is the color which Milady



L'AMOUR DE NAPOLEON

The charm of this luxuriant tea dress lies in the exquisite softness of its pastel shades and its seas of swansdown. The tunic of apricot satin embroidered in leaves of old rose falls close about the tiers of apricot chiffon and fur. The bodice of sheerest silver lace is partly hidden by the jacket of chiffon and fur. Deep rose and salmon give a touch of color to the girdle

chooses to wear it in. Shades suitable for one occasion are often most trying and even foreboding on others. To emphasize one emotion, Mademoiselle will effect a tone quite ridiculous for any of her numerous other moods. History has been made, homes have been wrecked, shattered, romance nipped in the bud, by the unwise selection of a favorite hue. Next month I hope to skin the surface of this Psychology of Color, touching upon its really vital effect in our lives.

Next month Mr. Greer will contribute an article on the PSYCHOLOGY OF COLOR. Every woman who values the preservation of her individuality, not alone in her gowns, but in the appointments of her home, will appreciate the fine points of this wonderfully interesting article. It will be followed by monthly contributions on kindred subjects, by the same author.

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the power behind the throne of beauty, in social and royal and theatrical circles of Europe and America, can do for you what she has accomplished for the world's most prominent women.

She can check the unhappiness of fading charm and reclaim a truer loveliness. In her hands, a mediocre complexion unfolds to a depth of beauty you never dreamed of possessing, and as everyone knows, if her treatments and directions are followed, the most astounding results are obtained, in overcoming wrinkles, crow's-feet, blotchiness, open pores. A mottled, weather-beaten condition of the skin, sinking, flaccid tissues, double chin—disappear as though by magic, before her natural methods of skin culture. The result is an unbelievably firm, fresh pink and whiteness of youthful beauty.

Many women, who are unable to take advantage of her effective course of correct treatments at the Maison de Beaute Valaze, find they achieve wonderful results by the use of her famed preparations in the sanctity of their own homes.

"VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKIN FOOD"

It stands on the pinnacle of fame in the annals of Beauty Culture. Is is the most important and most marvelous of Mme. Rubinstein's preparations. "Valaze" will relieve you of the embarrassment of freckles, sallowness and tan, clear your skin of wrinkles and crow's-feet and make smooth and lustrous the weather-beaten, flaccid cheek. "Valaze" is the "right-hand" of lovely women the world over. Price \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$6.00 a pot.

Valaze Skin Toning Lotion, used in conjunction with Valaze Skin Food so as to obtain better and more rapid results. For ordinary or greasy skins, \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$5; for dry skins, \$2 and \$4.

Valaze Snow Lotion (Blanc des Perles) a liquid powder and beauty lotion par excellence. Price \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$5 a bottle.

Valaze Beauty Grains, a specialty for greasy and shiny skins that removes coarse, open pores and blackheads, \$1 a tin upwards.

Valaze Liquidine overcomes greasiness and "shine" of the skin and undue flushing of the nose and gives a cool, fair and mat appearance to the complexion. Helps to overcome blackheads and open pores. Price \$1.50, \$2.75 and \$5.50 a bottle.

Valaze Roman Jelly is an astringent balm consolidates and makes firm loose and flaccid tissues. The tightening and smoothing out of the skin about the temples and about the eyes it accomplishes is most remarkable. Price \$1.50 and \$3.

Valaze Reducing Jelly, (price \$1.50, \$3) also the Valaze Reducing Soap (price \$1.25 a cake) are the two most effective preparations to remove a double chin as well as superfluous fat and to restore beauty of line to face and throat.

Valaze Eyelash Grower stays falling eyelashes and eyebrows, strengthens their growth and at the same time darkens them. Price \$1.50.

Valaze Lip Lustre, tinted or untinted, unique, lasting, preserves the health of the lips, and greatly enhances their beauty. Price \$1.

Valaze Complexion Powder for greasy or normal skins. Novena Poudre for dry skins. In five tints, flesh, rose, creme, rachel and white. Price \$1, \$2.50 and \$4.50 a box.

A copy of Madame Rubinstein's booklet, "Beauty in the Making," will be sent on receipt of 3c stamp to cover postage.

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Chicago: **Mlle. Lola Beekman**, 30 Michigan Avenue.

San Francisco: **Miss Ida Martin**, 177 Post St. and Grant Avenue.

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ANOTHER OF ANGELINA'S BUSY DAYS

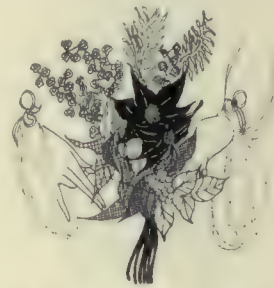
(Continued from page 302)

with evening coats of every description piled on chairs around her.

* * *

"Shall I have this import of black and white brocaded velvet with the monkey fur trimming, dear?" she appealed to Angelina ("Mother has had a complete change of heart about me," Angelina had explained to Edwin, "she now wants my opinion on everything she gets") "or this domestic model of plum velvet with brocaded flowers of indigo blue, and long mole scarf? Don't you think that's remarkable for an American model? It shows what we can do when we give our minds to it. See the lovely lining of changeable taffeta covered with

The latest evening slipper buckle of woven gold with a tiny silver core from Slaters



An imported French corsage bouquet of a red and a green poinsettia and a purple clematis, that Angelina couldn't resist choosing from a counter full, on her way out of Altman's

"You've never been to Madame Tafel's, have you?" asked Mother on their way across town in the limousine. "You'll like her. She's Russian, and has a personality. And then you may run across some one interesting to see in her little place. She dresses any number of theatrical and grand opera people. I ran into Mrs. Robert Mantell, Genevieve Hamper, you know, at my last fitting.....and Madame Claudia Muzio is constantly there. Madame Tafel designs all of her clothes."

"How did you happen to go to her, Mother?" inquired Angelina.

"Well, I heard that one of her specialties was managing figures over the hundred and fifty pound line," Mother smiled back. "And then she is particularly clever about designing a costume that is individual and fashionable at the same time. But here we are."

Where let us leave them.

plum voile and this facing ribbon of blue and silver running along the hems! Or would you have the Gabrielle of brown velvet with the big capucine hood of coney? I could wear that for both the evening and afternoon and the others are exclusively theatre and opera coats. What do you think?"

* * *

"My vote is for the plum and indigo brocaded velvet," Angelina responded promptly. "It has such an air of unusualness, a coat in a hundred, and you look simply stunning in it."

* * *

"But then I shall have to have another coat for afternoon," protested Mother.

"Indeed you will, old darling," replied Angelina. "And we'll get it right here and now too."

So more coats were produced and after a strenuous debate as to whether "it" should be an imported taupe brown woolen ratine lined with emerald green cloth, with a novel high collar of the green embroidered in colored wools and edged with fur, or a heavy tan jersey cloth with a deep cape and diagonally cut hem of dyed coney, the die was cast in favor of the latter.

"If you'll come with me to Madame Tafel's," said Mother when that was over, "I'll give you tea at the Astor afterwards. Tafel's is just opposite." Angelina consented willingly.



J. M. Gidding have created the "hostess gown," between a tea and an evening gown, to fill the present-day needs of the more intimate entertaining. This one is of a gorgeous purple velvet with two unusual panel trains and a slender line of purplish beads here and there

"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Woman is Cleanliness"



NAIAD Dress Shields



Use Them Because They Are

Impervious to perspiration.
Can be easily sterilized.
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Contains no rubber.
A protection for gowns.
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Cool — Crisp — Clean.
Durable and Dependable.
Fit snugly. Easily attached.

At all good stores, or sample pair sent on receipt of 25 cents.

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El-Rado The "Womanly" Way to Remove Hair

It is with El-Rado that refined women attain clean, hairfree underarms of babylike smoothness, so essential to the proper wearing of sleeveless gowns or sheer blouses as well as for plain, everyday comfort. For weeks following the use of El-Rado you will enjoy a new, delightful sensation of underarm cleanliness.

El-Rado is a liquid, sanitary, colorless, easily applied with piece of absorbent cotton. To use El-Rado is no more trouble than washing the skin, and quite as harmless—it does not stimulate or coarsen later hair growth. El-Rado is the safest, most agreeable way to remove hair from the face, neck or arms.

Ask for "El-Rado" hair remover at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1.00. Money-back guarantee.

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Examine your skin closely. Find out just what is wrong with it. Then read below how you can correct it.

The girl who sighed for a lovely skin

There once was a girl whose sallow, blemished skin spoiled all her pleasure, until one day she learned how she could give her skin the fresh smoothness, the radiant complexion she had always longed for. The secret she learned is one you, too, can learn and use to make your skin as lovely as you want it.

WHAT is the matter with your skin? Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by blackheads and blemishes, or conspicuous nose pores? Whatever it is that is keeping your skin from being beautiful, it can be changed.

The skin of your face, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. As the old skin dies, *new* forms. By the proper treatment with the right kind of soap you can make this new skin just as fine, clear and fresh-looking as you have always wanted it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the result of years of study and experience by a *skin*

specialist. For thirty years John H. Woodbury made a constant study of the skin. He treated thousands of obstinate skin troubles; made countless skin tests, until he evolved the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Find below the treatment just suited to your skin, and begin to-night to get the benefit of it for your skin.



If your trouble is an oily skin and shiny nose, make this treatment a daily habit

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First, cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the

better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

Troubled with blackheads?

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Dry the skin carefully.

Do not expect to get the desired results by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit, and it will rid your skin of ugly, embarrassing blackheads.



Blackheads come from improper cleaning. This treatment will keep your skin free from this annoying trouble

Is your skin "pimply," blemished?

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy "soap cream." Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten or fifteen minutes. Then rinse very carefully

with clear hot water, then with cold.

Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment every night until the blemishes disappear.

Send 4c for a week's-size cake and this complete treatment booklet

We have been able to give just three treatments on this page, but you can get them all, together with many valuable facts about the skin, in this little booklet, "A skin you love to touch." For 4 cents we will send you this booklet and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment. Write to-day. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 7500 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 7500 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.



Disfiguring blemishes need the "soap cream" treatment



For sale wherever toilet goods are sold. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks' use



For the Toilette

SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.

You will find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.

All Dealers sell
20 MULE TEAM BORAX

For the
Bath

STAGE WOMEN DOING THEIR BIT

(Continued from page 282)

motion picture committee. And Mrs. Blackton's dream is not a filmy reality, it is rapidly materializing. With Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Geraldine Farrar and several screen favorites far away from Broadway still to be heard from, Mrs. Blackton's list of subscribers makes one's heart throb with joy. The roll of honor is started with ten one-hundred-dollar subscriptions from ten screen stars—they are Mrs. Sydney Drew, Miss Ruth Roland, Miss Louise Huff, Jackie Saunders, Mrs. Blackton herself and little Violet Blackton and Master Stuart Blackton ("the little Commodore").

TRUST stage women to interest their men folk in such a cause! Naturally, the clever and fascinating actresses who work for the "Relief," as the organization is called "for short," have persuaded all the handsome leading men, all the dignified heavies, and all the magnetic comedians to give shoulder to the big wheel, and Mrs. Blackton has captured the most popular of movie heroes as "Shareholders," in her big ambulance fund. Charles Richman, Tony Moreno, Charles Kent, Conway Tearle, Wilfred Lucas, Cecil de Mille have already won the right to have their names inscribed on the first ambulance, and sweet girl movie fans all over the country, are writing their pet screen actor to know which ambulance calls him "godfather." So, of course all the photo stars who haven't volunteered for this cause may consider themselves conscripted, not by the "Relief" but by the matinee girls who insist that their hero do his bit.

Perhaps you will pay a visit with the THEATRE MAGAZINE to the rooms of the Stage Women's War Relief? As we enter, Edna Aldrich steps beamingly forth to say how do you do. Not for an instant do the busy knitting needles that click in Miss Aldrich's hand, cease their automatic lapping up of the warm grey wool from which she is fashioning a helmet for some lucky soldier.

Our little guide is sister to Mildred Aldrich, whose "Hilltop on The Marne," is concededly the best war book yet written by any woman.

"The tall girl at the first table is Gladys Hanson," says Miss Aldrich, and she is helping Ina Claire to fill Frances Starr's place while Miss Starr is on the road. Louise Closser Hale (doesn't she look lovely in the Relief uniform?) and Mabel Frenyear, Dorothy Donnelly, Jessie Bonstelle, Mabelle Adams, Margaret Mayo, Blanche Bates and Margaret Illington are rolling bandages at the next table, and Zoe Appleton who in a way stands for Maxine Elliott, since she is the daughter of George Appleton, manager of Miss Elliott's theatre and associated during Maxine Elliott's entire career as a star, with the first of all American stage women to do valiant feminine war service."

DEMURE Irene Fenwick, Louise Drew who is treasurer of the organization, Eleanor Gates, Laurette Taylor, Elsie Janis, Virginia Harned (Miss Harned has just turned over a big crop of potatoes as her very practical contribution to the fund, and now the girls are selling off the precious tubers before friend Hoover puts a war price on them,) and Margot Gordon are knitting away with active enthusiasm and the two dashing Nash girls, Phoebe Foster and Irene Franklin knit or sew, roll bandages or fill comfort kits with an enthusiasm that nothing can blunt. And while all these activities—and more—for fifty stage favorites are hard at work this afternoon in the big cheerful room are going on, a group of a dozen diligent knit-

ters at a side table are conjugating French verbs under the tutelage of Madame, a dearly loved Parisienne, who teaches conversational French while her flying fingers turn out all sorts of surgical hospital supplies every afternoon.

Other classes, too, have been formed within this organization, each equipping the young workers with something that helps the stay-at-home woman to do her bit for her country.

Are you an actress? Have you joined the "Relief"?

If you haven't you have let an opportunity for fine service slip past you, and there's no better moment than the present to remedy the omission.



DRAMA A LA CARTE

(Continued from page 288)

THE PUNCH

I'll be right on the job.
(There comes a roar of laughter from off stage.)

STAGE MANAGER

(Rubbing his hands in great satisfaction.) Comic Relief is delivering the goods all right, all right. If you fellows put the same ginger in your work, this show is going to smash all Broadway records.

LOVE ELEMENT

(Timidly) Er—pardon me, sir, but what arrangements have been made about Real Drama?

STAGE MANAGER

(Sharply) What do you mean?

LOVE ELEMENT

(Apologetically) He's dead, you know.

STAGE MANAGER

(Carelessly) Oh, by Jove! so he is. I've been so busy that I'd forgotten all about him.

UPLIFT

Rather awkward, having his remains in the theatre, isn't it?

STAGE MANAGER

(Frowning) Damned awkward! But it won't be for long. We'll bury him to-morrow. (Hesitatingly) Er—would you fellows mind acting as pallbearers?

LOVE ELEMENT

THE PUNCH

UPLIFT

(All speaking together)
We'll be delighted!

STAGE MANAGER

(Sighing with relief) Good! Then that's settled.

CURTAIN



NATURE DANCING

OUT into the great out of doors, Monsieur Vestoff and Mlle. Serova have taken the greatest creation of their art—Nature Dancing.

Nature Dancing is in itself a response to the great lyrical rhythm that nature breathes everywhere throughout her wide domain. Every living creature of the wild breathes and moves in an unconscious instinctive rhythm;—that harmony and grace of movement which many mortals are too timid to express.

From the teaching of Nature, Mlle. Serova and M. Vestoff have gleaned the principles of a new school of Terpsichore. Yet while Nature Dancing is in itself freedom and an unforced and spontaneous interpretation of any given thought or expression, it is diametrically opposed to that careless, meaningless fleeing and leaping which amateurish dancers call by that name.

M. Vestoff and Mlle. Serova are authors of unusual and beautiful Interpretative Dances and Studies. These not only develop the expression of the body, but pantomim and dramatic interpretation form vital part of the work. The Vestoff Serova School has been more than successful with this beautiful branch of their invention and teaching.

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The Gift of Gifts IVORY PY-RA-LIN



That it has the delicate mellowness of old elephant ivory is but one attribute of Ivory Py-ra-lin.

There is in this exquisite all-American product a richness a beauty—a weightiness—such as always distinguishes the solid from the sham—an atmosphere of quality recognizable instantly to the connoisseur.

For baby's dressing table or the boudoir of the more mature, nothing could be more appropriate than a toilet set of this most dainty material.

The better stores show a wide selection.

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We cordially welcome all interested to view our Exhibition Salons and Studios.

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LISTERINE

The Safe Antiseptic

to use as a gargle for quick relief from hoarseness and throat irritations.



This Autumn

The favored frock for afternoon with sleeves of chiffon and ample armholes is one more reason on Fashion's list to use

Evans's Depilatory

This powder, applied occasionally, will keep the underarm attractively smooth. (There's no safe way to remove superfluous hair once and for all.)

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The two books "Nature Dancing" and "The Russian Imperial Method of Training a Dancer" have been accepted by the dancing public of America as textbooks. They are authoritative, comprehensive and concise in expression. An invaluable aid to all desiring to gain proficiency in these arts.
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Its Banter is bright, very INTIME and full of personal interest to the Profession.

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T A X O N T H E - A T R E T I C K E T S

(Continued from page 268)

when the bill was passed and the laws are construed as nearly as possible by the intent of the law-making powers. Would it be violating the law for the management to pay the tax since it says that the excess shall be paid by the purchaser and the manager is practically the assessor and collector? Some good lawyers have contended that we cannot pay this tax ourselves. I question the accuracy of that decision. The clause was put in the bill to give the manager an opportunity to distribute the burden equitably among all theatregoers, but if the manager volunteers to substitute himself for the purchaser and the Government gets the full revenue it does not seem to me that there will be any objection no matter who pays the revenue so long as the Government gets it.

Naturally there will be considerable confusion in the early days of the execution of this new plan of taxation, but no doubt there will be elasticity in the Treasury Department's construction in the carrying out of its plans and a little while will adjust the matter, so long as the Government gets the full revenue to which it is entitled under the Theatre Admission clause of the bill.



KEEP ON SMILING

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:
Sir:

Dr. Crane's editorial in a recent issue of THE THEATRE in defense of the stage in war time has prompted me to send you the enclosed little circular issued by one of the political parties here during a "wet" and "dry" election. One of the officials assured me of the truth of the statements. Moreover it would not be hard for me to believe in their accuracy, since I have seen little towns here so chemically pure that they even class the playing of billiards among the deadly sins and forbid it in public.

To these people who exist in vast numbers, the theatre, and the dance are the most frightful forms of vice—the actors belong to the cohorts of Hell, the spectators cannot fail but be contaminated. I have often wondered if we Americans have no wit, that we cannot penetrate this state of mind, and reduce to their rightful level of ridicule these masculine heroes of the ladies' morning clubs, who owe their glory to the firm stand they took against the violation of the law in the use of rum in mince pie, or the forcing of ballet girls to hide the shameful nakedness of their lower limbs in skirts of more respectable length.

However, most of these people,—these prohibitionists of everything—have had their negativeness well repaid by the loss of the art of smiling, in becoming mean, and in hating almost everything. There is great truth in what Dr. Crane says about the need of the stage in war time. I believe not only the stage, but also music and all other pleasing forms of illusions should be cultivated and not only in war time but all the time. A civilization that cannot smile during "business hours" is in a bad state.

EDWIN PETERSEN.

Altadena, Cal.,

Oct. 10, 1917.

The circular to which our correspondent refers gives the substance of a letter alleged to have been sent by Mr. Herman Trent, superintendent of the New Jersey Anti-Saloon League to the New York Sun. Among other things Mr. Trent is reported to have said:

"If I had my way I would not only close up the saloons and the race-tracks; I would close all tobacco shops, confectionery stores, delicatessen shops and other places where gastronomic devilttries are purveyed—all theatres and bathing beaches."

NEW BOOKS

THE AMERICAN GOLF GUIDE AND YEAR BOOK. 1917. Edited by P. C. Pulver. The Angus Company: New York.

THIS book contains a directory to all the clubs in all the States. It also covers Canada, with all the regulations and privileges. It gives winners and scores and the rules of the game. Every essential information may be found in it, including the names of actors prominent in golf circles. There are forty-nine portraits and a map of the clubs in and near New York. It answers its purpose fully.

COMEDIES OF WORDS. By Arthur Schnitzler. Five Short Plays. Stewart & Kidd Company: Cincinnati.

EVER since the production of "Anatol," at The Little Theatre, the name of Arthur Schnitzler has been held to represent something new in drama—fresh treatment, penetrating psychology, gaiety and a revelation of the free and careless life in Vienna. Free indeed, careless indeed! "Anatol" was a succession of the adventures of a libidinous bachelor with girls, usually met on the street, of an amiable and accommodating nature. The little plays were clever. They were smart and of the Viennese smart set. "Liebele!" so far has been his best play. It took up the serious results of a liaison between a student and a girl of an accommodating disposition, in which she, we believe, commits suicide and he is killed in a duel. Similar psychological studies are in the five plays of this volume.

"The Hour of Recognition" concerns the husband's admission to wife that he has known for several years that "their" daughter is not his. She leaves, whether to go to her daughter or her former lover is not clear—indeed of no consequence, psychological or otherwise. In "The Big Scene" an actor tells a man a lie about what his relations had been with the fiancée of that man. Everybody in the play is accommodating. "The Festival of Bacchus": A woman is about to run off with her lover, but the arrival at the station of the husband seems to defer that event. No doubt there will be a sequel to this adventure in which she completes her adventure. Literature: A wife has written a novel in which she has used love letters between her and a former participant in an affair. He visits her; it is discovered that both, having written a novel, have used the same letters. "The Helpmate": A man's wife has just died. The same old story. Yes, Herr Arthur Schnitzler is very psychological and gay.

HOW TO PRODUCE AMATEUR PLAYS. By Barrett H. Clark. Little, Brown and Company: Boston.

MR. CLARK, indefatigable in the translation of plays and in volumes of Commentaries on French, British and American drama, volumes of interest and usefulness among books that are made, has in "How to Produce Amateur Plays" an excellent manual. It is practical. His list of plays suitable for amateurs will save much anxious research for material and keep clubs busy for many a day. His three chapters on rehearsing give the process of thought for that kind of work. Its ten chapters are enlightening, and the book as a short manual is excellent, one that should be useful if not indispensable to every amateur director.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE JOYFUL YEARS. A novel by F. T. Wawn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.

CHRISTINE. By Alice Cholmondeley. New York: The Macmillan Company.

TOO MUCH EFFICIENCY. By E. J. Rath. New York: W. J. Watt Co.



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"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip
People of culture, refinement
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PREFER Deities to
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Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
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Packer's Liquid Tar Soap

IF you are frankly fastidious
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THE WELL GROOMED MAN IN EVENING DRESS

By BEAUNASH



MEN'S fashions this Autumn and Winter are a sort of *pot au feu* into which everything has been tossed and left to stew; an *omnium gatherum* of oddments and remnants borrowed alike from the kit of the new soldier and that of the old beau; a gallimaufry, which defies code or classification.

Civilian and military fashions are crossing swords, like two rival orchestras, one playing Schubert's Serenade against Mendelssohn's Spring Song, or like the syncopated phonograph in the apartment below disputing the freedom of the high C's with the tintinnabulant pianola in the apartment above.

All the world seems soldier-struck, copying his set-up shoulder-swing, swagger stick and swank. Yet, there are many distinctly civilian fashions, and contemporaneous evening dress shows few traces of that martial influence which is so noticeable in town and field clothes.

* * *

With the high priests of fashion in London giving but the sketchiest attention to "cits" during the last few years, it is natural that evening dress should fetch next to no innovations. Only this season, the tension having eased, are changes of consequence by way of being made.

Another factor which has proved a set-back to the remodeling of the cut of ceremonious evening clothes is the widespread adoption of the Tuxedo jacket, even in London's sacrosanct set, in deference to the less formal *zeitgeist*.

At the theatres and dining places, where smart people go, it was a rarity to see the swallowtail until this Autumn. One did not wear it, perhaps, because it smacked of the gilded "silly awss," hunting tufts at a time when the lion was rampant and England was calling its manhood to the colors.

* * *

In the stuffs for evening dress this season the patterns run the gamut—baratheas, bird's-eye weaves, pebbled effects, diminutive blocks, shadow stripes and newest of all, a series of checks super-imposed upon the design, a delicate and difficult task for the loomsman.

Mark you, all these are executed in black upon black, or in blue-black upon blue-black. Sometimes the fabrics reveal glints of purple or gray by daylight, which, however, turn raven-black by electric light.

En passant, evening suitings should never be chosen in the sun, but should be judged under artificial light, as the shade is prone to shift and show up murky or dun-colored at nightfall.

A smart range of "lint-proof" West of England stuffs is said to repel dust by virtue of a special process in weaving. Such materials would particularly befit dining out, when napkin and cloth leave their telltale traces upon the nap of one's coat.

* * *

The fashionable swallowtail coat of the hour is a longish, close-draping affair, which curves to

waist and back and terminates in a rather full-fold spread of skirt, either rounded off or spade-shaped. It does not fit the figure as the skin fits the grape, but neither must there be any hint of slackness across the blades.

This coat has natural shoulders, not vulgarly "built up"; a step or notch collar; converging front buttons and broad, soft-rolling deep-lying lapels, satin-faced to the edge, (sometimes corded silk) which swing inward at or below the waistline. The sleeves, plain, welted or turned-back, taper from the elbow down and flare, bell-like, over the cuff.

In London, it is the mode to have the peaked waistcoat points protrude below the cross-cut of



Evening Dress in the latest mode
from Finchley

the coat. In America, both are about on a parity. The waistcoat opening outlines the contour of an elongated V, is slightly higher than hitherto and fits at the waistline with a marked groove or ridge, thence springing outward.

To sum up, the swallowtail coat fits with the utmost snugness at certain central points, like waist and back, but otherwise has a flowing freedom of drop and an easy fullness of drape.

* * *

Evening waistcoats are cut of white cotton, linen or *Marseilles*, plain or *piqué*, as well as of brocaded or embossed silks of so thick a texture and so hefty a weight, that they greatly resemble linen.

The cut of one's waistcoat is a matter of preference, rather than propriety, and much depends upon the wearer's physique and, whether or not, his hills and valleys be correctly placed.

Your waistcoat must fit as tightly as compatible with the perfectly natural wish to keep on breathing. Nevertheless, as the French have it: "*Il faut souffrir pour être à la mode*"—one must suffer to be in fashion, and there you are.

* * *

During the last two years, the tendency in fashion has been toward cutting evening trousers rather straight, with a slight forward flex at the bottom over the instep.

This is the smartest effect, as it expunges the ugly line of demarcation between the end of trousers and the beginning of boot, making both melt into one.

To be sure, this style is in no sense obligatory. It is simply of the mode and of the moment, if you are mindful of the hair-splitting *minutiae* of evening dress as they are practised by the citizen of the world, edition for November, 1917.

Evening gloves may be of white *glacé* kid, white buck, white military cape or white *suède* with plain backs of silk embroidered in white or black.

The white or pearl-white *glacé* affair is the only one permissible at formal functions, whilst the others are street or theatre gloves or limousine gloves.

A former style of glove, which is being revived, is buttonless in the mode known as the English "slip-on." You draw it up and let the leather crease comfortably over the wrist. Nothing to fasten or fumble with.

* * *

White evening ties may be square, pointed, rounded or forked at the ends. Perhaps the latest and smartest is narrow and straight, being worn under the lap-front collar and giving one a rather foreign look, which is not disagreeable.

With the higher cut of the evening waistcoat, the solitaire button on shirts is again in vogue for those few who can carry it off with *aplomb*.

The proper silk hat has the London belled crown and curled brim; not too exaggerated. The French form with the tapering crown and level brim is as *passé* as last year's almanac.

* * *

Swagger sticks to accompany evening clothes are of black ebony with a sunken gold cap, which is not visible unless you look directly down. Some have pencil holder inserts.

Mufflers may be knitted or of flat silk in white or pearl, or the new Paisley and tapestry patterns from the East.

* * *

Such are the smart accompaniments of evening dress which enrich the melody, for it is the "big, little" details that lend *ton* to the well-turned-out man.

A tie knotted by ten thumbs; a shirt-front which bellies out like a sail puffed by an impish breeze; a collar which gives the wearer plural chins—these things are flies in the amber of well-groomed contentment.



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BRINGING MUSIC TO THE PEOPLE



Charles D. Isaacson

LONG before "civilization" dominated the world's history, Music was a definite part of the lives of the meanest of people. But, in the evolution of things, somebody or other decided that Music didn't belong to the ordinary man and woman, but that it was, by some God-given right, assigned to a small, very exclusive and highly developed type of person known as the "music lover."

A revolution is taking place. Music is going back right where it belongs. That elite circle is being broken into. The people, as a whole, are taking Music and finding that it is not something that needs

a scientific, algebraical, mathematical, geometric explanation; that it needs no translator; that it is not to be reached only through didactic discussions.

Theatre Magazine will hereafter be the platform from which the new revolutionary spirit of Music will speak.

MUSIC FOR EVERYONE

Edited by CHARLES D. ISAACSON

will appear here, in Theatre Magazine, next month.

Mr. Isaacson has been the champion of the new spirit. He has always maintained that everybody really wants Music; that Music can really be given to everybody. To him, a composition is merely a reflection of a composer's life, whims, hopes, accidents, disappointments.

The music of Mendelssohn is what it is, because Mendelssohn lived as he did, and was born in the environment that gave him to the world. Tchaikowsky, is morbid tragedy, and so is his music. Gluck was sick and tired of the pendency and foolishness of his day, and hence his music is bold and free.

Mr. Isaacson, in talking of composers and their music, treats it from the purely human side. He is for new artists—reputations do not mean anything compared to true ability, and the rising personage in composition is always given a ready ear.

The most eminent artists in America are friends of Mr. Isaacson and his work, and have given of themselves to move forward the great idea.

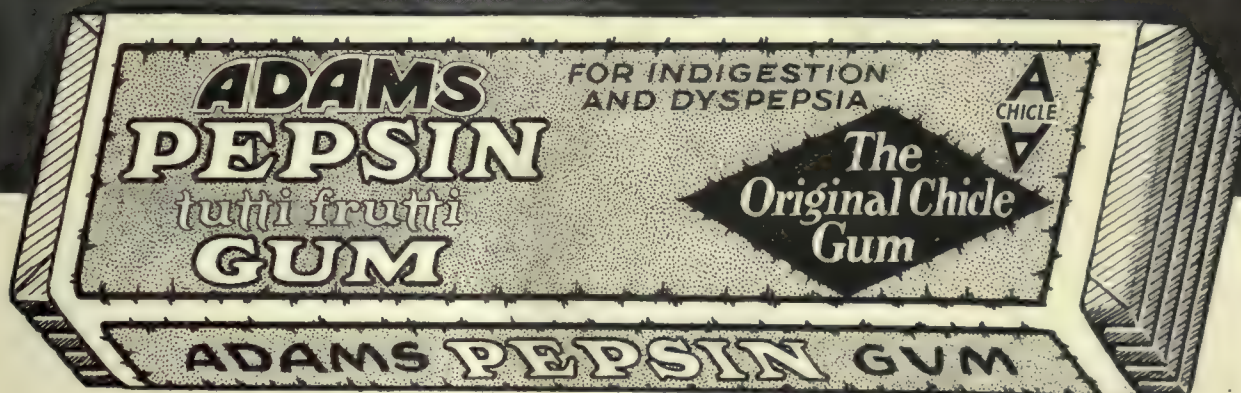
You will be interested in "Music for Everyone" whether you are an artist—whether you are the merest layman, because it is going to show you how art and the public can get together. And if you are one seeking to bring Music into the lives of your family, you will follow our "Music for Everyone" religiously.

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BEGINNING IN NEXT MONTH'S THEATRE MAGAZINE



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MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO



Photos White

O T I S S K I N N E R

The screen's latest recruit who will appear under the direction of Herbert Brenon in Edward Knoblock's "Kismet"

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES



What's Wrong with Goldwyn Pictures?

THE much talked of Goldwyn stars and Goldwyn pictures have proved the old adage, "Much Ado About Nothing." After seeing the first four releases, viz.: "Polly of the Circus," "The Eternal Magdalene," "Baby Mine" and "Fighting Odds," this conclusion is an easy one to reach. It may be another case of too many cooks spoiling the broth.

Looking over the roster of Goldwyn stars it is evident that that company has gambled considerably with dramatic talent whose picture value was in doubt. Goldwyn announced the following stars: Mae Marsh, Madge Kennedy, Mary Garden, Maxine Elliott and Mabel Normand. Of these six, Mae Marsh and Mabel Normand are picture stars. Jane Cowl's experience in pictures has been extremely limited. The one picture that I recall entitled "The Garden of Lies" did not create a sensation. Madge Kennedy and Maxine Elliott were unknown screen quantities. Madge Kennedy may be said to have made good. Of Mary Garden we are yet to hear.

Mae Marsh's picture, "Polly of the Circus," which was Goldwyn's first release, was disappointing. As far as could be seen a great many faults were directly traceable to direction. It may be mentioned at this moment that Goldwyn has no directors of note on its staff. If they have, they have been hiding them under a bushel for their names have not appeared prominently in the advertising matter. Coming back to "Polly of the Circus," most of the scenes were taken at such a distance that they were hard to distinguish. The picture of the circus girl riding around the arena may be Mae Marsh and again it may not. There is entirely too much of the circus in the picture and not enough of the star. And in attempting to be too artistic the director and his aids have missed their aim. But what is lacking most are the delightful mannerisms of Mae Marsh so well brought out in the past by Griffith.

At the present moment Goldwyn's best bet seems to be Madge Kennedy. Miss Kennedy is a natural screen artist. Yet in "Baby Mine" the story far overshadowed the star. Miss Kennedy should be brought out in stories of the Fairbanks type. If she is, we predict great success for her.

The least said about "The Eternal Magdalene" the better. As a picture it is a distortion of a wonderful story. I understand that both Philadelphia and Chicago have objected to the showing of this picture. After seeing it, I can readily understand their objection. Maxine Elliott plays a "walking part." "The Eternal Magdalene" was no picture from which to judge of Miss Elliott's ability as a screen performer, but "Fighting Odds" proves that Maxine Elliott's place is on the speaking stage.



RIALTO. "MAGDA," with Clara Kimball Young.

"Magda" is the first of the Clara Kimball Young pictures produced by that star's personal organization and presented by the Select Pictures Corporation. "Magda" was adapted for the screen by Margaret Turnbull from Herman Sudermann's drama and directed by Emile Chautard.

I have always maintained that Clara Kimball Young is in a class by herself in so far as interpretive expression is concerned. In "Magda" Miss Young proves no exception to this contention. The story is an intensely dramatic one and withal a human one true to life in many cases, where a dominating father contends that he is lord and master of all he surveys and who happens to have a daughter who disagrees with him. An excellent cast supports Miss Young and Mr. Chautard's direction is excellent. The finish of the picture itself is its one weak spot. "Magda," with Clara Kimball Young, should prove a drawing card anywhere.

* * *

STRAND. "BAB'S DIARY," with Marguerite Clark.

"Bab's Diary," with Marguerite Clark, is a Famous Players-Paramount production, and is the first of a series of incidents in the life

of a sub-deb. These stories, written by Mary Roberts Rinehart, appeared some time ago in the *Saturday Evening Post*. They make excellent picture material and with Marguerite Clark as Bab prove unusually good entertainment. The subtitles are particularly funny, and the good, clean comedy produced between them means that the motion picture fan has an enjoyable hour in store for him.

* * *

ASTOR HOTEL. "THE PUBLIC DEFENDER," with Frank Keenan, Alma Hanlon and Robert Edeson.

"The Public Defender" is presented by Harry Raver, and was written by Mayer C. Goldman and Frank W. Harris of the New York Bar, scenario by Frederick Rath and the production staged by Burton King. "The Public Defender," as a picture, is a good idea badly executed. The idea back of "The Public Defender" is a plea for justice in our Criminal Courts where the State's attorney is more often a persecuting rather than a prosecuting attorney. The cast of "The Public Defender" has been picked out evidently for the commercial value that the names of Keenan, Hanlon and Edeson might bring to any picture. If they were chosen from any other standpoint a deplorable mistake has been made, for Frank Keenan as the District

Attorney is twenty years too old for the part, Alma Hanlon is by no means convincing, and Robert Edeson's hardest work is breaking automobile speed laws. There is little continuity to the story and in many parts it is exceedingly jumpy. The picture has been plentifully padded and the finish leaves the viewer in a chaotic condition as to just what he has actually seen. Sitting through "The Public Defender" is more or less a waste of time.

* * *

GLOBE THEATRE. "ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP" with Virginia Lee Corbin and Francis Carpenter.

William Fox's second offering of kiddie pictures, entitled "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," proved an even more fascinating and delightful entertainment than was "Jack and the Beanstalk." Those same delightful youngsters of "Jack and the Beanstalk," Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin, appear in the leading rôles of this picture. C. M. and S. A. Franklin are the directors of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and they have scored several clever effects new in picture production.

The story is familiar to everyone, and the scenario of the same by Bernard McConville is creditable. The music, too, as arranged by George M. Rubinstein, adds much

to the charm of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp."

* * *

LYRIC THEATRE. "CLEOPATRA," with Theda Bara.

Theda Bara, after "vamping" through much modern fiction, has been gently but none the less firmly propelled back several decades by the far-reaching hand of William Fox, and now if you want an intimate glimpse of the first vampire, a visit to the Lyric Theatre will impart knowledge and considerable enjoyment of a subject never old.

"Cleopatra" will be a successful picture for several reasons. First, the direction of Gordon Edwards is well nigh perfect. He has handled a difficult subject with great skill, for the picture version of "Cleopatra" could easily have been spoiled by the interpolation of more battle scenes and less of Theda Bara. That lady has interpreted the rôle of Cleopatra in a masterful and as dignified a way as was possible. As Cleopatra, Theda Bara wears as little as the law allows, but what she does wear is startling in the extreme. The dress of the entire production may be said to be most elaborate. Money has been spent without stint and the settings in some instances come under the heading of stupendous.

Theda Bara in "Cleopatra" is diverting amusement of a high order.



Paula Lee (Dorothy Dalton) becomes the mistress of Fielding Powell, the artist, and enjoys the attendant luxuries of her position. All this happens in "The Price Mark"



Edna Goodrich, the Mutual star and former wife of Nat Goodwin, in a particularly attractive pose



This is how Vivian Martin looks in "Molly Entangled," a Paramount picture. To change Vivian's expression, the tangle will have to be unravelled



Mary Miles Minter, the lovable, hugable, kissable, American-Mutual star

Madame
PETROVA



You will derive double enjoyment from Petrova Pictures if you read the story versions in the McClure magazine for women, *The Ladies' World*.

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Petrova's Photodramas appear in story form in
THE LADIES' WORLD

Madame Petrova will also contribute to *The Ladies' World* a series of short articles on dramatic expression.

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

CLOTHES = CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG = AND MORE CLOTHES



IF it is a true saying that "Clothes make the man," it is a no less true one that they go a long way toward making the photoplay star, and, indirectly, the photoplay. And yet, while one hears and reads a great deal concerning where the director of a big feature film unearthed that beautiful hand-carved table which stands in the foreground during scene number seventeen, and how many days the research department spent going through huge vaults to ascertain the exact customs of the time of *Rameses Second*, or to find out in just what order the trees were planted back in the Garden of Eden, one somehow is told very little about how the star stood for hours to get the correct drape to the garments for the *Rameses Second* story or the many places she went before she found her fig-leaves for the Garden of Eden picture. Nevertheless, the clothes worn in a photoplay are every bit as important as are the settings for that photoplay—in fact, they are a part of the setting. Just as it is necessary to have a certain type of chair or table or decoration to conform to the requirements of the script, so it is necessary that what the player wears fit naturally and artistically into the scheme of things.

* * *

I do not wish you to think that I consider the matter of dress on the speaking-stage an unimportant item. It is, on the contrary, a very important one, but it is, I believe of even greater importance for the player who works before the camera. For if, after the first or second stage performance of a play the critics or the friends of the actress decide that there is something wrong with a costume, that just a touch here or a bit of color there will help, that touch or that bit of color can easily be added. With the screen player, however, it is another matter. Once a film is made, it is a lasting record which nothing can change. And, contrary to the popular belief that the camera glosses over defects, its powerful lens is sure to find and to bring into prominence unsuspected flaws of every description. True, the photoplayer has one big advantage which the "legitimate" actress has not—that is the opportunity to see herself pretty nearly as others see her on the screen. If she is wise she will study herself there, critically examine her coiffure, her gown, her make-up, even to the smallest detail, and try to profit by any mistakes she will so discover. Many's

the time I have sat in a darkened projection room wondering how I ever permitted myself to be inveigled into choosing so unbecoming a neck line and why, oh why hadn't I listened when my mother advised against that high belt? Of course, I never repeated those offences, but that particular collar and that horrible belt weren't helped at all. They were flashed before millions of people before I had an opportunity in my next picture to prove that I had learned better.

* * *

For with me rests the responsibility for the choice of my costumes. What the majority of other screen actresses do in these matters, I don't know, but I do know that I personally attend to the se-

lects a character of a foreign nationality—the task is a rather complicated one. We keep at the studio a set of costume books which give in detail the dress and costumes of people of every conceivable period and nation. These my director and I carefully consult, until we arrive at a definite conception of what the required costume must look like. It is extremely difficult at times to obtain materials which will show up as the clothes of the desired period or land should. Often they cannot be duplicated in modern or domestic weaving, and a search must be made for the nearest thing similar to it which will do. Gloves, hats and shoes for such a costume must usually be made to order, all of which entails an enormous amount of time, expense and nervous energy.



lection of every article of my own wearing apparel. No sooner is the script given into my hands for a new picture, than I began to plan how I am going to dress my part, and to formulate as clearly as possible a working plan for getting such things as I will need. After this is done I consult with my director. He, of course, is in entire authority over the making of the picture, and his must be the final word in all matters pertaining to its production. Usually in the matter of clothes we find that two heads are better than one and that by exchanging ideas we arrive at some entirely new and better effects, and then the actual work of assembling the materials and the costumes begins. As you can readily understand, some plays are very much more difficult to costume than others. For what we term "costume" plays—those in which the action takes place at some earlier date, or in which the player

But even to dress a modern "society" drama well a great deal must be considered. It would appear that anyone familiar with the elements of good dressing should be able to handle such costuming in short order, but in reality the detail work is enormous.

* * *

Color in motion picture photography is a particularly tricky element. White is never used over a large surface, as under the treatment given it by the camera it gives off a glow similar to that of clean snow under the glare of strong sunlight. Collars, cuffs and minor trimmings, however, may be white if so desired. To obtain an effect of white in the finished picture a pale pink is usually employed in the studio. Lavender is apt to film a gray-white and tan in the majority of cases comes out on the screen pretty near its original color. Light

colors do surprising things before the camera, while dark ones frequently appear nothing more nor less than plain black.

Then too there is the style of gown to be considered. Many of the larger pictures are in process of making for six or eight weeks before their completion and very often with the careful direction they are now given the process covers as many months. Besides this, the life of the average film is pretty long, traveling as it does through the smaller towns after it has completed all metropolitan showings. This means, then, that the style of a gown must not be too exaggerated to be in good taste during this entire period of time, and yet, it must be sufficiently in advance of the prevailing fashions at the time it was chosen to appear the correct thing whenever and wherever it is shown.

* * *

Besides this a costume must fit the temperament of the character portrayed by its wearer, and all sorts of little touches can help in making that character a real person to the spectator. For instance, let us suppose that I am playing the rôle of a simple, unsophisticated girl. It is only logical that I should wear an entirely different type of costume from that which I would choose were I doing the part of a deep-eyed adventuress. I should probably do my hair differently, walk differently, wear different sorts of hats and shoes and—oh, countless other things. Sometimes in one story a character is so treated by the author that a transition must be shown in age, in tastes or in characteristics. All this must have its consequent effect upon the manner in which that character dresses, and the portrayer of such a rôle must be constantly on the alert to catch the fine shadings so necessary in her costuming.

* * *

Still another point—a costume must fit the occasion for which it is worn. The average person would be just as unlikely to make a general practice of appearing in the morning in an elaborate afternoon gown as she would wear an evening gown to a daytime reception. Yet I have known both these things to be done by inexperienced screen players. Into the category of "fitness" comes the use of jewelry as a pet method of showing great wealth. Such jewels as are worn by the motion picture actress must be chosen carefully and consistently with the costume with which it is



Vivian Martin has in abundant measure, that powerful attraction of the theatre called CHARM. Her triumphs in "The Girl at Home," "Giving Becky a Chance" and "The Sunset Trail" are an augury of the good things to come in "The Trouble Buster" and "Molly Entangled".

You can tell a good picture—afterward—but how about—before you see it? It's simple when you know how—just look for the

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures

trade-marks—your assurance that the picture features a truly great star, that it is the work of a famous author, and that it has been staged by a director whose ability has been proven and who has the vast resources of the world's greatest producer at his call.

The next time you go to a photoplay, assure yourself of a pleasant evening's entertainment by (1) looking for the Paramount and Artcraft trade-marks on the posters outside the theatre—(2) look through the newspapers and go to those theatres advertising Paramount and Artcraft Pictures.

If your theatre does not show these quality pictures, tell the manager that you would like to see them. He will be only too glad to please you.



Paramount
Pictures

worn, and with the screen character of the wearer. No refined, high-class woman, no matter how great her wealth, covers herself with gems in the daytime, and even at night prefers to wear a few good pieces rather than a great many of inferior value. Yet I have seen girls who are supposed to be taking place in some select society function so covered with chunks of glass that in a darkened room they resemble Broadway at night. I myself am very fond of gems, in fact, the collection of rare pieces is a hobby of mine, but I am extremely careful how and why I wear it around the studio. Sometimes, however, accidents will happen. I remember back in one of my earlier pictures I once portrayed the rôle of a girl of very moderate means. We had completed the making of most of the scenes and late one afternoon had it run off for us in the studio projection room. We were delighted until on a close-up I noticed that dressed as I was in shabby clothes there gleamed on my little finger an expensive emerald ring. How or why I had neglected to remove it before making up, and how it escaped the eagle eye of the director, I have not been able to figure out to this day. Luckily we were able to do the scene over by working half the night, but I shudder to think what would have happened had we not noticed the omission in time.

* * *

Sometimes, when after seemingly endless trouble and worry everything appears to be complete, a gown or a hat will tear, just for the pure cussedness of things. If it can be mended by the wardrobe mistress who is kept on the premises, well and good. Sometimes, however, the damage is too great to remedy. The gown has been registered in a previous scene. To wear a different one would spoil the continuity of the play, and to destroy the other scenes in which the injured article was registered may mean the loss of many hundreds of feet of film. A hurry call is sent out for a duplicate. This may be obtainable in a day or two or it may take a week or more, with a consequent loss of time in the making of the picture, and its attendant effect upon the tempers of everyone involved.

* * *

The expense of dressing a photoplay is a breath-catching item. I never use a gown more than once before the camera. It is purchased with a certain picture in mind, and upon the completion of that picture it is given or thrown away. Many of my clothes I give to my friends. In addition to this I receive many requests from girls who have seen my photoplays and have admired a certain gown or hat or cloak. Once in a great while an old gown can be so altered as to be fit for use, sometimes combining two slightly worn ones makes an entirely new article. But this is not often possible. Screen work is extremely

wearing on the clothes and after constant rehearsing and acting in a gown that gown is not good for much, you may be sure. Not everyone agrees with me, of course. I know of one very good actress who buys all her wearing apparel for private life with a view to wearing it out before the camera when its freshness is a bit gone. I know of still another player who purchases her clothes for studio wear and afterwards uses them in her home life. But I find that it is only once in a great while that I can combine business with pleasure where my clothes are concerned. A street suit I can occasionally wear for a short scene in one of my pictures and for a wrap I wear in "Magda" I paid seventeen hundred dollars. That, of course, I intend to wear for theatre and other evening occasions. And—I do not say this to boast, but only to make clear my point about the large sums of money necessary to the correct dressing of pictures—I have paid over twenty-five thousand dollars to a leading importer during the past four months.

* * *

Lastly, there is the effect of clothing upon the wearer. There is a great deal of talk about all kinds of psychology these days, but it is a well-established fact that the psychological effect of clothing upon the actions and feelings of the wearer is very great. With the consciousness that one is well and fittingly dressed one is apt to feel much more comfortable and therefore to act much more naturally than if he were not quite sure of his appearance and of the effect he is making. I know that clothes affect me tremendously. For one scene in "Magda" I required a simple Swedish costume. My mother has made many of my less elaborate things, and so, as there was no time to send out for the necessary Swedish dress, she undertook to make it for me. The effect was wonderful and everything went well until, after working for a while the dress began to feel uncomfortable. When I raised my arms it would work up in the back and pucker about the neck, and although they told me that it looked all right, it felt all wrong, and that was all there was to it. I got through the scene somehow, but my nerves were so unstrung that I had to give up work for the day.

* * *

Add to all this the fact that for every gown there must be a hat, a parasol, shoes, gloves, and countless other accessories, and that all this rushing about for clothes is done by the screen player in between scenes during which she is throwing her heart and soul into her work before the camera in the full glare of the Cooper-Hewitts is it any wonder that the placid lady in the audience sweetly murmurs to her chocolate-nibbling companion on a close-up "Mercy, my dear,—how old she's looking!"



Kathleen Clifford in who is "Number One," a serial production by Horkheimer Brothers, released by Paramount



Close followers of the screen will recognize even beneath this disguise the delightful features of Marguerite Clark, who is now being starred by Paramount in an adaptation of Mary Robert Rinehart's well-known "Sub-Deb" stories



Texas Guinan has been added to the roster of Triangle stars



Mae Murray's introduction to the public as a Bluebird star will be in "The Princess Virtue," directed by Robert Leonard



The first Eva Tanguay picture is entitled "The Wild Girl." Several of Miss Tanguay's vaudeville costumes will be screened for the first time

ONE REASON FOR THE SHORT LIFE OF THE MOVIE PRESS AGENT



DEAR BILL:—Did you know that Marguerite Clark has a canary that can sing the Belgian national air? 'Sfact. I found it out only yesterday and I'm going to splash it all over the women's pages of the afternoon dailies—maybe. Of course the bird doesn't know it's the Belgian national air it's singing, but you wouldn't know the Belgian national air either, if you should hear it, so it's fifty-fifty and the story's good.

I made the discovery at the end of an imperfect day. It started at 9:30 and ended at 7 P.M., and all the news I was able to dig up for the edification of a palpitating public was that about the canary bird and the fact that Billie Burke had to eat so many ham and eggs during rehearsal that she couldn't look a Ritz menu in the face that night, or perhaps I should say so much ham and so many eggs. Whichever you prefer.

I'll let you in on this: These movie stars don't like publicity. No sarcasm. They don't. You thought they did, I know. You thought they were wild to see themselves in print or automobiles or the latest fashions, or at the beach or digging in their Hoover gardens or rolling bandages or golf or dice or along in their motors or making bread or hay while the sun shines. They don't give a darn about it, at least these Paramount stars don't. Lots of picture people love that stuff, but the Paramount people seem to like to act out for the movies and let it go at that. It makes it nice for the press agent. (Now you can apply the sarcastic reading.)

Why, I've even had to talk the value of publicity to these public personalities. I've pulled that "there are - twenty-two - peaks - in - Colorado - higher - than - Pikes Peak - does - it - pay - to - advertise" bro-mide on all of them a dozen times. Fancy that, Hedda. Urging an actress to come on into print!

Of course they all know the value of publicity. I know they know and they know I know it but that's as far as it goes.

Do you think that when I amble into the Famous Players' studio on a still hunt for stories, Billie Burke or Marguerite Clark or Pauline Frederick throw their hats in the air and the movie orchestra strikes up "Here Comes a Sailor"? Think again. I am as welcome to those teeming temperaments as a gas helmet at a masquerade. Do they cluster round me and tell me

what the baby said when Pa Ziegfeld slipped on the nursery rug this morning; or how the corner boot-black likes to shine Marguerite Clark's shoes because he only has to use one-sixth as much polish as ordinary-sized brogans require; or whether Pauline bought another dog or another car the day before yesterday? They do not. Believe it or not, when it comes to talking for public these shrinking violets are the

ask her every available and imaginary question from a request for a picture to whether or not she puts catsup in her tea. Marg—nobody ever calls her Marg, but that's just to show you how familiar I am—Marg answers every letter. By the time she has finished autographing 287 photographs a week and explained to 334 ardent admirers just what the inmost secrets of her life are, there is no welcome in her eye

ute the editor is going to call you a good kid just because he can get the story free—guess again. He's more apt to make you think you're an essayist trying to sell a bone-dry treatise at fifteen cents a word, less commission.

And when he does take your brain-child from you, the odds are eight to five that he'll remove every trace of its origin so that it can be legally adopted without offending the advertising department.

You see your little offspring of an offering belongs to the Paramount family—it's old Pa Paramount who pays you your wages, you know. But the editor makes a blue pencil camouflage of your family tree and pares away the Paramount without a tremor. It's all wrong, P. T. Barnum, it's all wrong.

So back you go to your glass-topped desk in the office on the Avenue. And right here, Bill, you're among friends. The minute you set foot on the tiles of the ante-room your stock begins to jump from fifty cents on the dollar to ten or twelve above par, and you begin to feel like a captain of industry because there's so much of it going on about you.

Here there are at least a hundred workers, all toiling at publicity. There are advertising experts and art men, trade paper writers and magazine mentors, mimeographers—whole shoals of them—and shippers, photograph file girls and press book compilers, house organ editors and special camera men and a score or more in other departments fighting to tell the world how Lina Cavalieri is going to do her hair this Fall or what size corsets Julian Eltinge wears.

You remember when you used to go to Coney, Bill, before the days of the tungsten lamp? And you remember the leather-lunged bassoguffo who would ballyhoo you into the tent where George the Turtle Boy played his shell game? Well, that Barker was personality's first megaphone and he reached a hundred ears.

To-day the megaphone is a machine of commerce, operated by thousands of skilled mechanics throughout the movie world and the ears that hear what the wheels grind out, take their owners' eyes to the arc-lit screen to see the wonders of the picture world—press agents of the movies, entrepreneurs of pleasure's sanctuary, harbingers of the land of "let's forget." Class, eh, George? It's a gift.

Yours for publicity,

FRED.



*Marguerite Clark and her canary that
sings the National Belgian Air*

original sensitive plants, the Kliegl-light blooming seriousness of insouciance, pachyderms, impervious to importunity; apathetic sang froids of imperturbation, nil admirari, nonchalant, pococurante, sans souci. (Roget's Thesaurus, page 338, special press agent's edition, 1917.)

Ask me why these luminaries shine on in silence and I'll tell you I don't know unless it's because the *vain* is worked out. Do you get that one, Bill? Marguerite Clark gets about forty letters a day from various amorosos of the movies. This is no press agent taradiddle. She really does; and these idol hounds

for the pestiferous p.a. when he drops in of an afternoon seeking food for his trusty Corona.

It's a gay life, the press agent's. When he finishes getting nothing out of the stars, he writes what he hasn't got, thinks awhile about what he could write but don't and takes the whole mess around to the editor. Pick your own editor; any of them will do. They're all willing to give the press agent time to think up a scenario or two while he waits in the ante-room three or four hours. If you've written something snappy and have a few good pictures to go with it and then think for a min-



A stirring and extremely exciting moment in the motion picture life of Beatrice Michelena



This is not the fashion editor's suggestion for a new Fall coiffure. It is a scene from Paramount picture, "The Call of the East" with Sesue Hayakawa



Photo Charlotte Fairchild

Norma Talmadge and one of her pets. The other ten million are film fans. Miss Talmadge's latest picture is "The Moth"



This strip is one of the beautiful silhouetted scenes in "The Judgment House," directed by J. Stuart Blackton

BRENON PRODUCTIONS
Personally Directed By Mr. Brenon

HERBERT BRENON

presents



Bert
Lytell
as
Dr. Worthing
in

"EMPTY POCKETS"

by Rupert Hughes

The swiftest
and most
dramatic story
of
New York life
ever written

UNWINDING THE REEL



The entire motion picture world was shocked by the sudden death of Florence La Badie, the Thanhouser star. Miss La Badie had been hurt in an automobile accident.

* * *

Augustus Thomas has joined forces with Harry Raver in the formation of a new motion picture producing organization. Mr. Thomas will contribute original stories besides acting in an advisory capacity.

* * *

The Ogden Pictures Corporation have purchased the film rights to David Graham Phillips' novel "The Grain of Dust." Miss Lillian Walker will be starred.

* * *

Herbert Brenon expects to complete the production of "Empty Pockets" upon which he is working, in four or five weeks.

* * *

Pauline Frederick's next Paramount vehicle will be "The Hungry Heart," one of David Graham Phillips' most popular novels.

* * *

Olive Tell's next picture for the Empire All-Star Corporation will be entitled "Her Sister," from the play in which Ethel Barrymore starred under Charles Frohman's management.

* * *

William Fox's next kiddie feature offering will be "Babies in the Woods" with Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin.

* * *

"A Maid of Belgium" is the new World picture Brady-made in which Alice Brady is the star and which is announced for release November 5th. There are some war scenes in this drama which are said to be very realistic.

* * *

Nazimova is now working on her first Metro picture, "God's Message" adapted by Ethel Browning Miller from the story "A Rosebush of a Thousand Years."

* * *

Christy Cabanne, a well known director, will head a new producing corporation to be known as the Zenith Film Corporation and whose first picture will be entitled "America's Mission."

* * *

Mary Pickford's next Artcraft release will be "The Little Princess," adapted to the screen by Frances Marion from Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel.

Rumors of Wall Street capital and the film business have been coming fast and furious in the past month. Amalgamations, mergers and combinations of all sorts and involving all kinds of money have been mentioned. Up-to-date, however, Wall Street seems to be far too busy attending to its own business to take up seriously the questions of the investment of its millions in the picture industry.

* * *

The film industry is doing its share toward making the Second Liberty Loan a success. Many of the big companies have subscribed heavily, and the drive will continue up to the last day.

* * *

Motion picture theatregoers have a genuine treat coming to them. Pictures of the Rosemary Pageant when completed will be unusually novel. Every star of any note has done his or her bit and the gorgeous setting of Conklin's estate at Huntington, L. I., provides a most unusual background.

* * *

Earle Foxe will be Constance Talmadge's leading man in "The Honey-moon," which production will be released by the Select Pictures Corporation.

* * *

D. W. Griffith and the Gish sisters, Dorothy and Lillian, have returned from abroad where D. W. managed to use up considerable footage on the battle front. These pictures are to be woven into a mammoth spectacle, which will not be ready for public exhibition for some time to come.

* * *

Taylor Holmes' current comedy drama is entitled "Two-Bit Seats." Marguerite Clayton will play opposite to Mr. Holmes.

* * *

Bessie Barriscale is at work on her third Paralta play, "Within the Cup," and J. Warren Kerrigan is hard at work on Frederick Chapin's story, "Turn of a Card."

* * *

Two Motion Picture Exhibitions are scheduled for 1918. The first will be held in New York in February and the second in Boston in July.

* * *

Fenimore Cooper Towne announces that Lawrence Trimble, after directing "The Auction Block," by Rex Beach, and "The Spreading Dawn," with Jane Cowl, is now engaged in the direction of the Petrova pictures.



A scene from "Daughter of Destiny," Mme. Petrova's first picture made by her own company. Thomas Holding is the man to be envied



The back of this photograph tells its story—"The Conqueror," with William Farnum, staged by R. A. Walsh, cost \$300,000. Several thousand people and a thousand horses



This is a scene from a photoplay recently staged to stimulate interest in the second Liberty Loan. Mary Pickford turns bandit and at the point of Bill Hart's gun relieves Fairbanks, Hart, Eltinge and Roberts of their possessions in the way of Liberty Bonds

THE CASTING DIRECTOR HAS HIS SAY

THE process of casting for a motion picture is an endless chain beginning with the inception of the plot idea, and ending with the director's last note of final preparation. The people of the story form the links in this chain, the endurance of which is often determined, not by the strongest, but by the weakest of the lot. By this is meant that no matter how admirable the star and the principal actors may be, the ultimate effect of the scene may be entirely minimized by badly selected supers or minor players—for in pictures, as on the legitimate stage, the most important factor in success involves the creation of an illusion of reality. If, therefore, in the course of a scene, any figure intrudes which is not in harmony with the story of the surrounding atmosphere, the producer's hold upon the imagination of his audience is promptly in danger.

In casting a play one is not confronted with the same difficulty. If an actor is disappointing at rehearsal, it is almost always possible to replace him and to get another in time for the opening performance; but from the moment the picture man begins to "shoot," the expense is great and the loss of a thousand feet of film and consequent delays due to an incompetent actor in the cast, are serious matters.

There is this difference, too, between casting for a play and casting for a picture. In most cases a play deals with a single set of characters involved in a plot structure that covers a comparatively small space of time, and that involves a definite struggle of a more or less individual nature; but the elasticity of the film, its wide sweep and scope, are such that it enables the producer to cover, if need be, a whole lifetime; or, for that matter, to bridge over the centuries. Its scope is more like that of the novel or the history. In most plays character development and psychic proc-

esses are of secondary consideration when compared to the action of the story; in the film individual mental and moral changes are of vast importance.

In casting for pictures, therefore, I am not satisfied with the mere label "doctor," "lawyer," "crook," "business man," for each character, because, as I have pointed out, these

along the recognized conventional type. That is why in so many pictures one sees the same man or woman over and over again, doing the same old conventional things in the same old conventional way.

In endeavoring to co-ordinate my work with that of the director and the camera-man at the studio, I very soon discovered that complete

But weather conditions, involving delays, and various unexpected happenings, frequently occasion changes in the schedule. The director or assistant director is required, therefore, to submit a supplementary chart of people actually required, forty-eight hours before they are needed at the studio. Unfortunately, even this added precaution is not sufficient to prevent an occasional "rush order," for circumstances frequently arise that necessitate the transposition of scenes and the interchange of characters, and this too, in spite of the fact that efficiency and system have been developed to the highest point in the management of studios.

My work in casting for the pictures begins the day that we decide upon a story; it goes right through the process of scenario preparation, and continues up to the final minute of the production of the picture. I familiarize myself not only with that portion of the story which remains in the scenario after it has been passed upon for actual production, but also with every detail and description of each and every character that was in the author's mind, as he originally outlined and developed his story.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION
DIRECTOR'S CONTINUITY CHART

PRODUCTION NO. 7 (Theodora Pearl) DIRECTOR: J. S. Siskel ASSISTANT DIRECTOR: S. C. Serfatian CAMERAMAN: Arthur Meehan

NOTES: IN MAKING UP THIS CHART LEAVE AT LEAST TWO SPACES BETWEEN EACH SET ENUMERATED

NO.	SCENE	CHARACTER	TIME	CHARACTER	TIME	CHARACTER	TIME	CHARACTER	TIME
1	10	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
2	11	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
3	12	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
4	13	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
5	14	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
6	15	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
7	16	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
8	17	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
9	18	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
10	19	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
11	20	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
12	21	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
13	22	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
14	23	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
15	24	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
16	25	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
17	26	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
18	27	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
19	28	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
20	29	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
21	30	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
22	31	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
23	32	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
24	33	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
25	34	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
26	35	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
27	36	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
28	37	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
29	38	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
30	39	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
31	40	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
32	41	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
33	42	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
34	43	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
35	44	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
36	45	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
37	46	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
38	47	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
39	48	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
40	49	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
41	50	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
42	51	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
43	52	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
44	53	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
45	54	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
46	55	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
47	56	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
48	57	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
49	58	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
50	59	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
51	60	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
52	61	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
53	62	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
54	63	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
55	64	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
56	65	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
57	66	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
58	67	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
59	68	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
60	69	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
61	70	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
62	71	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
63	72	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
64	73	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
65	74	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
66	75	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
67	76	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
68	77	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
69	78	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
70	79	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
71	80	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
72	81	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
73	82	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
74	83	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
75	84	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
76	85	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
77	86	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
78	87	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
79	88	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
80	89	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
81	90	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
82	91	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
83	92	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
84	93	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
85	94	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
86	95	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
87	96	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
88	97	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
89	98	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
90	99	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					
91	100	Patricia's Bedroom 1917	7/8	Patricia, Robert, Patricia, Patricia, Barry, Robert					

individuals are susceptible to many changes. I want to know something about the history of each, about the circumstances in which they have lived, or are supposed to have lived, before the experiences involved in the picture have begun. And again, what the ultimate developments in their lives are likely to be.

In the old method the casting director (which more frequently than not was a high-toned name for an employment agent in the picture field, who was satisfied to be told over the telephone that the director wanted a young man for a doctor or what not) played "safe" when he sent

co-operation between the three of us was absolutely essential. To this end I finally evolved and had adopted The Director's Continuity Chart. With this chart in my hand, I am able to estimate in advance what length of time will be occupied in the scenes involving any given character or group of characters. This is highly important, not only for the studio, but in the making of engagements; for so many people are employed in a moving picture, who work perhaps two or three days and then do not work again for several weeks, that an impossible expense would be involved if they were all engaged for the entire period covered in the making of a picture.

A DAY WITH A MOVIE STAR

ALL roads led to Marblehead, for Essex County, Mass., folk, this last week, for word had been passed around that Mrs. Vernon Castle, the Pathé star, was there doing some scenes for a new photoplay. An ancient mariner, leaning over his driftwood fence was heard to remark as he gazed curiously at the long strings of motor cars and "top buggies" that hustled past his cottage in a cloud of dust "Makes me think of circus days back in the seventies only they didn't have the ortermobiles in those days. And all to see one of them actress women, too. Land of Goshen, how times have changed!"

Director Larry McGill had purposely postponed the trip until after

Labor Day thinking that by so doing he would duck the throng of visitors which experience had taught him would clutter up his foregrounds just as he was about to call "camera"! But he might just as well have picked Broadway and 42nd Street at high noon as a nice quiet spot for a basket party. All that Marblehead Neck needed to carry out the ancient mariner's simile was a steam calliope, a few ballyhoo men and plenty of popcorn balls and cochineal colored lemonade.

Mrs. Castle was down for a lofty jump from the top of a cliff into the sparkling waters of that same Atlantic Ocean which is popular with bathers at Atlantic City almost up to the time when snow

falls, but what a difference! One look at the steel colored waters that lave the rocks of old Marblehead would convince the skeptic that there is a difference. So convinced was Mrs. Castle of that difference that she refused to test the water with her hand before she made her jump. "I might lose my nerve if I knew how cold it is," she remarked. So while all Essex County shivered with sympathy she made her jump, clothes and all to rescue the little helpless che-ild that the scenario writer and the director had planted in the icy waters waiting to be rescued. A few minutes later a very shivery and bedraggled lady with blue lips and a plentiful supply of gooseflesh pulled herself out of

the surf with a similarly bedraggled and shivering child in her arms, while a battery of cameras whirled like a flock of aeroplanes.

Before she made her jump Mrs. Castle was observed to be wearing a very becoming blue plaid gingham frock with deep cuffs and collar of white organdie and a white satin sailor hat. When she dripped her way out upon the beach the nifty frock was ablo of impressionistic colors that, were they seen, would make her the mascot of the Rainbow Division "somewhere on Lond Island." She looked at herself ruefully:

"Since the war every color seems to run. This is the fifth dress I have ruined this summer doing 'water stuff.' Sherman was right."

MAGIC SHELVES

WHENEVER I go to see Madame Rubinstein at her establishment I always hope she will be a little late in appearing, that I may have time to inspect the alluring built-in shelves that line one whole side of the reception room and that contain the precious ointments, and lotions, and extracts. A small library of its kind. Picturesque sets of blue and green and rose boxes. A new edition of rouges in gilt bindings. A rare Voskasta! Regiments of conservative opaque white bottles which bear colorful and intriguing titles, "Snow Lotion," the "Eau Qui Pique," the "Eau Verte."



I was perusing the fall stock the other morning when Madame Rubinstein herself appeared, as picturesque as her surroundings, in a one-piece frock of dark green velour with a chic hat of American Beauty cloth.

"What is new?" repeated Madame Rubinstein after me. "This is new,—this rouge," picking up a gilt tube about twice the size of the average lip salve stick. "There is a dark rouge for the daytime and a light rouge for night and they are both put up in this convenient form for one's bag. And there is a lip salve to match each in a much smaller tube."

"And the 'Snow Lotion?'" I inquired. "I don't remember seeing that before."

"No?" said Madame. "That is for greasy skins. And the 'Lotion Noir' is a wash of additional strength for the same purpose. This 'Eau Verte' is wonderful. It stimulates the skin, bringing all the blood to the face and giving color for several hours. The 'Eau Qui Pique' is for deep wrinkles and puffiness of the skin under the eyes."

Here the wife of a well-known sculptor, who has lived much abroad and learned to go to Madame Rubinstein in London clamored for her attention and I proceeded to depart. Not before reinforcing myself, however, from the magic shelves with a new box of Beauty Grains, which I would as soon be without as soap, and a bottle of the Roman Jelly for the preservation of my under-chin line.

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In the stimulating conversations of hers that he has recalled, she illumines the path of all those—playwrights, players, and playgoers alike—who are working for better things in the theatre; and for the young actor she provides a work that is at once a text-book and a kindling inspiration. Mrs. Fiske is the most commanding figure on our stage and here, for the first time, is set forth her theory of the theatre.

Beyond those articles which appeared in "The Century Magazine" are some hitherto unpublished chapters which give a history of Mrs. Fiske's work from the days when she was an infant prodigy, a four-year-old, billed as "Little Minnie Maddern," down to the notable productions at the Manhattan Theatre.

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The favorite "Sweetest Story Ever Told," is charmingly rendered by Sophie Braslau. Her deep contralto voice brings out new beauties and the effect is heightened by the playing of the refrain on the bell-like celesta by Rosario Bourdon. A happy memory inspired Drda to write one of the most delightful of compositions for violin, and a new record of this "Souvenir," interpreted by Mischa Elman, will make that memory a beautiful reality in thousands of homes.—Advt.

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MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 280.)

it is trifles light as air—the blowing of soap-bubbles in a room with stained-glass windows. Let us hope that some day Mr. Hurlburt will write up an unadulterated comedy. Perhaps we should give him credit for having at last truthfully portrayed in the theatre the intelligence of the average Broadway playwright—I mean the part entrusted to Mr. Yapp.

48TH STREET. "THE LAND OF THE FREE." Play in a prologue and three acts by Fannie Hurst and Harriet Ford. Produced on October 2 with this cast:

Sonia Marinoff	Florence Nash
Riva	Alice Lindahl
Olga	Dora Kashinsky
Rosochka	Nadya Gordon
Rachel	Vera Gordon
Walter Lazar	Leslie Austin
Mrs. David Lazar	Ida Darling
Gertrude	Edith Campbell Walker
Carlo Barnesconi	Giorgio Majeroni
Max Einhorn	Richard Tabor
Henry Huddler	Frank Hatch
Anton Borkin	Semion Kovzeloff
Miss Hartman	Keith Wakeman
Rabbi Isaiah	Louis Weissberg
Regina Beggriffenfeldt	Kathleen Barry
Angelica Spordoni	Gladys Webster
Speed Annie	Marion Stephenson
Anna	Dorothy Dank
Maria	Nancy Saunders
Sadie	Virginia Scott
Granny	Lettie Ford
Herman	Adolph Lewis
Tony	C. E. Clark
Vasilty	Nathan Gordon
Masha	Sophia Osoff
Alexander	Louis Pogorelsky

Island, Sonia has mastered a certain amount of the English language, she finds her sister established in a Norfolk Street flat the mistress of her shirtwaist employer, an Italian, played with fine artistry by Georgio Majeroni. Into his shop she goes, and a year later you see her working there. She has now become a live wire. She starts a strike, buys an interest in a patent that turns out well and out of hand marries a writer and settlement worker who has befriended her.

The last act shows the contrast in the differing social statuses, but the end is a happy one and the intervening phases are redolent with humor, truth and interest.

Full of magnetism that sweeps in waves across the footlights Florence Nash makes Sonia a living, breathing figure that carries all before it. Alice Lindahl as the sister Riva was emotionally sympathetic, Leslie Austin a most attractive young lover, Richard Tabor an admirable contract labor-agent with a heart and Frank Hatch a convincing inventor.

N E W AMSTERDAM. "THE RIVIERA GIRL." Musical comedy in three acts. Music by Emmerich Kalman, book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Produced on September 24, with this cast:

Sylvia Vareska	Wilda Bennett
Baron Ferrier	J. Clarence Harvey
Charles Lorenz	Arthur Burckley
Eugene Lockhart	Eugene Lockhart
Anatole	Frank Farrington
Sam Springer	Sam Hardy
Birdie Springer	Juliette Day
Count Michael Lorenz	Louis Casavant
Victor de Berry	Carl Gantvoort
Old Rugg	William Sadler
Claire Ferrier	Vola Cain
Daisy	Marjorie Bentley
Paul	J. Lowe Murphy
The New Star	Louise Evans

THE music in "The Riviera Girl" is better than the comedy, and the scenery best of all. It is the tale of a variety singer at Monte Carlo, loved by a young man whose father will not consent to the marriage. To gain her a title, the youth plans to wed her to a penniless baron, get her a divorce and then make her his wife. But his plans go astray. The false baron proves to be a prince, the girl weds him and the youth consoles himself with another.

Josef Urban, in his stage decorations, once more shows himself a master of his art. Truly beautiful are the settings, full of rich colorings and harmony of line. Wilda Bennett acts and sings charmingly as the Riviera Girl. Juliette Day and Sam Hardy add lustre to the cast, and the only fault we can find with the dancing of dainty Marjorie Bentley is that there is not enough of it.

Fighting her way through Ellis

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1917. State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Henry Stern, 888 West End Ave., New York, Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per

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Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1917.
[SEAL.] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, Bronx Co. No. 44.
New York Co. Clerk's No. 148.
New York Co. Register's No. 8150.
(My commission expires March 30, 1918.)

THEATRE MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER, 1917

VOL. XXVII NO. 202

MISS CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

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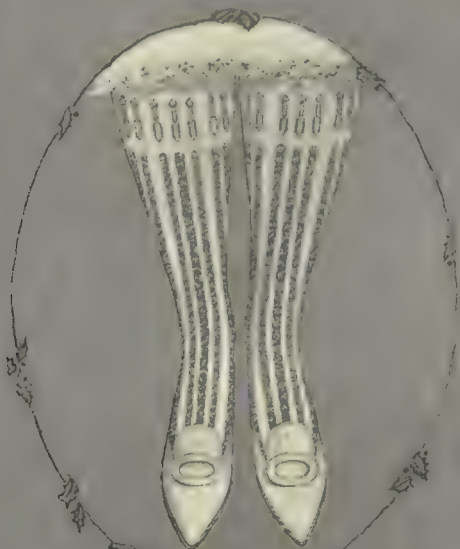
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THEATRE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1917



A HAPPY NEW YEAR!
We shall try to make 1918 a merry year for you by furnishing a monthly treat—the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

No disheartening war horrors—all bright, snappy articles, exquisite pictures and up-to-the-minute news about the most entertaining institution in the land—the theatre.



A NEW theatre manager has come to town. He has new ideas, new methods. His name is Jacques Copeau.

Of course you know all about his Théâtre du Vieux Colombier—the youngest and most vital of the theatres of France. It is one of the features of art life in Paris.

From now on, until the end of the war, the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier has been transferred to New York. It will be the centre of French culture here.

In the January THEATRE M. Copeau himself will tell of his aims and ideals, and show in what way his theatre is different from our commercialized playhouses.



IT is important in these distressing war times that people be entertained.

The layman has the theatres which he can frequent when he has the time, inclination—and money.

But the soldier, far away from Broadway's glare, needs diversion, too. So if the soldier can't go to the theatre the theatre must go to the soldier.

And it has.

Read all about the theatrical activities in the training camps in the informative article Montrose J. Moses has written for the next number.

Watch for the pictures! Some of your friends will surely be in them.

EVERY day countless aspirants walk into managers' offices and ask, "What are my chances?"

In most cases the chance for real success is decidedly slim. Laurette Taylor feels that the reasons for this are mani-

THE Ego (Ego with a capital E) of theatrical folk has always been the subject of jest by writers.

Hubert Saville has contributed to the January issue an amusing sketch entitled "I—I—I—I" which satirizes the opinions actor-folk have of themselves.

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No. 202

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LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER

Publishers

ARTHUR HORNBLow

Editor

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fold. She believes that if we are to have a truly great stage we must give all aspirants a chance,—and then, if they really show any ability at all, train them properly. Miss Taylor herself rose from the ranks, step by step, and she knows what the fight means. A vitally interesting article in the January THEATRE by an actress who has "made good."

It will be so no longer after reading the article in our next issue.



DON'T be a back-number. Start the New Year right. Learn about things worth while in the THEATRE MAGAZINE. Subscription—\$3.50 a year.

NOW that the opera has opened, and the musical season is well launched, you'll want to keep abreast of the times, won't you?

Then follow our special music department, edited by Charles D. Isaacson, an expert in the musical field.

To follow this department for one month is to read it always.

Read this issue, and we're sure you'll not want to miss the January.



HAVE you ever tried to buy a theatre ticket?

It sounds easy if you've got the money.

But it isn't. The seat you'd like to sit in is seldom for sale.

What New Yorker hasn't got hot under the collar disputing the fact with the box-office man.

What is the reason?

In the next number we'll let you into the secret of how the theatre ticket business is handled in this town—how the agencies are conducted and where the speculator comes in.

The public, as usual, is the goat.

The ticket business has always been a mystery to the theatregoer.



From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

JASCHA HEIFETZ

This young Russian violinist has astonished the New York musical critics, who declare he plays with the authority of a master

THEATRE MAGAZINE



WHEN THE PRESIDENT GOES TO THE PLAY

By JULIA CHANDLER



FROM George Washington to Woodrow Wilson the Presidents of the United States have found the theatre a bourn. It has afforded a surcease from cares of State found in equal proportion by the men at the helm of the nation in no other form of recreation. Generously they have acknowledged their debt of gratitude to plays and players for wafting them out of the world of stern reality into the Land-Of-Make-Believe, from which they have come back to steer the Ship of State with steadier hand and clearer vision.

In the infancy of this great Republic Washington admitted that the theatre was a potent factor of refreshment, and was a frequent attendant at the playhouse. Abraham Lincoln found the stage to be his most effective relief from the national sorrows that all but overwhelmed him. When his heart was most oppressed by the Civil War he would slip away quietly to some play that would divert his mind for a few hours, always returning from his brief respite with judgment cleared for the untangling of the knotted skein in his hands, and it was in Ford's Theatre, Washington, as we all know, that Booth's treacherous bullet sent the martyr President across the Great Divide.



OF administrations that have come under my personal observation during a period of dramatic criticism covering many years in Washington, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, and Woodrow Wilson have all been enthusiastic theatregoers, but none so constant an attendant at the playhouse as President Wilson, who possesses a keen appreciation of the value of the theatre as a restorative to tired nerves, and a balance wheel in hours of stupendous mental stress.

Of Mr. Wilson's immediate predecessors Mr. Roosevelt commanded the attention of Washington audiences in his hearty applause of a telling speech in a play, which he never failed to accord with a strenuousness equal to that which he applies to politics, while Mr. Taft's unconfined laughter was a never ceasing joy to spectators in the theatre. President Taft was partial to comedy and his merriment was as unconstrained as that of his less distinguished neighbors whenever a clever bit of business or repartee tickled his risibilities. He is the only President of the United States that I have ever known to offer a public demonstration of personal appreciation of an artist beyond that of applause.

On the evening that Julia Sanderson made her debut as a star, Mr. Taft and his party sat in the left-hand stage box in the Columbia Theatre in Washington. The late Charles Frohman partially hid himself from the view of the audience behind a curtain in the adjoining box, and the house was packed beyond a comfortable capacity. Miss Sanderson scored such a personal triumph in "The Sunshine Girl" that Mr. Taft stood up in his box and flung a huge bunch of

American Beauty roses on the stage at her feet. Not satisfied to express his appreciation in his gift of flowers, through an usher, the then President made public his satisfaction in Miss Sanderson's performance, and in so doing temporarily "broke up the show," for the audience sprang to its feet, hand-clapping, stamping, and howling applause. It was some ten minutes before the play was allowed to proceed.



LIKE Mr. Roosevelt, Mr. Taft was democratic in his theatregoing, finding it possible to enjoy a stock or vaudeville performance at any time. He occupied a box at Poli's Washington theatre the evening that the world was held in frozen horror over the sinking of the Titanic. The occasion was the inaugural of the Poli stock company in Washington, and Mr. Taft remained until the end of the performance although it was with ever increasing anxiety as one "extra" after another was brought to him, each in its turn furnishing more convincing proof of the loss of his Aide, Major Archie Butt, whose heroism in the Titanic disaster is now a matter of history.

The love of Woodrow Wilson for the theatre covers every phase of art. When he stepped into the Presidential boots made empty by Mr. Taft, he turned precedent topsy-turvy, making it instantly obvious that he had no intention of burdening himself with his Presidential office when he went out pleasure bound.

Upon the occasion of his first visit to a Washington playhouse as President of the United States, Mr. Wilson sent a message to the management of the Columbia Theatre, which he had selected for attendance on that evening, that he would appreciate the abandonment of the customary demonstration made by the theatres of the Nation's Capital upon the arrival of that Nation's President.

Precedent had established a rule that the orchestra should always play "The Star-Spangled Banner" upon the entrance of the Presidential party to the President's box, whereupon the audience should stand and remain standing until the music ceased, which was the inevitable cue for applause and the President's smiling acknowledgement from his box.

Mr. Wilson expressed a wish that he be allowed to slip into his box without any such attention. He entertains a strong prejudice against sensationalism of any sort, and argued that his amusement was his personal affair which he had no wish to turn into an opportunity for self-aggrandizement.



THE management of the Columbia Theatre was frankly astounded. Mr. Frank Metzgerott who, with his brother, owns that playhouse, wore an end-of-the-world expression. As far back as there had been any United States to have a President, that President had been honored by

this delicate acknowledgement of his presence in the theatre, until playing the National Air had become a very much beloved tradition, and one that added brilliance to any theatrical scene of which he was a part.

"What in the world will the audience think and say?" Mr. Metzgerott demanded to know of everybody he met that fateful day.

But it turned out to be not so much a question of what people said or thought as it was of what they did. I happened to be present on the occasion of Mr. Wilson's first *entrée* into theatre-dom after he became President of the United States, and was, therefore, an interested spectator of the result of the President's disconcerting request. Without any sort of trumpet flare he slipped quietly into the Presidential box, but in an instant about half the audience, recognizing him, promptly rose to its feet. Embarrassed by the obvious public expectation the orchestra ignored the orders of the management and uncertainly struck up the National Air, but by the time the tardy music had begun that half of the audience which had risen upon recognition of the President's presence had become reseated, and the entire house was divided between two minds until Mr. Wilson, seeing the confusion his departure from tradition had caused, rose graciously to the relief of the situation, smiling his acknowledgement of the good intention and good will of the audience. Nevertheless he thereafter rigidly adhered to his determination that his entrance to the Washington theatres should be marked by no demonstration although it was many months after he took up his abode in the White House before his wish in the matter was sufficiently understood to prevent isolated examples of instant standing upon the recognition of his presence in his box.



THE Belasco Theatre in Washington, being but a stone's throw from the White House, the President walks to it in pleasant weather, particularly if he is entertaining there a party of men. At other times he drives to a side door, entering the theatre through a specially lighted and carpeted entrance which is bounded by a movable screen that gives the party free and easy entrance and exit to and from the playhouse. In the Belasco the President's box was formerly one of the stage boxes, but, at Mr. Wilson's request, it has been changed to one of those in the "Ambassadors' Tier." There are twenty-eight boxes in this beautiful Washington theatre, all on the mezzanine floor. That reserved for Mr. Wilson is directly in the center of the house in that tier of boxes which manager L. Stoddard Taylor appropriately named the "Ambassadors' Tier" because it is so constantly frequented by Ambassadors, Ministers, and Statesmen.

While the box selected by Mr. Wilson undoubtedly gives him a better perspective for the scenes of the play than that at the side of the stage heretofore occupied by United States

Presidents, it is to be strongly suspected that the President had in mind, when requesting it, the fact that it places his party in a position to be less "the observed of all observers" when he elects to attend the Belasco Theatre.

At the New National Theatre the boxes are arranged in groups on either side of the stage, so that here there has been no opportunity for Mr. Wilson to depart from precedent in the matter of his occupancy of Box B, the second from the stage on the left, which was honored by his illustrious predecessors. Here as at all the other Washington theatres the Presidential box is flag-draped upon each occasion of his occupancy of it, and, since our entrance into the war against Prussianism, the theatres of the Nation's Capital have resumed the playing of the National Air preliminary to every performance, not in honor of Mr. Wilson's presence at any time, in contradiction to his wishes, but purely as a matter of patriotism.

When the President goes to the theatre he is accompanied by a number of Secret Service men. The playhouse selected by him for attendance is notified by noon, whereupon the Presidential box is reserved for his use, and seats are laid aside in various parts of the house for the Secret Service men. At the National he is met at a private entrance by the head usher who escorts him to his box. He arrives always promptly, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, and sometimes with a party sufficiently large to necessitate the

use of two boxes, although this is seldom the case. The President invariably remains in his seat until the very close of the play when he departs with a cheerful good-night to theatre attendants, and, if the owner or manager of the theatre is within earshot, frequently expresses the pleasure he has found in the performance.

The beauty of Mrs. Wilson attracts much attention in the theatres of Washington. Always flawlessly gowned, and usually wearing a corsage bouquet of orchids, she is inevitably the central figure of any brilliant audience in the one city in America where evening clothes are the social rule in every first class playhouse. I was present upon Mrs. Galt's first appearance in the theatre with her fiancé, after the public announcement of her engagement to Mr. Wilson had been made and I dare say she received more attention from the audience than did the play itself. Although her stately figure is now a familiar one beside the President, Mrs. Wilson's presence never fails to elicit a flutter of interest, nor furnish an added note of charm and brilliance to an audience.

As for the personal preference entertained by Mr. Wilson in the matter of plays it would be difficult to determine from much observation of him at the theatre. He receives a good comedy with a quiet chuckle. Drama absorbs his close attention. He attends a vaudeville performance frequently. To all appearances

he finds musical comedy pleasant entertainment.

The lure of melodrama for the President was recently proven in his attendance of David Belasco's picturesque production of "Tiger Rose," which had a preliminary week in Washington before its opening in October at the Lyceum Theatre, New York. Plays that have dark scenes have always been taboo for Presidential attendance, the thought prevailing that they are invitations to the assassin. So it was not supposed by the Belasco Theatre management that Mr. Wilson would venture to see "Tiger Rose" because that tale of the great Northwest offers one scene that is partially played in darkness.

At all times Mr. Wilson is such an excellent audience in the theatre that it is interesting to watch his expressive face. One thus watching his absorption in a performance is left no doubt that he finds within the hospitable doors of Washington playhouses a refreshment of thought that sends him back to the Executive Mansion to meet the problems of the Nation with clarified vision, steadier purpose, and renewed inspiration.

There is certainly no doubt that the hours which Mr. Wilson spends in the theatre have to him just that value found there by Abraham Lincoln, for the frequency of the President's attendance of theatrical entertainment has increased in proportion to the increasing gravity of the National situation.

DO WE FACE A THEATRICAL CRISIS?

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW



ALTHOUGH the American people are now engaged in the most terrific struggle of all history, there is no sound reason why they should deny themselves wholesome amusement. To relieve public depression and offset the horrors of war, man needs the spiritual elixir of the theatre. All the belligerent governments have recognized the truth of this and have even gone to the extent of improvising stages in the trenches so the soldiers may forget temporarily at least their perilous, nerve-racking duties. The THEATRE MAGAZINE was the first among American periodicals to insist on the importance of the theatres being kept open as usual during the present crisis in the Nation's life. In our issue of September last, Dr. Frank Crane wrote:

"In war time it is of the utmost importance that the theatre should realize its opportunity. The theatre's greatest mission is to take men out of themselves. Without diversion the soul of man grows hard, and is subject to dangerous manias."

War stress, it is said, has hit the theatre. Some of our leading managers, William A. Brady and Marc Klaw, of Klaw and Erlanger, among others, are very much wrought up over the situation. They complain of a serious falling off in theatre attendance and hold the new war tax on theatre tickets largely responsible.

Some managers urge the lowering of actors' salaries as one way of meeting the crisis. Mr. Klaw said he wouldn't be surprised if more theatres were dark by January 1st than ever before.

Mr. Brady believes that the theatre is about to undergo one of the most trying periods of its history. "We are," he says, "on the edge of a still panic, and in these circumstances it is only natural that the theatre as a luxury should

be among the first to suffer. The theatre is facing a period of readjustment as the result of the war, and business, if anything, will become worse as the war continues and taxes increase." He added, "New York, in my opinion, has about twice as many theatres as it can support."

In his last remark, Mr. Brady seems to have stumbled upon the crux of the matter. Everyone has long known there are far too many theatres in this town. In order to keep their stages occupied all the time, the managers are compelled to literally shovel on plays, no matter how poor they may be, or how inadequately rehearsed. The result is a huge crop of failures. During the last few weeks, no fewer than twelve productions have been made at leading Broadway theatres and the plays discontinued after a few performances. Among these rank failures may be mentioned "Furs and Frills," "Anthony in Wonderland," "The Claim," "The Barton Mystery," "Romance and Arabella," etc., etc.

But there is a brighter side to the medal.

Many of the plays now being presented in New York are doing a very big business. How is it that these are not affected by "war conditions?" Take for instance, "Tiger Rose," "A Tailor-Made Man," "Jack O' Lantern," "Polly with a Past," "Leave it to Jane," etc. The managers of these plays are not complaining of poor business or slim attendance. Their theatres are packed to the doors every night.

You don't find Mr. Belasco among the calamity howlers. Why? Because Mr. Belasco is one of the few theatre managers in this country who knows his business from the box-office to the stage door. He doesn't pitchfork plays on to the stage. He takes his time in selecting them, takes a year to rehearse them, and in consequence rarely has a failure.

This, in my opinion, is the secret of the theatrical depression to-day. Too many theatres, too many slipshod productions, too many managers who don't manage. The theatre is a business like every other business. A play is a commodity, which will please or displease the customer. If a dry goods merchant stocks up his place with a lot of poor merchandise, he is going to have it left on his hands. If the theatrical manager stocks up his theatres with poor plays, he is going to have empty seats left on his hands.

It is significant that the two men who are complaining most loudly just now have both recently made productions which failed to draw—Mr. Brady, "The Land of the Free," and Mr. Klaw, "The Riviera Girl."

Give the public what the public wants, and then we shall hear less about empty seats in the theatres.

In a special message to the members of the Drama League of Boston, Frank Chouteau Brown, president of the Boston branch, says:

"We in America are only just beginning to realize that in war time clean, healthy amusement is as necessary—or even more necessary—than in times of peace! It is most certainly 'up to' that part of our community that has always turned to the theatre to there find their pleasure and recreation, to see to it that they continue their support of that institution; to render gladly their personal part in contributing the new 10 per cent. tax on theatre tickets; to make any such needed sacrifice elsewhere as will enable them not in any way to diminish their custom of theatregoing, because in order for us to win the war, it is necessary for us to maintain and support all our regular business enterprises."



Photos White

HENRY E. DIXEY AS ALI BABA

FLORENCE REED AS ZAH RAT-AL-KULUB

TYRONE POWER AS CHU CHIN CHOW



Florence Reed

Tyrone Power

CHU RETURNS FROM THE SLAVE MARKET WITH ZAH RAT A PRISONER

"CHU CHIN CHOW"—A GORGEOUS SPECTACLE AT MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By JAMES O'NEILL



I was Kilkenny—smiling Kilkenny, usually mentioned in connection with a vanishing pair of unconquerable cats—where I was born one opal-tinted day in October, 1847. I



AS EDMOND DANTES

I beg leave to think that were I permitted to chose a birthplace for any Irishman's child, be he dreamy-eyed son of Erin with star fire in his heart or laughing gossoon with song on his lip and roguery in his eye; 'twould be that same little town in old Leinster.

There Richard Strongbow's castle still stands to tincture the imagination of Kilkenny lads with the same spirit of fiery romance that brought Strongbow himself, second Earl of Pembroke, to Kilkenny in 1140, to place his English arms at the service of King Dermott who had been driven from his ancient throne. Pity 'tis that this gallant young Strongbow was not Kilkenny born! It's a true Irish romance how he beat off King Dermott's foes and married his lovely daughter Princess Eva of Leinster—a story Kilkenny babes learn on their grand-dam's knee to this day.

In the shadow of Strongbow's castle I was born and there in the grassy closes of the old cathedral founded ten years after his coming, I tumbled and played and crowed lustily with the babes of my time.

Not long, however, did I breathe in the air of drama and romance that fills the valley of the Nore, for while I was still a bit of a lad in skirt-ies my parents emigrated to America and settled in Buffalo.



IN 1857 we removed to Cincinnati, where I grew up. It was a favorite saying of my father that if he had ten sons every one of them would be brought up to a trade. Little faith put he in professions: a good honest trade was his idea of the best equipment he could bestow upon his children, and so at an early age I was apprenticed to a machinist.

Somehow the clank of iron, the ring of the hammer, the heavy glow of the forge seemed unattuned to the romance of Kilkenny's mossy towers where walked the shadowy ghosts of Congreve, and Bishop Berkeley, of Dean Swift and Farquhar—Irishmen all, who wore their college gowns in and out of the grassy quadrangle of

the venerable seat of learning that is Kilkenny's boast. Not without paternal expostulation, therefore, I exchanged the trade of a machinist for the "profession" of clothier. And so three or four years went along, careless young years, when spare evenings were spent poring over a Shakespeare given me by an elder sister, or losing myself in the land of romance at the theatre where I was an established gallery god.



I BELIEVE I had a subconscious assurance—the promise of a sublime—possibly a ridiculous faith—that I should be an actor one day, although no possibility seemed more remote. However, what's an Irish lad without his dream? And so I carried mine along with me cherishing it when possibly I should have been engrossed in broadcloths, or cassimeres, doeskins, nankeens or other fabrics familiar to the clothier of that day. However, one evening I was spending the hour before the theatre door should open in a game of billiards with a friend, when there rushed hurriedly into the room a chap named Cooper, who was captain of supers at the old National Theatre, sometimes called the Drury Lane of the West.

"What's the matter, Cooper?" asked my friend, not without pride at being able to show so much familiarity with an overlord of the theatre.

"Confound it," sputtered that functionary, "my

and I, in one breath, and Cooper eagerly accepted our offer, directed us how to find the wardrobe man, and fled to find other guests.

To-day I remember photographically the details of that night—the mystery of the scene—setting, the peculiar smell, mingled of paint and smoke of gas and canvas, characteristic odor of the stage the world over, the lights, the wrong-side-out-edness of it all captured my fancy and stirred my imagination.

We were all young lords at that party, but to me fell the most resplendent attire in the theatre—velvet breeches, satin embroidered coat, ruffles at wrist and throat with a perfect golconda of diamond knee buckles and shoe latches.

As I stood ready to go on, lost in admiration of my regal garb, the stage manager caught my elbow:

"See here, young fellow, you have a line to speak," he hissed in my ear.

That information brought me down to earth with a bang.

"I can't do it, I can't do it," I faltered.

"You MUST," he thundered; "when Ann Chute says 'I must be married,' you are to bow with grace and say, 'Miss Chute, take me.'"

Then we were shoved onto the stage toward the haughty Ann. I got the words out, somehow, and managed to back away without falling over my court sword, but there was a ringing in my ears and a sensation of drowning in deep waters swept across my heart.



WELL, I never returned to my sartorial "profession." The stage manager offered me a small part in this and coming productions and I accepted with a brave alacrity and a feeling that Poetry and Art had come stepping softly into my life never more to leave me.

Alas! The coming engagements to which I looked with the sanguine eye of youth, failed to materialize to any large extent, and the season at the Drury Lane of the West closed abruptly, leaving me in the phrase of to-day, "up against it." However, companioned by Hope, I speedily

embraced an offered opportunity to join a traveling repertoire company, setting forth to hold aloft the torch of art through the smaller town



Collection Charles Burnham
James O'Neill and Fanny Morant
in "The Danicheffs"



Sarony
James O'Neill and Sarah Jewett in
the Union Square Theatre Company

supers have gone on strike and there are no guests for the ball in "Colleen Bawn."

"I'll go if you'll go," challenged my friend



LAURETTE TAYLOR

No longer content to play one part or one kind of part for any length of time, Miss Taylor is now appearing as a charming American girl in J. Hartley Manners' comedy "The Wooing of Eve" at the Liberty. Laurette Taylor is versatility plus!

From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg

of Ohio. Again stern Destiny frowned on my youthful ardor. Business along our route was far from satisfactory, and when we reached the town of Lincoln, our manager, to borrow again the phrase of to-day to express the tragedy of yesterday, "lit out," leaving us without funds and far from home.

Arrived in Quincy, I found the manager unwilling to do anything for me, but St. Louis was only a sail down the river, and there I promptly secured an engagement. From that time my professional life, like the trip to St. Louis, was plain sailing. Of course there were the usual ups and downs, but I never again knew the hunger and horror of being "stranded" without funds.

In St. Louis and later in Chicago where, also, I found employment in one of the stock companies that flourished in the late '60's, I gained valuable experience in supporting visiting stars.

Memorable among them stands out my first engagement with Joseph Jefferson, who had always been an idol of my theatre-thrilled heart.

In "Rip Van Winkle" I was cast for the young sailor Heinrich (a part to which I brought a rich Irish brogue, for I had not yet divested myself of the Kilkenny twist to my tongue). After the last act Mr. Jefferson sent for me to his dressing-room. Was I to be discharged? My heart sunk.

The dear old actor (for to my youthful eye he was already an old man, although still comparatively young) smiled pleasantly as he waved me to a chair.

"My boy," he said, "you got six rounds of applause to-night, and that is good. Very good, but there are eight rounds in the part and we must get them." "We," mind you! Then as if time were nothing to him, the kindest and finest of men and of actors, showed me the points at which I might succeed in winning the coveted "round" and pointed out the reasons for my failure to do so. A lesson in acting money could not have bought.

The following night, alas, nervousness and an over desire to do my best, caused me to blunder

in my delivery so that instead of eight, I achieved only seven signals of approval from the audience.

"Better, my boy, better," was the star's comment with never a hint of rebuke for my failure to capture the other round. But at every subsequent performance the eight bursts of applause were mine.

So kindly was Mr. Jefferson's evident interest, that in bidding him good-bye after he had told me many encouraging things about my work, I ventured to ask him what books I should study to best equip my mind for stage successes. "Shakespeare first, for breadth and depth and height of thought and fancy," he said, "and for insight into human nature read all the standard old comedies." As I told you before, I had already become a Shakespeare fan (dear, dear me! how these modern phrases do intrude themselves into my "reminiscences") and now Mr. Jefferson's advice unlocked the treasures of the old masters of the stage. Congreve and Farquhar (Kilkenny bred, both,) and along down the line to those other Irishmen, (Concluded on page 388)

MORRIS GEST'S RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

By ADA PATTERSON



WORK twenty-six hours a day."

A tired looking young man, whom you see "everywhere," will make that answer if you ask him the road to success, especially his road to success.

His name is Morris Gest. He came alone to this country, a bright-eyed little immigrant of nine, and sold newspapers on the crooked streets of Boston. At thirty-five he is the manager of seventeen companies and four theatres. One of the playhouses is the Manhattan Opera House, the largest theatre in the largest city in the world.

All life is a game of cause and effect. There is a well-defined reason why the lonely little boy from Odessa has become a big factor in the making of theatrical history in America. If he stops long enough in his ceaseless routine of activity, which includes escorting a beautiful wife, the dark, Egyptian-looking daughter of David Belasco, to dances and to first nights of plays, to give the reason, it will be found in the first four words of this article. "Work twenty-six hours a day," he will say to a seeker after the secrets of success. "I have and expect to as long as I live."

Morris Gest is the apotheosis of energy. Plus determination. He is a human tea-kettle that boils so hard that it can't keep its lid on. Nevertheless a tea-kettle that wastes none of its content of energy. The energy is applied resistlessly where it will do the most good for the purpose he has in mind. The purpose this season happened to be "Chu Chin Chow," the Oriental play that has been running in London for a year and three months. Young Mr. Gest wanted to bring that play to the United States. So did nearly every other American manager of might. But Gest got it. It is a habit of his to get what he wants. He wanted Florence Reed, who has been called one of the few hopes of the American stage, to play the Desert Woman in "Chu Chin Chow." There were obstacles. Mr. Gest's tea-kettle of energy boiled over and swept away the obstacles. Miss Reed will play the Desert Woman.

Manager Gest is sending forth "The Wanderer." He is conducting the tours of three "Experience" companies, of four "Oh, Boy" com-

panies, the play that prophets say will make a million dollars, of two companies of "Very Good, Eddie," of Alice Neilsen in "Kitty Darlin'." George Hobart has written two new plays for him, one tentatively christened "What Happens in Twenty Years," the other still unnamed. He is the impresario of "Leave It to Jane." "The



MORRIS GEST

Although not yet forty, this young Russian impresario is director of seventeen American theatrical companies and four theatres

People's King" looks to him for direction. I have said that he controls the largest theatre in New York. Likewise he directs the littlest, the Princess. Also the La Salle in Chicago and the Harmanus Bleecker Hall in Albany, and the Von Quiller in Schenectady.

So of his present. His past is a succession of mounting stairs. His father was a soap manufacturer of Odessa. They thought there was not enough room for him in Odessa. There might be in America.

But the little chap from Odessa tumbled into no keg of butter when he disembarked from the boat that docked at Boston. Though an en-

terprising merchant of newspapers, he slept sometimes on chilly Boston roofs. He worked about one of the Boston theatres, for nothing.

He came to New York. Chance and William Hammerstein's permission made him a ticket speculator on the curbstone of Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre. In that capacity he met at the door of the neighboring theatre, the Republic, David Belasco.

"I used to followed Mr. Belasco about the streets like a dog," he says.

One day William Hammerstein said to him: "Go over to Europe and bring back a couple of good acts." He went and brought back Carmencita, though the original dancing enchantress had been dead for ten years. He also brought back Abdullah and His Three Wives. He saw Gertrude Hoffman while she danced with Anna Held. He arranged to place her in a setting of the Russian dancers. He brought over the group of Russian dancers that included Lydia Lopokowa and Alexander Koslof. He helped to make the Grand Guignol experiment at the Princess Theatre.

His union with F. Ray Comstock was an auspicious one. The two were bidding against each other on a proposition. Lee Shubert advised, "Get together." They thought it an excellent suggestion.

The late "Gussie" Belasco begged her bridegroom, William Elliott, actor, to become a manager. After her untimely and lamented death was her wish fulfilled. William Elliott secured the play "Kitty McKay." Morris Gest bought an interest in it and gave the interest to his wife. Thus was "Kitty McKay" financed and William Elliott's feet were placed in the managerial path.

I have said it is Morris Gest's habit to get what he wants. On the night when "The Grand Army Man" was produced in New Haven Morris Gest went into a restaurant where David Belasco sat in a group of thirteen.

"Come over here, Gestie," invited the wizard.

Mr. Gest heard vaguely other names. He heard clearly only "My daughter, Renee," saw only her. For three years he wooed her. As many times David Belasco turned the ardent supplicant from his office. But the persistent wooer became his son-in-law.



Photos White

Eileen Huban

William Morris

SCENE IN MICHAEL MORTON'S DRAMA "ON WITH THE DANCE" AT THE REPUBLIC



William Faversham

Katharine Brook

Cecelia Radclyffe

Maud Milton

SCENE IN THE "OLD COUNTRY" LATELY AT THE 89TH STREET THEATRE

THRILLS AND ROMANCE IN RECENT PRODUCTIONS

JACQUES COPEAU AND HIS THEATRE



IN repertory, apparatus, acting and architecture the stage of Jacques Copeau at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier presents characteristic differences from that of other theatrical innovators. This Frenchman has only contempt for the dilettantism that seeks novelty for novelty's sake, but that organic unity which he seeks in all the different phases of theatric art, shows itself in innumerable fresh points of view. This was perhaps to be expected in the case of a man who began as critic and dramatist, turned actor and producer out of indignation at existing conditions and astonished Paris with a demonstration of what could be done in a single season by the fanaticism of an artist completely in earnest.

The central principle of Copeau's work is the emphasis which he places on the drama itself, in its actual text and action. With him the play is indeed the thing; the intention of the dramatist rules supreme and the work of actor, scenic artist, architect and decorator must be completely subordinated to the meaning of the poet, must release that meaning without diverting attention from it by independent merits of their own. Join to this a profound belief in eager and incessant experimentation, an ardent enthusiasm for what is fluid, fresh, spontaneous, simple and direct, as against the fixities of tradition and convention, and you have the explanation of Jacques Copeau.

His repertoire differs from that of most innovators in that it combines classic and modern plays in equal proportion. It is the repertoire of a modern of eclectic taste who believes that the modern theatre can gain style, depth and simplicity from intimate contact with the great works enabled by their fundamental humanity to endure the wear and tear of time.



IN its architecture and mechanism the stage of the new French theatre presents radical innovations. The old Garrick has been totally remodeled in accordance with Copeau's requirements, the gallery eliminated and the seating capacity reduced to 550. On either side of the proscenium are two towers, each containing a door, with a staircase within and a window above, and at the foot of each of these towers is a little platform or subsidiary stage in the place usually occupied by boxes (these, by the way, are in the rear center of the house on a line with the last rows of the orchestra). These platforms and a fore-stage or apron, are designed to secure a stage that can furnish the greatest variety of possibilities of action.

As Copeau's method is one of incessant experimentation, instead of being bound by elaborate effects which determine the mounting of a play once for all in advance, he depends upon a mechanism which permits scenic extemporization, and his ideal is a physical apparatus which is as fluid and quickly responsive to change during rehearsal as are the intonation of the lines or the "business" of the actors. To this end he works with a system of interlocking cubes, bridges and staircases resembling the building

blocks of a child. The *tréteau* of the ancient village players is also reintroduced for the Molière plays, as a sort of stage within the stage.

Upstairs in Copeau's rehearsal room there is a model of this stage, about three and a half feet high. It is Copeau's habit, when working out a new production, to sit before this model, changing about its elements and creating new structural arrangements at will, as with the construction toys of children. The back of the model is a removable partition which permits the hand to place figures and accessories upon the stage. These are according to scale.



A WHOLE complement of cardboard and wooden screens, decorated in gray; ingenious staircases, which surmount and twist and entangle themselves; little rectangles representing benches; little cubes which form platforms and supports; columns which confine the stage; all this is ready to be built up and torn down on the spur of the moment. A complete electric system permits the projection of lighting on this reduced stage, and there those special combina-



LOUIS JOUVET

Régisseur général at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, and model of M. Copeau's stage showing the system of interlocking cubes

tions of light required for each scene are worked out. Before this stage, occupied only by a few pieces of wood, Jacques Copeau meditates. Every gesture of each actor is thought out and recorded in a large ledger. In doing this work it is found that the most surprising scenic discoveries serve the text so well and illustrate it so accurately that one is astonished at not having already thought of them.



ANOTHER of Copeau's technical divergences is the simplification and, in many cases, the elimination of scenery. Unlike most of the moderns, he does not lay stress on decoration, symbolic design and the estheticism of color. He is opposed to underlining the work of the dramatist by physical means or diverting attention from it by the independent beauty of scenic effects. With him color and rhythm are obtained, not by an immobile color scheme, but by the beauty of attitude and the movement of the human group, folding and unfolding in accordance with the dramatic situation.

The frame of the proscenium opening in the new theatre is strong and dominating, to emphasize the most important part of the theatre; the rest of the house is extremely simple, direct and unassuming. There will be no footlights, the lighting consisting entirely of reflected lights, "bunches," and lights operated from the balcony.

Copeau's conception of acting does not stop at the suppression of stars in behalf of a homogeneous company in which the player is made to remember the dependency of his part on the whole. His actors lived a community life, passing the summer near to nature, reading aloud, practising rhythmic gymnastics and profiting by mutual study; and the ideal of his School of the Vieux Colombier is to mould from their childhood actors whose work will represent the fundamental organic unity of personalities fully developed on all sides of their natures.

The modern plays to be given are as follows: Henri Becque, "La Navette;" Jules Renard, "Poil de Carotte" and "Le Pain de Ménage;" Octave Mirbeau, "Les Affaires sont les Affaires;" Alphonse Daudet, "L'Arlésienne;" Georges de Porto-Riche, "Le Passé;" Maeterlinck, "Pelléas et Mélisande;" Paul Claudel, "L'Annonce Faite à Marie;" Roger Martin du Gard, "Le Testament du Père Leleu;" Auguste Villeroy, "La Traversée;" Emile Mazaud, "Une Folle Journée;" and "Les Frères Karamazov," dramatized from the novel of Dostoievski by Jacques Copeau and Jean Croué.

The romantic school is represented by Alfred de Musset's "Barberine" and "Il Faut Qu'une Porte Soit Ouverte ou Fermée;" Théodore de Banville's "Gringoire," and Prosper Mérimée's "La Carrosse du Saint-Sacrement."



THE following classics are to be presented: Corneille, "Le Menteur;" Marivaux, "La Surprise de l'Amour;" Beaumarchais, "Le Mariage de Figaro;" Shakespeare, "Twelfth Night;" and Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin," "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," "L'Amour Médecin," "La Jalousie du Barbouille" and "L'Avare."

Of the company, Louis Jouvét, Charles Dullin, Romain Bouquet, Lucien Weber, Suzanne Bing, Valentine Tessier and Jane Lory were in Copeau's original company before the war, during the season 1913-1914; Emile Chifoliau, André Chotin, Jean Sarment, Jacques Vildrac, Renée Bouquet, Lucienne Bogaert and Madeline Geofroy are young players of talent who placed themselves under the training of Copeau in order to give their careers a serious and vital direction; while François Gournac, Marcel Vallée, Maupré, Eugénie Nau and Noizeux are actors of established reputation who have joined the Vieux Colombier out of admiration for its work.

It is significant that several of Copeau's best players are ones who failed at the Conservatoire. He believes that the traditional methods are often ill-suited to just those aspirants who have the most personality and inner fire, as in the case of eminent men of letters who made a bad showing in school.



Charlotte Fairchild

ANN MEREDITH

Who is so absorbed in uplifting souls in "Polly with a Past" that she loses her fiancé to the adventuresome Polly. Miss Meredith gives a most satisfying performance as Myrtle in the comedy at the Belasco



Charlotte Fairchild

DORALDINA

To appear shortly in a sumptuous new act, the chief feature of which will be her exotic dances. New York will again have opportunity to see the Hawaiian and East Indian dances that have made Doraldina famous



White

FRANK CARTER AND THE DUNCAN SISTERS IN "DOING OUR BIT" AT THE WINTER GARDEN

A T T H E T H E A T R I C A L F R O N T



LIGHTS THAT THE WAR HAS DIMMED

Camera Studies by Van der Weyde



NIGHT GLIMPSE OF NEW YORK THEATRES

THE BIRTH OF A MUSICAL COMEDY

By PERCY WAXMAN



IT has frequently been stated more or less authoritatively that it took six days to make the Earth.

There may be cynically-minded individuals here and there who doubt this statement, but I am happy to say that I am not one of them. I know it can be done.

I know that creating a little thing like the Earth in six days can be done, for I have seen a musical comedy assembled, taken apart, vivisectioned, reassembled, broken parts replaced, rehearsed and produced in something under three weeks! What is a trifle like reducing chaos to cosmos to an achievement such as that? The one outstanding difference between the creation of the Earth and the musical comedy was this: there was no resting on the seventh day for anybody and that included the authors.

By the way, speaking of authors, if there ever was a truly international line-up on Broadway, it certainly was the aggregation that was responsible for our little play, "For One Night Only." Just read this roster. It looks like the list of active participants in the mix-up over the water. The original author of the book of "For One Night Only" was a German, and the score was composed by a Frenchman. The book was adapted by an Englishman and readapted by an American woman. Extra musical numbers were interpolated by an American while the lyrics were the work of an Australian. A Viennese did the scenery and a Pole produced the play. As usual, to even things, all the money was put up by a New Yorker. Would you ever believe that as many cooks as that could brew edible broth? Well, neither would I, but *mirabile dictu*, they did!



AND what a hectic time we had doing it. In July, too. On one of the most sizzling mornings it has ever been my lot to survive, we met in the cavernous depths of one of New York's daintiest theatres. The white shrouds on the orchestra chairs gave the interior a ghostly, catacomb look as if the shades of disapproving audiences haunted the place. The stage, stripped of the tinsel glory of its scenery, looked exposed and shameless. When I arrived the producer was pacing up and down the empty stage wearing a worried look in advance, as if he knew by instinct how fully entitled he would be to such a decoration in a few days. Soon the principals filed in, removed everything the law allowed them to remove in the way of apparel, greeted each other, damned the weather, and then waited for parts to be distributed.

The producer explained what the play was about, and then preparations were made to begin the preliminary rehearsal.

Over in a dusty corner of the stage, the musical conductor, Guinsberg (who swears he's a Swiss), played over the various numbers and handed out copies of the lyrics for immediate mastication. Pretty soon after Guinsberg's *da-dee-da-dee-ing* had ceased, half a dozen young men and women could be seen wandering around that stage violently memorizing, humming, and gesturing. If the proverbial visitor from Mars had suddenly flopped through the roof into that theatre, he would certainly be excused for imagining himself in a lunatic asylum. However, the patients stopped their maunderings as the dulcet foreign tones of the stage-director could

be heard calling: "Meester Gumdrop, Mees Lime, Mees Ade, Meester Soda, Meester Ginseng, Meester Saltine—first act plees." The sextette then got ready for their cues while we others decorated the side-lines to lend encouragement to their efforts, criticise their clothes, sneer at the way they pronounced our golden words, or otherwise have a good time.



BOOK in hand, seated at a little table with his back to the orchestra pit, thus spake Zarathustra, which is as good a name as any for the particular director who helped to produce "For One Night Only." "Now, Ladies and Gentlemen," said he, "the chorus has just gone off after walking slowly behind the palace windows singing their joyful ditty relating to the birthday of their beloved Princess. Then Count Zero enters and asks the house servant, Piedmont, what the procession is all about. As Piedmont explains, the flirty Fatima enters, with whom Zero is in love. She loves him too, but each is jealous of the other. They sing the 'Lover's Duet,' do their dance and go off. Then enters the Princess, sadly. On come the peasants again—sing their flower-offering chorus, to which the Princess responds with her 'Babouschka' solo. Exit chorus and enter Count Bolo, the Princess's father. Then their duet about the joys of married life. Exit Count, enter Prince Nestor, husband of Princess Melancholia. After their talk on love's misunderstandings, exit Princess, and Nestor sings 'Oh for some Ice in a Tinkling Glass.' Enter Count, Zero, Fatima, Melancholia and chorus. Princess M. is dressed for departure, and all hands sing 'She's going away' as finale to Act I. Now then, ready, plees. Enter Zero. No, over there, right, by that chair. That's the door leading to the ante-chamber".....

This sort of thing went on for hours and hours, days and days, until we all became more or less woozy. We went over every line, every piece of business, every lyric, every dance, every entrance and every exit so many times during those hectic weeks that I used to dream that I was the leading lady begging the director to let the author stay away from one rehearsal, or I would do the specialty dance on the orchestra leader's head.

Speaking of the orchestra leader, he deserves a chapter to himself. Guinsberg was a little shrivelled-up crab-apple of a man whose sole idea of crime was for anyone to sing a false note. He could stand for trifling peccadilloes like arson or infanticide, but if anyone disregarded a single musical accent, he waxed eloquent and completely lapsed into his native idiom.



ONE morning, happily secreted behind a pile of "drops," gaily tossing off some encore verses for the comedian's song, I unwittingly overheard Guinsberg rehearsing the dashing soubrette's solo on the joys of flirting, which she gives with such abandon, in the middle of Act II. Now the lady's best friend couldn't with any degree of veracity claim that her voice will ever make Geraldine Farrar bite her nails with envy. In fact her upper register finds itself groping with difficulty whenever it becomes necessary to attempt anything like an upward flight.

Her ideas of tempo usually deal with such matters as second speed or high, while striking the right key is mostly a gamble with her. Still she's a nice girl and dances admirably. Well, after her first, second and third attempt to emit the sounds called for by the composer, old Guinsberg let go: "Gott in Himmel! Mees! Mees! You drife me crasey. Gott! Vot a voice! Why do you seeng everything with a slur? Why so much *portamento*? Do you know vot *staccato* means? It ain't a Swiss cheese or a Rhine vine. It's supposed to be de vay this tamned fool of a composer meant you to sing, but but oh! no! oh! no! You know better. Your ear can't even carry an air, although by Gott! it's big enough to carry a ukelele. Did you ever sing in your life before? Now dry it vunce more ant for the luf of Gott dry, dry to sing it in time!" By the time this persuasive little speech was delivered, Miss Soubrette was in what the poet calls a "fine frenzy," and I had the pleasure of hearing her giving Guinsberg information as to his ancestry, disposition, future prospects and final resting place. After this merry passage at arms I fully expected dire happenings. I felt sure that either Guinsberg would resign or that he would insist on Miss Lime being fired, and I could see ahead disrupted rehearsals, indefinite delays, breaking in new people and general Hades. To my utter astonishment none of these disquieting fears of mine was justified. That very afternoon Miss Lime and old Guinsberg were as friendly as ever, and from that day on had nothing but smiles for each other. Every now and then the leading woman would have an attack of temperament and we'd have to rehearse with her accompanied by a grouch.



ONE day it would be one thing, another day another. Sometimes she liked her lines, sometimes she didn't. Frequently the lyrics had to be altered to suit her, not because the verses weren't all right, not because they didn't rhyme correctly or things like that. Oh, no! They had to be altered so that certain favored vowel sounds would be used where the high notes occurred. Can you beat that?

Looking back on those rushing, gushing days I have come to the conclusion that there must have been some kind of fear of infectious disease hovering around the leading comedy rôle. Each day on my way to rehearsal I would wonder who'd have it by the time I got to the theatre. A comedian would come. He'd read the part, talk enthusiastically about it to us. Point out its wonderful possibilities when he'd get going, and lo! in two or three days we'd discover that he had decided not to take it and we'd have to begin our hunt all over again. Five or six different men rehearsed this comedy part until it finally "took" with the man who made such a success of it. Right up to the night of the dress rehearsal, my own inexperience in matters theatrical convinced me it would be impossible to open on the scheduled date, but by some miracle unknown to anyone but stage-directors we did. The dress rehearsal took place in an up-town theatre. It began at 8:40 p. m. on a Thursday night and finished at 2:30 the next morning. Incidentally it almost finished everybody connected with it. Everything that could possibly be wrong, go wrong, happen wrong, sound wrong and look wrong did so.



Photos White

Robert Strange, Frederick Roland, Jay Strong, Arthur E. Hohl, Rienzi de Cordova and Eugene Lincoln in the sea tale "In the Zone"



(Below)

Arthur E. Hohl, Elizabeth Patterson, Florence Enright, Helen Westley
"HIS WIDOW'S HUSBAND"—A COMEDY FROM THE SPANISH

(Models) Frances Ross, Marjorie McClintock, Adele Vaughn
THE SHOP WINDOW SCENE IN "THE AVENUE"



VARIETY IN THE OPENING BILL OF THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS

IN THE SPOTLIGHT



(Below)

ALFRED LUNT

AN American by way of Wisconsin, Mr. Lunt, who lately made a hit as the poet poseur in "Romance and Arabella," grew up in the forests. While a child he went to Finland with his mother and stepfather. There he remained long enough to acquire the Finnish, Swedish and Russian tongues. He was of John Craig's stock company in Boston. Subsequently he was a member of Margaret Anglin's organization. He was her leading man in "Beverly's Balance" and played rôles in her productions of "Antigone," "Medea" and "Electra" at the Berkeley Theatre in California.



VERA GORDON

LITTLE wonder that Miss Gordon imparts such local color to "The Land of the Free." Eight years ago Miss Gordon came from Russia. She played in theatres within the Pale of Settlement from her fourteenth year until eight years ago. She has since played in the Jewish and Russian theatres of the East Side.



GEORGE RASELY

GEORGE RASELY is of New England, the son of a retired clergyman. While he was a student of the New England Conservatory of Music he was invited to join the Rockefeller Church choir. Mr. Gest, on hearing him sing an anthem, placed him under a three-year contract.



ALISON SKIPWORTH

(Left)

ALISON SKIPWORTH

THE sophisticated cook in "Eve's Daughter" is an Englishwoman. She says that she was driven upon the stage by poverty but staid from love of it. Her debut occurred in London with "The Gaiety Girl." In this country beside her service with the stock companies at the Lyceum and Daly's, she has been seen as Mrs. Neville in "The Way of the World," as Mme. Levier in "Captain Dieppe," as the Queen in "Cymbaline" and Olivia in "Twelfth Night."

(Right)

AMY RICARD

A MATRIMONIAL rôle in real and stage life has fallen to the portion of Amy Ricard. She is Mrs. Lester Lonergan and supports her husband who is featured in Battaille's domestic drama, "The Torches." Broadway remembers Miss Ricard as a refreshing comedienne in "Girls," "The College Widow," and as Contrary Mary in "Babes in Toyland."



AMY RICARD

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



LYCEUM. "TIGER ROSE." Play in three acts by Willard Mack. Produced October 3rd. Cast:

Hector MacCollins	Thomas Findlay
Dan Cusick, M.D.	William Courtleigh
Constable Devlin	Willard Mack
Bruce Norton	Calvin Thomas
Father Thibault	Fuller Mellish
Pierre La Bey	Pedro de Cordoba
George Lantry	Edwin Holt
Old Tom	Edward Mack
Constable Haney	Arthur J. Wood
Mak-A-Low	Chief Whitehawk
Wa-Wa	Jean Ferrell
Rose Bucion	Lenore Ulric

IT would be easy to lay emphasis upon the "storm and stress" of the reverberating thunder, the revelatory flashes of lightning, the down-pour of rain, the agitation of the wind-driven curtains and the flickering lamp, as the chief merit in Mr. Belasco's production of "Tiger Rose."

The play lacks depth of reasonable emotion, but it is perfection in detail and characterization. It should not be regarded as so very wonderful that one manager knows his business and his art—and so many others do not. It is very simple. Mr. Belasco knows by reason of his reason and of his art. He gets his essentials and his equations right.

Here he establishes first the atmosphere of the Great Northwest. The storm does not do it. It is obtained through the characters and their relations. A middle-aged factor has adopted a girl, a waif of fiery ancestry, who is in rebellion against conventionality and priests. She is in love with a man she has met in her wanderings, with her rifle, in the woods, and when he commits a murder, she harbors him in the cellar.

Then comes the storm and the clock from which he escapes, the deserted cabin, his recapture, and the prospect of his acquittal because he was justified in shooting.

Come the Priest, a Doctor who advises her to no immediate purposes, a Constable, Mounted Police, a Siwash and his Squaw (fine for atmosphere). Everybody loves the Tiger Rose, and some of the very best scenes come from this meandering of the love current through the play.

The feature of the play is not the storm but the stormy Tiger Rose, as

played by Lenore Ulric. Sinuous, impetuous, crafty yet open, adroitly meeting the advances of unwelcome lovers, unregenerate to the end, she is a study in psychology.

Willard Mack, the author, as the pursuing Mounted Policeman, Pedro Cordoba as the Canadian lover, William Courtleigh as the Doctor, Fuller Mellish as the Priest, Thomas Findlay as the Foster Father, were of the time and place, and made the play vital.

HUDSON. "THE RESCUING ANGEL." Play in three acts by Clare Kummer. Produced Oct. 8. Cast:

John Deming	Claude Gillingwater
Mary Deming	Marie Wainright
Calhoun Deming	Walter Schellin
Angela	Billie Burke
Rose Hanley	Dana Desboro
William Hanley	Richard Barbee
Meyer Kolinsky	Robert McWade
Joseph Whitely	Frederick Perry
Eliot Slade	Roland Young
Evans	Elmer Brown
Winnie	Rhoda Beresford

IF at first you cannot fail, try, try again. This advice I offer gratis to playwrights. It is suggested at this time by Clare Kummer's "The Rescuing Angel," in which Billie Burke recently returned to the stage.

Last season Clare Kummer somewhat rehabilitated herself after having committed the song, "Dearie," by giving us two plays in which the construction was terrible, but the dialogue often of rare charm. "The Rescuing Angel" is even more feeble as to plot, and its conversation sparkles only intermittently. It is no continuous display of Japanese fireworks; the effect is that of fireflies on a summer evening, sparkling only now and then.

This third play seems to be an attempt to do "A Successful Calamity" over again. With Mr. Gillingwater being as much like Mr. Gillette as possible, and Messrs. Barbee and Young on hand in person, it was more like a revival than a new production. As for the scenery by R. E. Jones, it looked as if it had been taken bodily from "Good Gracious Annabelle."

Billie Burke, quite as picturesque and satisfying as ever, is, of course, the angel. She rescues her posterously simple parents from im-

minent poverty by marrying the millionaire whose agent has nearly ruined them. Her boyhood lover, a wholly unendurable young prig, tells the new husband he has been married for money. Mr. Husband gets angry and knocks over a vase of roses. Billie hurries home in either a high or a low dudgeon, resolves to wed a second millionaire who has less speed and more control, and then decides to stick to the man she's tied to. That's all. As Miss Barrymore would say, "There isn't any more."

Act I, purely expository, drags. Most of the time it is all too evident that the author is trying to be funny, but can't. That is always painful. Occasionally she rings the bell, but by no means so often as in her earlier attempts. Act II has one good situation—when the four hours' bride engages herself to a second suitor. Act III is hopelessly childish and amateur—a draggy piece of bad writing, sophomoric construction, and more failures in the field of humor. In fact, it is an unsuccessful calamity.

The acting of the principals was uniformly excellent. In addition to Miss Burke, Messrs. Young, Gillingwater, and McWade deserve special mention.

CASINO. "FURS AND FRILLS." Musical farce in two acts. Book and lyrics by Edward Clark. Music by Silvio Hein. Produced on October 9, with this cast:

Jones	Charles Angelo
Clyde Macey	George Anderson
William MacTavish	Ernest Torrence
Polly	Ruby Norton
"Wally"	Warde de Wolfe
Mrs. Macey	Beatrice Allen
Mrs. MacTavish	Frances Demarest
Butler	Ben Wells
Mr. Manheimer	Harry Miller
Deputy Sheriff	Ernest Carr

FOR the sake of record it may be here stated that "Furs and Frills," which went to cold storage after a brief career at the Casino, had all the defects of its kind. The story concerned the adventures and misadventures of a fur coat which entangled husbands and wives and lovers in farcical misunderstandings.

Beatrice Allen, lithe and exceptionally graceful and spirited, was a dancing feature of the farce.

FULTON. "THE CLAIM." Play in four acts by Charles Kenyon and Frank Dare. Produced on October 12, with this cast:

Pansy Bryan	Florine Arnold
Bob Cleeter	George Thompson
Archie Stringer	Al Stuart
Mike Bryan	Charles Halton
John McDonald	Edward H. Robins
Goldie	Lorna Volare
Kate McDonald	Geraldine O'Brien
Peg-Leg	J. J. Williams
Jerry	Horace James
Mr. Beasley	Walter Baldwin, Jr.
Buck Ryder	Melton Clodagh
Bell Jones	Florence Roberts
Saunders' Girl	Reina Thomas

THE Claim," another play which did not long survive the opening night, had a good idea which went wrong. Two women, with something like an equal appeal to our sympathies, have a struggle for the possession of a child, born to the one woman and abandoned by her, and adopted by the other. Why say this is old? It is human. It is dramatic. Why then did it fall flat in this play? Perhaps it was in trying to subordinate the one woman to the other, in making more of the woman who is really the least sympathetic.

PLAYHOUSE. "EVE'S DAUGHTER." Play in three acts by Alicia Ramsey. Produced on October 13, with the following cast:

Martin Simpson-Bates	Howard Kyle
Mrs. Simpson-Bates	Florence Edney
Edith Simpson-Bates	Norah Lamison
Kate Simpson-Bates	Florence Wollerson
Irene Simpson-Bates	Grace George
Victoria Canning	Florence Flynn
Florence	Esther Howard
Mary	Mabel Knowles
Martha	Alison Skipworth
John Norton	Rockcliffe Fellowes
Courtenay Urquhart	Lionel Atwill
Sunningdale	Lynn Hammond
Henri	Louisa John Bartels

GRACE GEORGE opened her repertoire season at the Playhouse with a revamping of the Iris-Easiest-Way motif, which the author, Alicia Ramsey, has adorned with a perfectly beatitudinous and time-tried conclusion. It is like this:

Heroine, deserted, broke, meditates suicide. Enter hero. Hero: "I have come to take you home." Heroine: "But I haven't any home." Hero: "So long as I have a home, you have one!" Curtain.

It appears that Mr. Simpson-Bates, in his earlier days was a gay dog. However, he got converted, and religion turned him into a ranting, grasping, thoroughly hatable old tyrant. It must have been an off day for religion. Anyhow, Grace

George got so tired of having the old man around the place that she said unkind words to his portrait, which promptly fell off the wall.

With the niggardly £3,000 father left her and a stout resolve to "live! live!! live!!!" our heroine went to London and plunged into the fever called living, which apparently consists of cigarettes, finery and dancing wriggly dances at the Ritz. I don't see how she did it, but she managed to make that much money last a whole year.

At this critical point loomed up the passionate but non-marrying lover in the very personable person of Lionel Atwill. He and the forlorn damsel left for Paris, but those treacherous Dover boats weren't running. The couple put up at a hotel, where various acquaintances, in spite of the terrific storm, dropped in on them, some by accident, others by design.

Then came the fatal moment. Lionel removed the lace curtain which constituted Miss George's most external garment. They turned to the—er—alcove, and there above the—er—abode of Morpheus loomed a red worsted wall motto. That settled it. Instantly Miss George became as irretrievably converted as Mr. Kyle had been all through Act I.

An antiquated bit of theatrical carpentering, redeemed only by some amusing lines and most of the acting.

Miss George was, as usual, excellent in the lighter moments of her rôle. But must she continue indefinitely to play these very youthful parts?

Most of the other honors went to Alison Skipworth as a cockney cook. She also furnished a complete criticism of the play when at the end of the second act she confided to the audience: "It's just like the movies!"

COMEDY. "THE BARTON MYSTERY." Comedy-drama in three acts and an epilogue by Walter Hackett. Produced on October 13th, with this cast:

Buckley	Marion Morgan
Ethel Standish	Mary Malleeson
Dennis O'Mara	Thomas O'Malley
Phyllis Grey	Beatrice Prentice
Richard Standish, K.C.	Henry Stanford
Sir Everhard Marshall	Geo. W. Anson
Helen Barton	Jane Wheatley
Lady Marshall	Charlotte Granville
Beverly	A. E. Anson
Harry Maitland	Roland Hogue

AN old-fashioned compound of melodrama and comedy. A man accused of murder faces the gallows

rather than exculpate himself at the expense of a woman's good name. (Ever heard of anything like that before?) To the rescue comes the stock type of half-genuine, half-fake stage medium, who, in a clairvoyant trance, acts out the murder so realistically that the real slayer of Mr. Barton confesses.

Of course, she is not the one you have been led to think probably did the deed. One can always be sure in advance who the real murderer is in such plays: he or she is always the least suspected person in the cast.

A. E. Anson made much of his mediumistic rôle, which rather suggests the old-fashioned stage Thespian who always needed a bath and a square meal. G. W. Anson supplied character comedy in his usual excellent manner, and the rest of the cast was as good as the play.

CENTURY. "Miss 1917." Revue in two acts. Music by Victor Herbert and Jerome Kern, book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Produced on November 5th, with the following players:

Lew Fields, Andrew Tombes, Arthur Cunningham, Vivienne Segal, Cecil Lean, Harry Kelly, Elizabeth Brice, Charles King, George White, Marion Davies, Vera Maxwell, Emma Haig, Harry Kelley, Ann Pennington, Tortola Valencia, Bessie McCoy Davis, Savoy and Brennan, Adolf Bolm, Flore Revalles, Marshall Hall, Alexander Umanski, Irene Castle.

THAT there is some truth in the old saw: "Too many cooks spoil the broth," one is ready to believe after witnessing the Century's newest show.

No fewer than nine theatrical notabilities had a hand in its making, to wit: Victor Herbert and Jerome Kern, purveyors of melody, Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse, librettists of the hour, Ned Wayburn, the chorus king, Joseph Urban, scenic artist extraordinary, Lady Duff Gordon, sartorial expert, Flo Ziegfeld, the indefatigable, and Charlie Dillingham, the resourceful.

Such a distinguished collaboration might have been expected to produce a masterpiece. The bald truth is that the mountain labored and brought forth a mouse.

The chief fault I have to find with "Miss 1917" as an entertainment is that it does not entertain. It neither fills the eye nor tickles the ear. One does not look for much in a spectacular burlesque, but it is only reasonable to expect it (at the price) to be good of its kind.

Three dollars per entitles one to a laugh. One seldom gets it. The burlesque of "Turn to the Right" is poor stuff—without snap or scintillating line. By herculean efforts, Lew Fields managed with much labored comedy over a lump of sugar and one of his now stereotyped rough and tumble fights, to extract a few guffaws from a good natured audience only too ready to laugh at anything no matter how silly, but this clever comedian was not in his usual form.

The policy of the management seems to be to get a few expensive people and sandwich them in between a lot of mediocrities. If instead they would take a few really good performers, instead of engaging every two-a-day "artist" who happens to be at liberty, and presenting a programme a mile long, it would give the worth while people more opportunity. No one questions Mr. Fields' ability to amuse or Mrs. Castle's charm as a dancer, but if no opportunity is given them, what can they do?

Adolf Bolm presents a dance, the meaning and beauty of which entirely escaped me. Bessie McCoy, who has returned to the stage after a long absence, awakens only feeble echoes of her former success as the Yama Yama girl. In her "Old Man of the Moon" song she wore a pretty costume, but the moon seemed stricken with lunar locomotor ataxia and the singing—? Why do these dancers insist on singing?

These are the "big time." The "little time" includes acts of dreadful memory, among the worst being two Irish songsters, one with a falsetto voice, a sorry exhibition that I have a vague memory of having heard before last year in "The Century Girl."

Exception must be made of Tortola Valencia, a new Carmencita, whose Spanish *Maja Dance*, with its grace, charm, and sensuous beauty, is the one bright spot in the performance. New York will want to see more of Tortola Valencia.

The finale to Act I, where a regiment of toy soldiers descend a steep staircase to a clog march is claimed to be an effect devised by the fertile Mr. Wayburn. I saw practically the same thing three years ago at the Winter Garden.

There are plenty of pretty girls, tall, stately girls, plump, saucy girls, in various stages of undress and resplendent in dazzling costumes. For those who go to this sort of show to feast their eyes on undraped feminine charms, this parade of pulchri-

tudinous femininity goes a long way to make up for other shortcomings.

The present show does not come up to the high standard which Messrs. Ziegfeld and Dillingham set for its predecessors. While it might well pass muster in Swedunk, Mich., its occupancy of Mr. Morgan's ten-million-dollar theatre, Central Park West, is incongruous, to say the least.

CRITERION. "ANTHONY IN WONDERLAND." Comedy in three acts by Monckton Hoffe. Produced on October 22nd, with this cast:

Butler to Mr. Clatterby	Alf Helton
Herbert Chatterby, K.C.	George Riddell
Sybil Clatterby	Marguerite St. John
Dorothy Hopply	Hilda Dorrington
The Rev. Julian Hopply	John L. Shine
Mortimer John	Joseph Kilgour
Anthony Silvertree	Henry Miller
P. Marini	Gordon Morris
Maid to the Clatterbys,	
	Marie de Lachau
The Sheriff	E. L. Duane
Klippy, the Crook	Will H. Gregory
Black Desperado	Harry E. McKee
Joe, the Barkeep	Clay Clement
Sure Shot Sam	Claude Daniels
All Aloney	Florence Shirley

ANTHONY IN WONDERLAND found New York too prosaic-minded to appreciate its fantastic and romantic satire, and tarried but a week at the Criterion. Its satire, perhaps, went too far in that it mocked the very play itself. The wild Western plays of the screen it made amusingly absurd.

Henry Miller acted Anthony with agreeable drollery.

BIJOU. "THE TORCHES." Drama in three acts by Henry Bataille. English version by Charlton Andrews. Produced on October 24th, with the following cast:

Prof. Bouguet	Lester Lonergan
Madame Bouguet	Amy Ricard
Dr. Paul Blondel	John Sainpolis
M. Hernert	John S. O'Brien
Dr. Pravielle	Harry Hadfield
Dr. Melinoff	Jules Epailly
Dr. Joubert	Hudson Liston
M. Hervex	Harry Huguenot
M. Horschfield	Paul Doucet
M. Pelissier	Richard Carlyle
The Directress	Eugenie Dubois
Edwige Voroditch	Sara Biala
Marcelle Bouguet	Gwladys Wynne

THE torches are the stars that are lit aloft to guide and inspire us in our spiritual aspirations, apart from the lures of physical life. It is possible that M. Bataille's play bears out this philosophy in its ending, which is lamely and, indeed, inconclusively brought about, but in the development of the story, it is dramatic situation that holds the attention.

It is very strong, but of the kind inevitable to the triangle play.

A scientist engaged in the discovery of some great boon to humanity has had a momentary affair with a girl, one of his efficient helpers. She is infatuated with him. He now wishes to forego all trivial relationships in order to devote himself to the service of mankind. Suspicion is directed against the girl. He quiets this talk by denying everything to his wife and to Dr. Blondel, an assistant, and by urging Blondel to marry the girl. Blondel knows of another transgression of this girl, but he is liberal-minded, loves and marries her. Later he has reason to suspect, and intercept the scientist, Dr. Bouguet, as he comes from her room to which he has innocently gone in the matter of the manuscript of his great work which is preparing for publication.

A "big" scene follows. Blondel, throttling his wife, throws her bodily back into the house through the open door. There is a duel. Bouguet is mortally wounded. Bouguet thinks now only of the completion of his work, and dies happy in the assurance made by his wife and his assistants gathered about him that they will carry his experiments through to success. Dr. Blondel, who had a little while before given the death wound, arrives in time to add his assurances. There would be no play except for the obstinate infatuation of a foolish girl. If there is any philosophy in the play, it is to be found there. Mr. Lonergan as Dr. Bouguet, Amy Ricard as his wife, John Sainpolis as Blondel, and Sara Biala as the girl, gave value to the play with their impressively good acting. Credit is due Mr. Charlton Andrews for an excellent translation.

REPUBLIC. "ON WITH THE DANCE." Drama in four acts by Michael Morton. Produced on October 29th, with this cast:

Edward Lawrence	William Morris
Nina Lawrence	Eileen Huban
Agnes	Merceita Esmonde
Hugh Fraser	Edward Abeles
Loutie Fraser	Marta Mansfield
Billy Sutherland	John Mason
Gustave	Eugene Redding
Fay Esmond	Julia Dean
Gil Bevans	James Spottswood
Mrs. Sutherland	Corinne Barker
Clarence James	Robert Schable
Maitre D'Hotel	Claude Cooper
Detective-Sergeant Donegan,	
	Edwin Walter

HAVING shot a terrible bolt at the dance craze, which, older readers of **THE THEATRE** will re-

member, once raged throughout this country, Michael Morton, who wrote "On with the Dance," should now turn his attention to the evils of the high-wheeled bike, Swiss music boxes, Rogers' groups of statuary, free silver, and other up-to-date scourges of humanity.

Eileen Huban, it appears, was dippy over the dance. Her solemn husband, William Morris, who was intensely preoccupied with the race suicide problem, followed her to a supper club and forbade her to dance with John Mason. "Yes, she will," said John. "No, she won't," said William. "Yes, she will." "No, she won't." "Yes, she will." "No, she won't." Bing!

Out rang the pistol shot. But as the jazz band was playing, of course nobody paid any attention. And since in the act before the playwright had carefully told us about the pistol, which was Mr. Mason's personal property, we did not faint with surprise when Miss Huban told the dear old detective-sergeant that John had killed himself because she wouldn't dance with him in the Gold Cup Contest.

If the sergeant had only seen John dance, he would have justified Miss Huban without further ado. What I mean is that Vernon Castle need not fear to come back after the war and find that John Mason has replaced him. But I do love to see Mr. Mason get shot: he does it so gracefully.

Miss Huban was very charming and uneven as the dance-mad lady. Mr. Mason was Mr. Mason as the champion tango-lizard. Mr. Morris did nobly with an atrocious rôle. Miss Julia Dean exemplified the demi-mondaine as melodrama knows her with a most devil-may-care slouch.

CRITERION. "THE LOVE DRIVE." Comedy in four acts, by Sydney Rosenfeld. Produced on October 30th, with this cast:

Ernestien Waite	Violet Heming
Mrs. Jepson	Hilda Spong
Mrs. Gramercy Harden	Zeffie Tilbury
Laura Bridgman	Beth Franklyn
Celia Bridgman	Eileen Wilson
Cosette	Lea Penman
Bruce Markham	Fred Niblo
Tom Bridgman	Arthur Lacey
Oliver Croyston	Albert Gran
Lykens	Douglas Patterson
Footman	Cy Weaver

ON the side of production, "The Love Drive" has the advantage of all that the experienced and liberal management of Klaw & Erlanger can provide. The actors are all noteworthy. Violet Heming, quite the attractive girl that an ardent

lover would chase through three acts, bettered her opportunity by displaying some marvelous gowns. The heroine had been told by the young man, who was making his love drive, that he would visit her in her room at night with no other improper purpose than to compromise her. She provides another caller, and very soon a third comes in. The love drive fails in this instance, but eventually the persistent lover wins the priceless girl.

Fred Niblo, as the persistent wooer, does not lack self-assurance in the part, but he does lack that refined impertinence of the true lover. Hilda Spong, Zeffie Tilbury, Beth Franklyn, and Eileen Wilson carried the feminine interest handsomely. Albert Gran was immensely pleasing to those who like his kind of inebriated comedy acting.

39TH STREET. "THE OLD COUNTRY." Play in three acts, Dion Calthrop. Produced on October 30th, with this cast:

James Lane Fountain	Mr. Faversham
Mary Lorimer	Jane Houston
Millicent Alborough	Cecelia Radclyffe
Annette Alborough	Katharine Brook
Rev. Stephen Laycock	Edwin Cushman
Rev. Alfred Knolle	Edmund Gurney
Robert Hudson	Charles Wyngate
Frederick Blackmore	Robert Pigott
Mrs. Fountain	Maud Milton
Henry Parramer	Russ Whytal
Gertie Diamond	Margaret Moser
Willie Tucket	Buster Hemley
Johnny Moreton	Kingdon Brown
Mr. Moon	P. J. MacCord
Mr. Jenkins	Herbert Belmore
Bowers	Charles Hanna

THIRTY years ago a maid employed in the household of an English country squire, was driven from the village with her illegitimate son. She came to America, and—naturally—when her boy became a man, he became also a millionaire. Then a brilliant idea occurred to him. He would lug his dear old mother back to England, buy up the town, and have her "queen it over the lot of 'em."

To carry out this cheerful plan, he posed as another son of the village, who had escaped millionairitis, became the town benefactor, and kept his scheme from his mother until the melodramatic moment when, in the old hall, she should once more face her persecutors of the long ago.

Of such is Dion Calthrop's play, first aid having been administered by Dr. George Broadhurst, evidently called in under the impression that he was a veterinarian. And such is the incredible rôle Mr. Faversham has elected to play, A. D. 1917—but, fortunately, only for a few performances!

FULTON. "BROKEN THREADS." Play in prologue and three acts, by Ernest Wilkes. Produced on October 30th, with this cast:

Murphy	John J. Ward
Bill	Daniel E. Hanlon
George	Burr Caruth
John Brenton	William H. Pringle
Harry Wynn	Cyril Keightley
Dorothy Darrell	Phoebe Hunt
Dick Brenton	William Roselle
Durant	Alfred Hesse
General Creighton	Robert Cummings
William Budlong	Paul Stanton
Freddie Creighton	Harry Redding
Jule Creighton	Florence Carpenter
Robert Beekman	Carl Brickert
Mike Daly	Guy Hitner
Bell Boy	Marshall Mercury

IN "Broken Threads," which recently came out of the West to try its fortunes on Broadway, Cyril Keightley has all sorts of luck. For instance, it was most unlucky for him that he should get mixed up in a cabaret brawl over another man's mistress and have to shoot the other man. And it was still unluckier that the dead man's brother should be of sufficient political power to railroad Mr. Keightley to prison and ship the drugged woman, whose testimony might have saved him, off to Australia.

After that Mr. Keightley's luck changed. First, he escaped from prison. Second, he discovered a rich mining property. Third, he sold it for \$1,000,000. Fourth, the man who bought it had virtually "made" the Governor of the State. Fifth, when Mr. Keightley was about to be recaptured by the minions of the law, the girl from Australia reappeared, still loving him, the man behind the Governor got him a pardon, and there was the inevitable center stage clutch with osculatory trimmings.

Of course, Mr. Keightley was amiable and effective as the luck-stricken hero. Others in the cast also did well, notably William Roselle, as a moral weakling who deserved his shooting; and Harry Redding as an amusing gilded youth.

COMEDY. "IN THE ZONE," by Eugene O'Neill. "THE AVENUE," by Fenimore Merrill. "BLIND ALLEYS," by Grace Latimer Wright. "HER WIDOW'S HUSBAND," by Jacinto Benavente, translated by J. Garret Underhill. Produced on October 31st, with the following players:

Robert Strange	William Gillette	Edward Balzerit	Frederick Roland
Eugene Lincoln	Jay Strong	Rienzi de Cordova	Arthur Hohl
Adele Vaughn	Marjorie McClintock	Frances Ross	James Terbell
Helen Westley	Madelene Snyder	Marjorie Vonnegut	Elizabeth Patterson
Florence Enright	Harry Ehlers	Katharine Cornell	Abram Gillette

(Continued on page 392)



Photos White

George K. Denny, Harry Ashford, Harry Connor, Alfred Lunt, William Williams and Laura Hope Crews
ARABELLA AND HER SUITORS IN "ROMANCE AND ARABELLA" AT THE HARRIS



Marie Wainwright, Dana Desboro, Billie Burke, Claude Gillingwater, Walter Schellin, and Robert McWade
BILLIE BURKE IN "THE RESCUING ANGEL" AT THE HUDSON

SMART COMEDIES RECENTLY SEEN HERE

THE THEATRICAL CHRISTMAS

By ROBERT HILLIARD



CHRISTMAS, no matter where it is celebrated, or under what conditions, is a day of pleasurable excitement. The whole world starts to grow rosy a few days before, and the anticipation of a merry day keeps our spirits at high pitch.

These were just the sensations that filled me when I looked forward to my first Christmas as a member of the theatrical profession. Imagine my horror, and disappointment when mentioning something about Christmas to one of the members of the company, he growled:

"Christmas,—just one more matinée!"

I don't think that a bucket of ice-water could have dampened my spirits more effectively,—and for two days I was downhearted to think that my lot in life lay with a people who thought of Christmas as just so much extra work.

Fortunately, I was so possessed with the Christmas spirit, that I spoke to one of the ladies of the company.

"Yes,—isn't Christmas exciting?" she laughed gayly. "Every town we play in I do a little more shopping, and my hotel trunk is so filled with packages ready to be mailed that I'm getting dangerously near the point where I'll have to carry my clothes over my arm."

What a relief it was to hear her talk! And incidentally what a wonderful Christmas we did have!



THEATRICAL Christmases are just about the same as any other Christmases, only sometimes the element of excitement enters deeper into the preparations, and very often chance celebrations that are hastily planned are more fun than even the best dinner at home with the family.

Personally I have been very lucky, for my Christmases away from New York City have been few in comparison with those I spent with my family. But New York Christmases can have their excitement,—and sometimes turn out to be the best ever.

One New York Christmas that comes to me as I write was the day following the first production of "The Argyle Case." The play opened December 24th,—and I guess that a lot of people had trimmed their trees before dinner,—for

"'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house
Not a seat was there vacant
No room for a mouse."

We went out from the theatre into the first real snow of the winter feeling sure that the audience had enjoyed themselves, and when I read the criticism the following morning I felt that there was not much more that Santa could have left me. Incidentally "The Argyle Case" played in the Criterion Theatre for over seven months, and did about a quarter-of-a-million dollars' worth of business.

You don't blame me for remembering that Christmas-present,—do you?

Another Christmas that will always remain very vivid in my mind was very different to the luxurious, surrounding of the "Argyle" Christmas. It was many years ago,—back in the days when "Mr. Barnes of New York," was one of the greatest plays ever written,—and I was playing "Mr. Barnes" through small Western towns. We landed in a "one-night" town of about ten thousand people one Christmas morning, and as I looked out of the window I suddenly realized

how particularly happy I was. The company had been busy making Christmas preparations for days, and I had done my share, but suddenly I felt that I wanted to do something more to make Christmas a merry day.

As I was debating, a boy of ten or twelve passed under the car windows lugging a sack which he was trying to fill with the odd bits of coal that lay discarded about the station yards. At once an idea flashed over me. Why not make this a real Christmas for some poor family?



IDRESSED hurriedly, and after a mighty hasty breakfast, sought out the Chief of Police. I asked for the poor section of the town, and if he could name a really needy family. I did not have a great deal of money in those days, but I splurged on the hamper of food, on the toys, and on the basket of coal that I ordered to that family. While I played my matinée I kept telling myself that they were having a really good time,—and even the fact that I had spent considerable money I could not really afford, did not keep me from being happy for days and days.

When on present-day Christmases, I write my little check and send it to some society that provides a Christmas feast for the poor I try to say that I am as glad as I was back in the "Mr. Barnes" days,—but it isn't the same at all.

These two little stories are just incidents that stand out prominently. Every member of the theatrical profession has his or her memories, for despite the few pessimists who think of the day as one more matinée, the people in the theatrical world are fun-loving, and the company having a prosperous season, spreads itself during the holidays.

As a general rule all companies on the road have a Christmas feast on the stage between the matinée and night performances. There is sure to be a well-trimmed tree and exchanging of presents. Sometimes, when a well-known star is heading his or her own company, there is a party at the local hotel, but it makes no difference what the class of play or players,—there is sure to be a celebration..

Plans for this begin days in advance. The first thought is,—“where do we play Christmas Day?” Once this is known, family and friends are notified, and the player looks forward to receiving a great batch of mail. Sometimes there is a sudden shift of dates ahead and great is the grumbling, and many letters dispatched to the postmaster of the first town asking that he be sure to forward all mail.



FREQUENTLY among the smaller companies there is a Christmas lay-off, people being so busy buying gifts that business is apt to be bad. This, of course, gives time for writing letters and buying gifts. However, even if the company is playing one-night stands, and making long jumps, there is always a few minutes a day to give to the shops.

Then, after the last present has been bought, wrapped up, sent, and lots of packages received, everyone settles back in anticipation.

Christmas with its spirit of good-will is a wonderful day. I have known of petty feuds between members of a company to vanish, and sometimes stay vanished,—though one very remarkable instance was when two ladies forgot

their difference for the day, exchanged gifts, and yet when they met the following evening in time to prepare for the performance they passed without a look of recognition.

Sometimes Christmas brings its great surprises with it. I remember making very elaborate preparations for a company celebration to be held in Baltimore. We were playing "A Fool There Was," and had just finished a very successful engagement in St. Louis. The jump was an unusually long one, but we were all glad of the rest. We went to bed that night looking forward to a big day and woke up early the next morning to find ourselves buried in a snow-bank.

My first thought on awakening was "Where are we?" I knew that we should be somewhere between Washington and Baltimore. I rang for the porter and learned the sad news. We had run afoul of a blizzard, and we were stalled in the West Virginia hills.

"Stalled for how long?"

"We ought to be out in a few hours,—they've sent a snow-plough to open up the tracks."

A few hours, and the matinée in Baltimore was announced for two-fifteen!



STILL there was no use quarreling with myself, nor anyone else. I dressed and had breakfast. Then came the thought of how we could spend the day. I sent for the chef, the Pullman conductor, and the conductor of the train. My company was a large one, and our season prosperous. Therefore every effort must be made to overcome the dismal effect that would be caused by the blockade. I found that there was a certainty of our being "dug out" in a couple of hours, and that we were not so far away from a fair-sized city.

Preparations started at once. One of the trainmen walked a half mile through the snow and telegraphed the city to have a quantity of food necessary for a Christmas dinner waiting to be put aboard the diner when we arrived. One by one the company awoke and realized our predicament. Naturally they were disappointed at first, but after a few seconds began to see the misfortune in the light of an adventure.

Immediately after breakfast the ladies took command of the dining car, and to their delight found that the express car ahead boasted a Christmas tree which would never arrive at its Washington destination in time for Christmas that year. Theatre trunks are always to be relied on in emergencies, and we found all manner of odd bits of stage trimmings which were quickly made into tree decorations.

We had Christmas dinner in the middle of the afternoon, two or three hours before we limped into Washington. It was one of the maddest, merriest parties ever imagined, and although the management were naturally rather concerned over the fact that they had to turn back about \$3,500 worth of theatre tickets, the company quite overlooked the fact that Dame Nature had sent their preparations astray.

About the first part of December there always creeps into my mind a most excited state of anticipation. I know it means Christmas,—and I believe that several thousands of my fellow-players feel the same way. In spite of the very few who grunt about "one more matinée" the theatrical Christmas celebration is about the happiest, jolliest party ever imagined by anyone.



Mr. John Barrymore as St. Francis of Assisi

A photographic study of the well-known actor by Charlotte Fairchild

LITTLE KNOWN SHAKESPEAREAN PLAYERS

By EDWARD FALES COWARD



AN argument universally advanced against the popular acceptance of Shakespeare has been that his stellar exponents have either from jealousy or a sense of economy never seen fit to surround themselves with players capable of doing adequate justice to the subsidiary characters.

This is only partially true. Booth sunk a fortune giving proper expression to the minor rôles and later won it partially back by a cheaper support, when he found people came to see him and him alone. Modjeska at times had companies of superlative all-around excellence. At times they were pitiable in their mediocrity. Stars of yesteryear like Barrett and McCullough were always artistically supported. Sothorn and Anglin have shown reverent intelligence in the selection of their supporting players.

But for all-around excellence, the excellence that goes to produce perfect satisfaction in the exploitation of the most minor rôle no one surpassed Sir Henry Irving in the make-up of the companies that he brought with him on his first visits to the United States. They were as close to perfection in their capacity for effective detail as love, intelligence, thoughtful selection and insistent rehearsal could make them.

Time and the theatrical historians have done full and adequate justice to the superlative interpretations of the Master. Volumes have been written about the great exponents of Hamlet, Othello, Shylock, Portia, Viola and Rosalind. The parts are fixtures in dramatic literature, their counterfeit presentments are equally fixed in their respective niches of histrionic fame.



WHEN the sporting writers annually pick an All-Star American football or baseball team, there is the usual expression of varied dissent. Who could satisfy the every individual with an opinion? In baseball it is possible to measure with some degree of certainty a player's capacity by the laws of average, covering fielding, base-running and hits, but how can an art be strictly measured and a fixed conclusion reached that will determine to the satisfaction of all the paramount Hamlet, the superlative Juliet, the peerless Macbeth?

Let each for himself write down his individual choice for premier honors in the stellar rôles, but some interested investigator should write into the record an account of those who figured mightily and brilliantly in the lesser portraits of the great Shakespearean gallery, memories of which are likely to be dimmed or utterly effaced by the tremendous aura thrown off by the exploiters of the dominant rôles.

Of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays the records show that the three parts of "Henry VI," "Pericles" and possibly "All's Well that Ends Well," have never been acted in this country. But with the exception of the "Henry VI" trilogy the entire list has had English presentation. Some of these notable plays long since lost their place in the list of possible revivals. Fifty years ago, Ira Aldridge, a colored tragedian, was famous as Aaron the Moor in "Titus Andronicus." Since his death, the bloody tragedy passed into absolute desuetude. Until Frederick Warde, during the last years of his stellar career revived "Timon of Athens," that power-

ful play had gone unsung; yet it possesses two accessory rôles superlative in latent opportunities, the splenetic barking Apemantus and the faithful steward, Ventidius. "Henry IV," Part II, until the Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon presented it at the Carnegie Lyceum in the Spring of 1916, had not had a hearing since the elder Hackett played in it more than half a century before. It was one of Phelps' standbys during his memorable career at Sadlers Wells in London, where he used to double Falstaff with the senile Justice Shallow.

How, despite the absence of lengthy lines, and an opportunity to figure constantly in showy scenes, a player may still make his art shine forth with compelling brilliancy, Lyn Harding



IRA ALDRIDGE

A colored Shakespearean actor famous fifty years ago as Aaron the Moor in "Titus Andronicus"

proved to the modern generation when Sir Herbert Tree, as his contribution to the Bard's Tercentenary at the New Amsterdam in the Spring of 1917, revived "Henry VIII." In the title rôle, fairly sharing the honors with the star in that sumptuous revival, Harding woke over night to find his reputation increased an hundred fold. Bluff King Hal, at his hands, had come to life. The uxorious Tudor was a breathing entity. Made up after the Holbein portrait, his was a more than a striking mask, it was as though the original had stepped from the frame now hanging in the collection of Earl Spencer at Althorp Park. And yet players of the '70's will remind you that something equally fine was contributed by J. G. Taylor when Genevieve Ward assumed the royal robes of Katharine.

Nor is it to be forgotten that according to the foremost critics of the day, as Buckingham, Forbes-Robertson swept all before him by the magic of his priceless pathos and enchanting dignity, when Irving first revived the play at the Lyceum in London. For it is to be said of Shakespeare that can be said of no other playwright, that in his whole dramatis personae

there is no character so deficient of an interest and identity as to evoke the scorn of even the most exacting player and stickler for his reputation. His bits are juicy, succulent bits, but always ventured in proportion to the part they play in the general balance.

It is quite extraordinary, when the splendid dramatic vitality and superlative humor of "Henry IV," Part I, are considered, how infrequently managers and actor-managers have made use of it as a programme feature. Perhaps actor-managers have passed it by in that it contains so many acting parts of such equal prominence and such wonderful opportunities. Yet quite thirty years had passed before Julia Marlowe and her then husband Robert Taber, presented it with beautiful attention to detail at Wallack's Theatre in March, 1896, and how impressively stunning it was, too, in its alternating moments of dignified pathos, heroic stimulation, compelling humor and tragic conclusion. What dashing romance was invested in Taber's assumption of the hot-brained Harry Percy, the splenetic Hotspur bursting with self-sustained enthusiasm for his rights and those of England, what spirit and fire, daring dash and over-confident enthusiasm flashed from his rendering of the part! A creation, indeed, of a character that has taken its place in the world's history as a type of the dauntless but misguided egoist, who loses all, in defying all, for want of faith in the opinions of others. And what a personation too was that of William F. Owen as Falstaff!



IN this part of the trilogy, in which Falstaff appears, Sir John is at his apogée, the unctuous, boasting, sensual, gluttonous, fat Knight, but with it all, *au fond*, a gentleman, as acted by Owen, became the living, breathing presentment of the poet's brain. No laboriously constructed outward mask of obesity, facial and physical, robbed the play of brain and body of its illuminative resources. It was really a something of more than passing value, it was a realization to the satisfying full of one of the greatest comic pictures ever penned.

A search of the records for the past forty-five years shows but two productions of "Measure for Measure" and those presented by women. As it was, Adelaide Neilson only presented an excerpt from this play, the prison scene at Booth's Theatre in the later seventies, her farewell to America. Her's was a beautiful rendering of Isabella—its mere outward beauty was a treat to the eye,—while this exquisite actress—all too soon to die,—by intuitive appreciation of its moving note of sisterly appeal and its poignant expression of womanly horror, made it beautifully real.

It may truthfully be said that these attributes were even more frequently sounded by Modjeska when she revived the comedy at the 14th Street Theatre in 1888. That was a noteworthy revival and in the presentation their impersonations in the so-called minor rôles call for recognition. First of these was Robert Taber's Claudio, the rendering of which brought him unanimous and unstinted praise. The comic appeal of William F. Owen's Pompey and Vincent Sternroyd's Lucio, the thoughtless, sensual, Viennese gallant.



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JANET DUNBAR

Who plays Norah, the devoted shop assistant in "Lombardi, Ltd." with rare charm



Campbell

JULIA SANDERSON

One of the most beloved of our comic opera stars now appearing in "Rambler Rose"



Sarony

FRANCES DEMAREST

Seen recently in a leading rôle in the musical play "Furs and Frills"



Sarony

ANN ORR

The athletic girl, Bessie Tanner, in "Leave it to Jane"



Campbell

FLORENCE MALONE

As Lady Astrupp, the woman of fashion, in "The Masquerader"

LENDING THEIR TALENTS TO BROADWAY

AMERICAN WRITERS OF PATRIOTIC SONGS

By CLARE PEELER



A STATESMAN once remarked, "Let me write the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." George M. Cohan might have added, "I should worry who makes its dividends." But of that, as archy would say, more anon.

War and song seem to be as inseparably connected as war and the place that made General Sherman famous. Sometimes old songs that have lain fallow for years spring up into a new and even a national life,—as the "*Brabançonne*," for instance, which became the national anthem of Belgium only after the Revolution of 1830, or as the "*Wacht am Rhein*" became that of Germany only in 1870. Sometimes they grow out of a special need,—as the "*Marseillaise*" came into fame because the Strasburg volunteers of 1792 wanted a marching song,—or as our "*Star-Spangled Banner*," out of a particular event.

Sometimes like Topsy and some of her successors, they just "grewed." "*Tipperary*," for instance, no one needs to be told, was a music hall success, but it would be very difficult to persuade some of the French Colonials that it is not the British anthem.

Everything in this war is like other wars, only much more so. Where men died formerly by thousands, they perish now by millions; nations raise loans of billions now, instead of millions; and instead of one or two songs to fire and delight the soldier, dozens are penned over night.

There is the American "*Tipperary*," as it is called, with its refrain of "*Oh, Joy! Oh, Boy! Where Do We Go From Here?*" with its lilt that sets your shoulders square only to hear, and its clever psychological appeal to man's love of the unknown goal. The song was written by Howard Johnson, and his account of how it came into being is extremely interesting.

It surprises one to learn that Mr. Johnson is a professional song-writer of several years' experience,—his appearance is so boyish and his attitude so naïve,—until one hears his acutely commonsensical comments on the subject of popular songs and their origin. His is, apparently, no accidental success, born of an enthusiasm,



HOWARD JOHNSON
Author of the American "*Tipperary*"

although he admits freely that inspirational moments make the popular song. Mr. Johnson has worked out the psychology of song-writing. One would expect that, perhaps, from the man who wrote "*Mother*"—now past the two-million mark in its sales,—and "*Ireland Must Be Heaven for My Mother Came From There*."

One works for weeks, sometimes, he tells and then suddenly comes the rhyme, the rhythm, the catching phrase,—or, best of all, as in his war-success, all three,—and one's song is made. He wrote "*Where Do We Go From Here?*" in just that manner. A friend had suggested to him to write a war-song, and had also suggested a new idea,—namely, of keeping away from the war-thought, if possible, until the last verse.



LIEUT. JOSEPH F. DUNN
Author of "*Daddy I Want to Go*"

"If you'll notice," said Mr. Johnson, "the great songs of the Spanish-American war on our side,—'*A Hot Time*' and '*Didn't He Ramble*,'—had nothing, intrinsically, to do with war. As my friend suggested and I agreed, a man who is going to war often wants to leave the thought of it behind him for awhile. There is bound to have been the sadness of parting with home or friends or both,—there is equally certain to be the thought of possible death or maiming in the future. He wants to get those things out of his mind. To dwell on them might weaken him for his big task. So, give him a war-song, something that brightens and cheers, if possible, amuses—and give him a stimulating rhythm to march to, and the thing is done. Anyhow, the idea seemed worth trying to me. So I wrote the first two stanzas of my song around a Broadway cabman, and made the refrain that everybody on Broadway knew and used with a smile,—'*Where Do We Go From Here?*'"

"Then, when the last verse dealt with war, it did so along the line, which is a stimulating one to the brave man, of adventure of which he knows not the end. It happened to be literally true that most of the men that sung my song didn't in the least know where they *were* going,—whether they were headed for a training-camp in the East, the South, or the West,—or whether they were going direct to France. And of course, when they got to France, they'd know, if possible, still less about their goal.

"In the chorus, I added, purposely, a little element of boastfulness. If you've observed, every popular war-song carries a little of that. Why? Because if you take the boast out of a man, you take his heart out of the thing. At least, that's my theory."

When the song was finished, Mr. Johnson said he had the feeling that it would be either a tremendous success or a dead failure. It could not be half-way between the two.

The rhythm was so distinctly plain in his mind, the refrain so marked, that, as he says, he could

almost have sat down at his piano and played it off. Mr. Percy Wenrich, however, set the song in its present winning form.

"I've seldom known a song to 'write itself' so utterly," says the lyricist, "and the tremendous success of '*Where Do We Go From Here?*' seems to prove the theory, advanced by the author, that 'when you know how to do a thing and your heart's in it, besides, it's almost bound to succeed. Only one thing you must always remember in this work,—you must put a big thought into the mind of the man in the street. But you must put it simply. He wants the big ideas, but they must be said in his language.'"

Another popular war song, "*Goodbye, Broadway, Hello, France*," was written on the impulse of the moment. Francis Reisner said to his writing partner, William Baskette: "Billy, I've a great title for a patriotic song." "What is it?" he asked. The answer was, "*Goodbye Broadway, Hello, France*."

"The construction of the song began that very moment," says Mr. Baskette, "for the title sounded wonderful to me. Perhaps I worked under that inspiration. At any rate, while I have written a number of other songs, patriotic and otherwise in character,—some of them very successful,—this one seems to have carried me away somehow—and apparently it has affected other people in the same way. That experience, however, is not at all an unusual one in the life of a song-writer. He may write twenty-five songs, all apparently equally good; then comes the twenty-sixth, and behold! for no especial reason that he can see, it is the 'hit' of his life."

Then there is that other big popular success, "*Daddy, I Want to Go*." The author of this soldier-poem is Lieutenant Joseph F. Dunn, a broad-shouldered, keen-eyed young officer of the Granite State Training Ship "somewhere on the Hudson." Mr. Dunn comes quite properly by a soft Hibernian accent and an Irish twinkle in his eye that explains perfectly why he had such good success recruiting last Spring.

"*Daddy, I Want to Go*" was set to music by



WILLIAM BASKETTE
Author of "*Goodbye, Broadway; Hello, France*"

Mr. Eddie Stemble, and was a first attempt on both their parts. Mr. Stemble had studied song-writing on the vaudeville stage, so that when Lieut. Dunn wanted the simplest, most appealing, "catching" type of music for his thought, he simply couched, it was ready for him.

When Lieutenant (Concluded on page 388)



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Ina Claire making up as the French adventuress in "Polly with a Past" at the Belasco



PEGGY WOOD

Knitting for the soldiers in her spare moments between the acts of "Maytime." We wonder who'll be the lucky fellow to receive this sweater—the latest output from Miss Wood's nimble fingers



EDITH TALIAFERRO

© Press Ill.

Putting the final touches on her costume as Nancy Carey, the charming, impulsive girl of "Mother Carey's Chickens" recently seen at the Cort Theatre

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE CURTAIN

THE TRIALS OF AN IMPRESARIO

By MAX RABINOFF



MY difficulties in conducting grand opera on tour are no secret. There are men in the managerial occupation who believe that their troublesome hours are entirely hidden from the world. They forget that one of the chief objects in the lives of their competitors is to discover the entanglements of the other fellow's business. I learned long ago in the early struggles of my first ambition in America that it is always best to meet your troubles openly. I realize that in making a candid statement of this nature I am blazing a new trail for my competitors. I expect them to do the same as I do—step out into the open and give the public facts.

Like many men who are to-day directing operatic enterprises I did not begin life with the definite expectations of becoming an impresario. An impresario is a deeply-afflicted, long-suffering individual, who assumes the burdens of exacting singers, so that they will have very few for themselves, seeking at the same time to interest the public. Of course, he does not assume these burdens with the idea that he is to receive no benefit from their responsibility, but that is the way it works out very often.

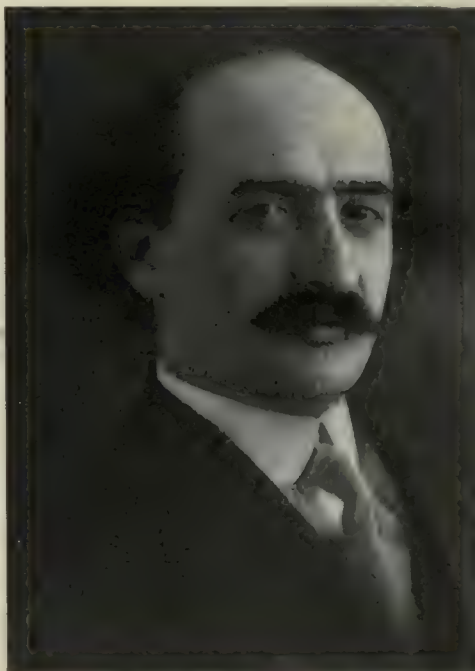


THERE have been numerous occasions when I have had to call my singers together and have heart-to-heart talks with them. At certain times I have told them that, since they were not drawing the enormous salaries they expected to receive, because they were not worth the equivalent at the box-office, they would have to take less. They usually did so, but there was a reason for this miracle. It was usually a case of disbanding the entire organization on the spot, or meeting Misfortune with a smile and passing her by. It is really wonderful how you can disarm that ill-favored dame just that way. You see, in making such a proposition to my artists, I was perfectly within the bounds of fair treatment and logic. There is no reason in the world why an artist should insist upon receiving twice as much money as he can earn, although such reasoning seems at first contrary to the ethics of grand opera. Such extravagant organizations as the Metropolitan and Chicago companies have disregarded the substantial value of great singers. The demoralization to the economic life of grand opera which these companies have brought about is past the understanding of anyone who does not know the difficult conditions confronting an impresario.

When Maurice Grau was a director of the Metropolitan he tried to abolish such inconceivable fees as are paid to the famous singers to-day. He tried to produce grand opera as it should be produced, not as a vehicle for amassing great fortunes for individual artists, but by giving the public all-star performances. In this endeavor he succeeded admirably, and was pursuing the methods of grand opera as presented in Europe, where the star system is not encouraged by the music-loving public.

I have always insisted that the composer of fine music is really the chief beneficiary and not the singer who is successful by divine right of voice. No doubt Maurice Grau had some such adamant views of the real purport of grand opera work. His successor, Heinrich Conried, inherited his contracts with singers, but he did not inherit the magnificent managerial skill and real appreciation of music that his predecessor had

demonstrated. Heinrich Conried, in his little German theatre on Irving Place, had been impressed with the box-office value of stars. Obsessed with this idea he introduced it at the Metropolitan Opera House. The ensemble of the company at that time was excellent. The public was not clamoring to hear one artist more than another, because they were all good. The contracts which they held had been made with Maurice Grau and were no doubt as economical as the shrewdness of that impresario might indicate. Conried, however, applied the ideas upon which he had directed his German theatre, which was to surround one artist with a company of less costly artists. So he inaugurated this policy in grand opera, not caring what the ultimate effect of such a system would have upon opera in America and upon the singers themselves. Then it was that he advertised "Calvé night,"



MAX RABINOFF

Director of the Boston Grand Opera Company

"Plançon night," "De Reszke night." In this way he was educating the public to the idea that these singers were far superior to any other singers in the company. He was putting a false value upon artistic talent, standardizing voices by names instead of by actual proportion of merit and intrinsic values. There may or there may not have been other singers in the Metropolitan Opera Company who were just as good, but this fact did not interest the German director.



THE result of this was that the public, having attention directed by extra advertisement to some few names of good singers, felt that it was not worth while to spend money to hear any others. This was the beginning of the downfall of the real purpose of grand opera, which should be to give productions, artistically and musically, in accordance with the instruction of the author and composer.

It caused, also, a far greater disadvantage to really good, all-around performances, because it became necessary for box-office reasons to re-announce continually the same singers. In this way they were cast and re-cast in parts that were frequently unsuited to them, that were

vocally and dramatically inappropriate. The effect of this mismanagement is somewhat obvious even to-day. A new name on the bill-board of the Metropolitan Opera House means little to the public. It seems to imagine that there is only one tenor in the world no matter how competent another is, and the house is filled only when he sings.

These facts are generally known to musicians, but I do not believe they have been revealed extensively to the public. I don't know that it does much good to reveal them now, but I am pledged to confession and I am keeping my word. When I say that the celebrated singers of the Metropolitan are in some cases getting too old to sing I am hiding no facts. Also, when I say that the director of this enormously wealthy organization doesn't care how much he spends, I am confessing no secret knowledge. I mention these things, not because I wish to betray any secret of my competitors, but because they are linked with the prevailing elements that have made my own work of giving grand opera on tour so difficult.



MOST opera singers to-day have been spoiled by exaggerated rumors of prodigious salaries. And, furthermore, the entire grand opera public of the United States has been spoiled by this extravagant custom. The phonograph records of these highly advertised singers of the Metropolitan and Chicago companies have spread the fever of devotion to stars. To-day, no matter how excellent a symphony orchestra may be, it is booked with no such readiness as one of this group of stars so widely featured. In competition with the latter the orchestra must lose.

It has been misdirected effort, so far as the real advantages to the progress of music in this country are concerned. A booking agent can go into any city in the United States and "sell" an aged singer who was once over-advertised by the Metropolitan, practically at his own figure. Whether the artist's voice has survived the years is of no consequence. Up go the bills with the name of him who achieved fame in more youthful days, and the entire community that has been enjoying the records made by this singer years before crowds into the concert hall expecting to hear the same voice. Of course it doesn't, and when it thinks about it a little while it is not surprised.

I am emphasizing this method of commercializing singers to better establish the appreciation of the difficulties which it has created for the impresario on tour. It was with a full knowledge of them that I took the Boston Grand Opera Company on its travels through the continent. I did so chiefly from a personal conviction that opera should have an all-round production, not a star production, a policy that will be still retained in the coming tour of the Boston Company this season. Frequent opportunities have come to me to engage some of these over-advertised singers, but I have declined. On one occasion, against my better judgment, I was persuaded to engage a prima donna of built-up distinction. It was for several performances. Her first appearance proved her dismally unsuited to the character for which she had to be cast. So I paid her for the remaining performances and put in a singer who was younger, fresher and far better adapted to



White

Norah Lamison

Grace George

Esther Howard

Florence Woolerson

"EVE'S DAUGHTER"—THE FIRST PLAY OF MISS GEORGE'S REPERTOIRE SEASON



GREGORY KELLY AND RUTH GORDON

In the dramatization of Booth Tarkington's novel, "Seventeen," now a big success in Chicago



FRED STONE

Gilbert and Bacon

The inimitable comedian who is responsible for the laughter which greets "Jack O' Lantern" nightly at the Globe

SUCCESSES IN AND OUT OF BROADWAY

the rôle. Although practically an unknown she made a memorable success.

My aim has been to have each artist accurately cast, to have each one histrionically as well as vocally adapted to his rôle. Artists of the Boston Company understand what is expected of them and before their first appearance each season they have so entered into the spirit of their rôles that they present virtually a living embodiment of each character. At the end of the first month of performances they are individually actors capable of the finest portrayals. I am very proud of the enthusiastic praise that has come from critics throughout the country for the dramatic achievements of these artists—as much so as for the laurels won vocally. To expect a singer, on the other hand, no matter how great an artist or how versatile, to fill twenty rôles equally well is preposterous. The measure of each singer must be thoroughly known by the impresario and the former must under no circumstances be required to fit himself by voice or physique where another singer belongs. Then grand opera ceases and burlesque begins. Unfortunately the public has been educated to the

point of overlooking the monstrosities of opera; in catering to the ears of music devotees the eyes have been disregarded, on the assumption, perhaps, that the love of music, like other love, is blind.

The test of first-class grand opera should be the perfection of the ensemble, not the successful reaching of a few high C's by a popular idol.

I cannot deny that the support which grand opera receives on tour is frequently discouraging. After a season's initial expense of \$128,000 it is disheartening to find oneself unsupported by the public, and subsequently in great financial difficulty. Enough to shake one's confidence you may suggest. It perhaps requires little courage in my own case because I am a fatalist. If I start out with the very best organization I can get, and it seems to go wrong, it is not my fault. I have done my best. This mental attitude is relieving and makes the stress of circumstances endurable.

I have had some extraordinary experiences in being rescued miraculously at the eleventh hour. I remember on one occasion I had surrendered,

my organization was about to disband and I had given notice that we should return to New York in the middle of the season to recoup our fortunes. I received a wire from a man I did not know in the Middle West. It read:

"No, you shall not quit. How much money do you need at once?"

I wired back in a sort of sardonic humor that I needed \$20,000, and received the following reply:

"Am sending my man with \$20,000 cash on next train. Wait for it."

The messenger arrived, handed me \$20,000 in very pretty bills and showed a draft for \$10,000 more, if needed.

This may sound like a fairy story, but it has happened more than once, and there is an encouraging moral attached to it. It demonstrates an unselfish desire in America for good music, good opera. It also shows that there is plenty of money to be had for ventures that are conducted without regard for other issues than artistic excellence.

My constant effort in giving first-class grand opera throughout. (Concluded on page 388)

SANTA CLAUS GIVES A PARTY

By HAROLD SETON



SCENE:—A large banquet hall, brilliantly lighted.

At dozens of tables are seated hundreds of actors and actresses. At the head of the speakers' table, in the place of honor, sits the host, Santa Claus, in his characteristic attire.

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Ladies and gentlemen of the theatre, it affords me great pleasure to welcome you to still one more Christmas Party! It is my profession to make people happy on one day of the year, but it is your profession to make people happy for seasons of forty weeks at a time! I want you to make me happy to-night! I want you to relieve me of the task of making speeches! Let me simply do my bit at the beginning and at the end! In the meantime, permit me to present Mr. John Drew! (Applause.)

JOHN DREW (rising): Santa Claus has spoken first, and I am proud to be "the Second in Command"! I would not change places with "The Squire of Dames" or "The Duke of Killiecrankie"! Life for us should be as "One Summer's Day," and we should not submit to "The Tyranny of Tears"! Optimists are the truth-tellers, but pessimists are "The Liars"! So here is my toast: "Rosemary"—that's for remembrance! (Applause.)

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Let us now hear from Miss Maude Adams! (Applause.)

MAUDE ADAMS (rising): I would like to tell you "What Every Woman Knows," whether she be "The Pretty Sister of José," or the ugly sister of somebody else! "L'Aiglon" may soar, "Chantecler" may crow, "Peter Pan" may refuse to grow up, and even "The Little Minister" may deliver a sermon, but we will still have "A Kiss for Cinderella" and a kiss for Santa Claus! (Applause.)

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Let us now hear from Mr. William Faversham! (Applause.)

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM (rising): "Herod" and "Letty," "Getting Married," may be "The Masqueraders"; "Lord and Lady Algy" may be "The Conquerors"; while "The Squaw Man," "Under the Red Robe," may suggest either "The

Fawn" or "The Hawk," but "Brother Officers" will admit that "The World and His Wife" love Santa Claus! (Applause.)

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Let us now hear from Mrs. Fiske! (Applause.)

MRS. FISKE (rising): Is the theatre merely "A Doll's House"? What says "Tess of the D'Ubervilles"? What says "Becky Sharp"? What says "Lady Patricia"? What says "Salvation Nell"? What says "Erstwhile Susan"? I will tell you! They say, "Yes, but it is situated on "The High Road" to happiness! That is "The New York Idea," and it is my idea too! (Applause.)

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Let us now hear from Mr. Otis Skinner! (Applause.)

OTIS SKINNER (rising): "Kismet"! Allah is great, and Santa Claus is his prophet! "Sire," for "The Honor of the Family," permit me to remain "Your Humble Servant"—"Mister Antonio"! (Applause.)

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Let us now hear from Miss Ethel Barrymore! (Applause.)

ETHEL BARRYMORE (rising): Listen to the confession of "Cousin Kate," "The Country Mouse"! Were I "Alice-sit-by-the-fire" or "Trelawney of the Wells," sailing away on a "Sunday," chaperoned by "Our Mrs. McChesney," to join my fiancé, "Captain Jinks," and while in "Mid-Channel" I got a wireless message from Santa Claus, I would return at once, jilting the Captain for dear old Santa! (Applause.)

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Let us now hear from Mr. Arnold Daly! (Applause.)

ARNOLD DALY (rising): "Candida" kept us guessing! What was "Mrs. Warren's Profession"? Where was "John Bull's Other Island"? Truly, "You Never Can Tell"! But this much I know! "Man and Superman" refers to man and Santa Claus! Santa Claus is indeed "The Man of Destiny"! (Applause.)

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Let us now hear from Miss Lillian Russell! (Applause.)

LILLIAN RUSSELL (rising): Some call us players "The Mountebanks," and some call us "The Brigands," but whom have we among our numbers? "La Belle Hélène," "Lady Teazle,"

"The Grand Duchess," "Princess Nicotine" and "The Queen of Brilliants"! For my part, I care not if people call me "La Cigale" or "Giroflé-Girofla," so long as Santa Claus calls me "The American Beauty"! (Applause.)

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Let us now hear from Mr. David Warfield! (Applause.)

DAVID WARFIELD (rising): Fate is "The Auctioneer"! One man becomes "The Music Master," and another becomes "The Grand Army Man"! Some wait for "The Return of Peter Grimm," but I only wait for the return of Santa Claus—year after year! (Applause.)

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Let us now hear from Miss Julia Marlowe! (Applause.)

JULIA MARLOWE (rising): Such warmheartedness and goodfellowship as is evidenced here to-night would bring about even "The Taming of the Shrew," the melting of "The Merchant of Venice," and the cheering up of "Hamlet," the melancholy Dane! Therefore, the situation is as I like it, and is, I am sure, also "As You Like It"! (Applause.)

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Let us now hear from Mr. George M. Cohan! (Applause.)

GEORGE M. COHAN (rising): I have been known as "Little Johnnie Jones," "George Washington, Junior," "The Yankee Prince" and "The Governor's Son," but Santa Claus is now "Running for Office," and I know he will be elected President of the United Hearts! (Applause.)

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Let us now hear from Miss Eva Tanguay! (Applause.)

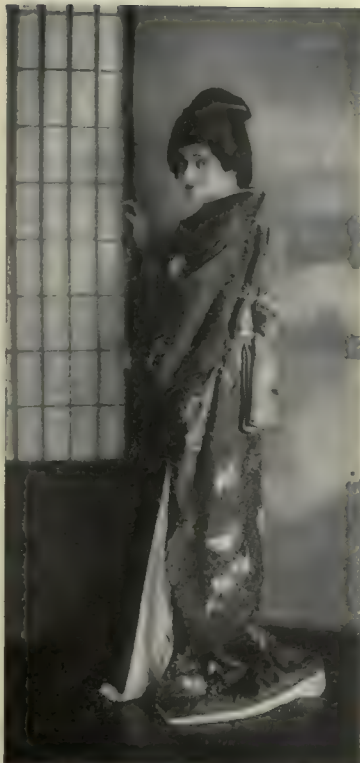
EVA TANGUAY (rising): "I Don't Care"! (Applause.)

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Let us now hear from Mr. Sam Bernard! (Applause.)

SAM BERNARD (rising): "Sufficiency"! (Applause.)

SANTA CLAUS (rising): Ladies and gentlemen of the theatre, let me wish you one and all a very Merry Christmas, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year! (Applause and cheers. All start singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!")

(Curtain.)



Kikuchi

AUGETTE FORET

The successful *genre* artiste who creates with delicate imagination and dramatic instinct miniatures of the song world



White

HARRY LAUDER

The famous Scotch comedian is making a farewell tour of America. His new songs, delivered in his inimitable style, are delighting audiences



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PERCY GRAINGER

The Australian pianist in uniform as a saxophone player in the United States Army. He has given up a profitable musical career to enlist



Press Ill.

Bessie McCoy (Mrs. Richard Harding Davis) and her little daughter. Miss McCoy has returned to the stage in "Miss 1917"



© Ira L. Hill

LIEUT. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA AND HIS FAMOUS NAVAL BAND

From the Great Lakes Training Station, Chicago, Ill. The band, which comprises 300 men, is figuring conspicuously in all patriotic parades and demonstrations

PEOPLE OF NOTE IN THE THEATRE

VAUDEVILLE DEMANDS CHEERFUL PATRIOTISM

By NELLIE REVELL



VAUDEVILLE not only does its bit, but a whole lot more. It has given its cherished headliners to be soldiers; it devotes its stages to recruiting and its lobbies to the sale of Liberty Bonds. For the Tobacco Fund, vaudeville alone raised ninety thousand dollars. And as for songs, recitations and sketches!—no act complete without some expression of loyalty. The two-a-day fairly bristles with patriotism. But it insists on being cheerful about it.

Do your duty with a smile—that has always been the crisp motto of the vaudevillian. And in war time, the rule is just as good if not better. Meet life with a smile on your lips—and death too, if need be. For Wilson's sake, don't think that to be patriotic, you must pull a long face and act like a boiled-in-oil martyr. War is terrible—true. But it won't help matters to dwell on its horrors. With magazines and newspapers full of the tales of battlefields, hospitals and atrocities, there ought to be one haven of refuge for the blood-curdled citizen. And vaudeville, consistently, supplies that retreat.

Not until this week has vaudeville violated its rule of how to be cheerful though patriotic. But every rule has its exception, and perhaps vaudeville's merriment will shine the brighter hereafter in contrast with the elaborately uninspiring war drama, "The Bonfire of Old Empires," by Marion Craig Wentworth—well known as the author of "War Brides."

It is not treason to confess that we infinitely prefer Miss Wentworth's peace propaganda to her war propaganda. "War Brides" was a well-constructed drama, enhanced by the genius of that wonderful artist, Nazimova, and the support of a flawless cast. It was one of the few powerful tragedies written in the last decade.



BUT "The Bonfire of Old Empires" is a different matter. A combination of the speaking drama and the silent drama, it is neither "flesh, fowl nor good red herring." The spoken section is bad—the picture portion worse, and together—well, Burbank was the only chap who had much success at grafting, outside the politicians, and he always had nature to help him join things together. In Miss Wentworth's playlet, the two parts are still asunder.

The story is that of Michael Stanhoff, "a captain of the empire," who finds himself duty bound to court-martial and shoot an old friend. The sister of this old friend, Carina Rai, was at one time the object of his devotion. Now she visits him, not so much to plead for her brother, or for herself, likewise a rebel hunted by the soldiers, as in the hope of opening the captain's eyes to this mistaken loyalty to the old imperial idea and to win him to the cause of freedom. Torn between duty and love, Michael listens to Carina, but he finally sends her away. Then sinking speedily to sleep, he dreams—a vision presented by motion pictures—of the gods on high who sent the Spirit of Freedom to awaken men to throw off their bonds. The down-trodden Russians, from the lash of the whip, rise up to burn palaces and overthrow the oppressor. The French, all sitting happily in a cabaret, are called from the café to lead the fight for freedom. Italy, England and America send soldiers to aid the cause. Oh, yes, there's a suffrage plank in there somewhere, a scene

where the doors of the House of Parliament are burst open by the women. In the end, the world of men is free and equal, and the gods on the mountain top send down the gentle Spirit of Peace.

All this is very pretty in words, but as presented in the one-reel motion picture (spelled reel not real)—! Well, motion pictures have committed some atrocities, but this is quite the worst the screen has had to submit to for some years.



AWKWARD, amateur—what is the word that will convey how inadequate this picture was to the noble theme? Zeus, the greatest of the gods, for instance, resembled nothing so much as a Hepner's delight. The wind-blown old gentleman seemed all hair and whiskers, and had to use his thunderbolt to keep them out of the way when he wanted to talk. The Spirit of Freedom surely was a chorus man in his last incarnation. The great armies of England, Italy and America were suggested by one squad of uniformed "repeaters" and a lot of smoke and red fire. In these days when the films show the real armies so impressively, and when mighty spectacles with stupendous effects are by no means uncommon, it is scarcely possible to conjure a mighty appeal out of such sketchy material. The Russian episode of oppression was doubtless a straining after effect—but to say the least it was gruesome. Women shuddered as the prisoner was tied to the flogging post, his back bared and the whip descended. Why, Marcus Loew, in his ten-cent picture theatres, does not permit such unnecessary and unpleasant visualizations of cruelty.

Then—after the movie curtain has rolled up out of sight, the captain awakens, a changed man. Carina reappears pursued by soldiers. Michael tells her of his conversion, and boldly dashes off his resignation to the empire, sends it in by one of Carina's captors. Just then the mob outside shout the timely news that the revolution has been successful. The people—and Carina are free. She and the captain embrace once more in the dashing fashion affected by revolutionists.

The audience was chuckling as the curtain descended. For no matter how patriotic we all be—we can't swallow such a queer concoction as this: symbolism, cruel realism and acting on a crudely melodramatic plane. The cast can hardly be blamed; having no previous experience in such matters, they were evidently trying to act noble according to the author's concept.



NOW for a genuine stimulant for recruits and an inspiration for patriotism there's Nora Bayes! She devotes half her new act to "Sammie" songs and half her wardrobe to red, white and blue costumes, and when she appears in her "Spirit of '76" dress and sings "Over There," there isn't a man, woman or child in the house that wouldn't willingly dash right out and join the Army. Then her partner—he is Irving Fisher of last year's Century show and this year's "Follies" and quite the best partner Miss Bayes has had—looking like a soldier in his smart uniform, sings "Somewhere in France," and together their voices ring out in "Laddie Boy!" Why, the Declaration of Independence and the Russian Revolution couldn't cause much more excite-

ment than Miss Bayes and partner singing war songs! All of which goes to prove that patriotism must be backed by talent before it is effective, either as entertainment or propaganda.

Not that Miss Bayes confines herself to "U. S. A." songs. She sings in all keys and all dialects. There's "O'Brien is Looking for You" in the rich Irish brogue that made Kelly famous; a comedy "coon" song, and a song cycle in which she wanders through New York, recalling the days of "Little Annie Rooney" and "The Bowery" in contrast with our present-day "Poor Butterfly." There's an Indian recitation in a comedy vein but delivered with fine seriousness. Miss Bayes is versatile, and more than that, she does each kind of song better than those who make a specialty of one dialect. For scope, power and the broad human quality of her comedy, she is a comedienne with few equals in or out of vaudeville. It is no mean task to entertain an audience singly for ten or fifteen minutes, as most vaudevillians can testify. Miss Bayes always has the house tumultuously applauding for more at the end of three-quarters of an hour. This alone stamps her a great artist.



TO cite another instance of the value of cheerfulness and patriotism, consider Corporal Arthur Fields and Private Flatow, that joker at the piano. They are both real Uncle Sam boys and dropped into the Palace at intermission time to sell a few bonds. Did they talk of duty—that uninteresting old abstraction? Not a bit of it! They sang a couple of verses about the soldier in the hospital and the pretty nurse: "I Don't Want to Get Well." It not only unlocked pocketbooks, but was a real consolation to the mothers and friends of those who have lately joined the ranks. Things can't be so bad if these chaps in uniform feel as merry as all that! And as an inspiration for volunteers, the record of these two for attracting recruits to the 71st testifies that the sight of a couple of "live wires" wearing the khaki is more potent than all your talk of the Spirit of Freedom.

Nobody is singing of Broadway any more; from the looks of it, who can blame them? Last week seemed to be Dixie week at the Palace, with everybody liting about the Mason-Dixon line, with John B. Hymer's "Tom Walker in Dixie," and with Henry E. Dixey's wife one of the chief attractions. She's Marie Nordstrom, professionally, you know, and she has blended old and new material in her monologogue. As always she is refreshingly clever.

The Hymer sketch is one of the most richly humorous character studies in the two-a-day. Mr. Hymer knows both vaudeville and human nature; even in Tom Walker's reformation he is consistent: "I'll jes' read my Bible and drink my gin," says Tom.

Only one dancing turn of note brightened the month. Gertrude Vanderbilt, with an array of bizarre, Bakst-like costumes danced and chattered and sang—she sings better than most dancers by the way—with George Moore as her *vis-a-vis*. The act is entitled "An Imaginary Revue" and ranged from love songs to travesty.

Just a line of prophecy—two little demoiselles known as the DeWolf Girls are on the right road to vaudeville fame. They have youth, charm, talent and clothes, clothes, clothes.



White

ADELAIDE AND HUGHES

Whose clever dance conceits never fail to charm



GERTRUDE VANDERBILT

With a collection of bizarre costumes, Miss Vanderbilt is singing, chattering and dancing her way into vaudeville's graces



© Ira L. Hill

JOAN SAWYER

Back again in vaudeville with a new and delightful Terpsichorean confection



White

NORA BAYES

Who occasionally appears in a musical comedy or review, but always returns to her first love, vaudeville, to the delight of Variety fans

SOME REASONS WHY VAUDEVILLE PLEASES

STEPPING STONES

By JENNIE A. EUSTACE



WHY do girls go on the stage? I do not know. But I have always felt that the reason why one particular girl went on the stage was because of her father—long before her birth—indeed long before he ever knew he would have a daughter—determined if he ever did have one he would “get even” by making an actress of her.

My mother was old-fashioned—and prejudiced—on all matters pertaining to the theatre. Of all the lurking places of the devil she believed the playhouse the most pernicious. After breaking her engagement of marriage to my father twice—for what seemed to her good and lawful reasons, and becoming engaged to him for the third time, some young friends informed her that he was secretly coaching a company of amateur thespians for an appearance at Rand's Opera House in the City of Troy, N. Y. That was the capital offense. Off came the engagement ring again—and my poor father (who was to be) was sent about his business for the third time. But in time, of course, the troth was on again, in due time the wedding bells rang—and the honeymoon commenced.

I have always believed that my father took a solemn oath the day he was married, that he would pay my mother in her own coin for flouting the theatre as she had. His own love for it was intense, and he had no mind that the lady of his heart should remain an alien all her life to the beauty and the joy of good plays and good acting. And so on every evening of that radiant honeymoon, he adroitly and tactfully, and with deliberate intention guided her to some temple of the Muse, where the very best that the theatre produced in those days could be seen and heard.



AND she fell,—an enchanted victim—into his trap. The first play they saw together was “A New Way to Pay Old Debts,” with C. W. Couldock playing Sir Giles Overreach. I remember my mother telling me once that she could never afterwards endure the mention of Mr. Couldock's name, so deeply had he impressed her with his villainy.

That honeymoon ended all her aversion to theatre going. Indeed, she became even a greater enthusiast than my father—and I have known her to sigh at the end of a five-act play, because she had not found it long enough.

And so when the time arrived to decide upon a place in the world's work for me—their only daughter—it was my mother who sent me to New York to a dramatic teacher, to find out if I possessed any of the necessary requirements for becoming an actress. My father was “even.”

The teacher to whom I went was Mrs. Emma Walker, and an excellent teacher she was. Following a brief period with her, I became a pupil of Mr. Franklin Sargent's school of acting.

I am greatly in favor of at least a short season of preparation before attempting the actual work of the stage. One can never be really taught to act. But an intelligent instruction in simple technique—an explanation of the terms used in stage direction—a knowledge of how to use one's voice, of how to carry one's body—and an understanding of many other things of similar nature, give to the beginner a valuable repose, and enable her to use—without self-consciousness—the natural gifts for interpretation which she may possess.

Out of the Sargent school came a little non-professional experience, when Mr. Gustave Frohman took out a small company—selected from the school by the pupils themselves—I was made the leading woman, and we journeyed to Yonkers and to Albany.

Not long after this a man of wide prominence—a friend of my brother's—David B. Hill, secured for me letters of introduction to Lester Wallack and A. M. Palmer, from a personal friend of both men. Each letter carried the same message:—the writer would consider it a personal favor if the bearer were given an interview, and if possible, an opportunity to prove herself.

Needless to say, the letters won an interview almost at once. But it is inter-



JENNIE A. EUSTACE

Loved and remembered for the portrayal of a long line of refined gentlewomen on our stage, Miss Eustace is a product of the best metropolitan stock company training. She began her career under the management of the late A. M. Palmer, during his tenancy of the old Madison Square Theatre and her experience in this house of famous players makes her an exceptional authority on the merits of the stock system. More recently she was seen on Broadway in “The Witching Hour”

esting to recall the difference in the receptions I met with from both men. Mr. Wallack impressed me at once as being superficial and an egoist. He took a very careful inventory of my appearance—talked to me largely about what “closed books” New York theatres were and endeavored to impress upon me—but always with a sort of dandified politeness—my absolute insignificance. He promised, however, to remember me, and asked me to write to him to Florida, where he was going the next day.

Mr. Palmer made my interview with him short and to the point. He paid very little attention to me personally, but expressed himself as always anxious to do a friend a favor. He would be casting a play in a fortnight's time—thought I might play one of the parts—would let me rehearse it at any rate. If I played it at all, I might consider myself engaged for four weeks, as that was the length of time he had

planned for the run of the play in question.

The play was “Our Society,” and I played the æsthetic girl from Boston. Not a word had been said about salary, and it is laughable to recall what a vague idea I had of the amount I might even expect. It was the custom of the old Madison Square Theatre to pay salaries on Tuesday nights, and as each member of the company went out after the performance, he would stop at a little window opening from the box-office into the hall, which led to the stage as well as to the street, and receive his envelope. I knew nothing of the custom and naturally when I went out that first Tuesday night I did not stop. But the next afternoon, as I was leaving after the matinée, someone spoke to me as I passed the window and reminded me that I had not taken my salary. He gave me an envelope and I signed the book. When I found myself where I thought I could open the envelope without being seen, I found four new ten-dollar bills in it. It seemed a great deal of money for the little work I was doing, and I was not sure until the second salary night came around that Mr. Palmer had not paid me for the whole four weeks at once. How many times my brother and I laughed over this in later years!

The two performances in “Our Society,” which stand out in my memory as of superlative excellence, were those of Miss Maude Harrison and Miss Annie Russell. Miss Russell was at that time the leading juvenile woman of the company, and was peculiarly fragile and sensitive in appearance.



THOSE four weeks gave me an introduction to a notable group of men and women. In the cast itself was only a small measure of the strength of Mr. Palmer's splendid company. But the other members dropped in to call at the different dressing-rooms from time to time, or they came for their letters, so that little by little I learned to know them.

And then those four weeks stretched on to seven years! Seven years which held much of inspiration and which led to much high endeavor. Seven gratifying years which still sing to me high notes of gladness and of unusual theatrical harmony—chiefly because of the splendid, broad, human and unselfish personalities by which I was surrounded.

And of all the unselfish ones the name of Maurice Barrymore must be written first. Before I met him I had been regaled by countless stories of his wit and brilliancy. But as I remember him to-day, the qualities which seemed to me to most distinguish him were those of simplicity and a nice consideration of the comforts of the less important members of the company. His dressing-room was always at the disposal of anyone who thought he needed it more than he did. Indeed, Mr. Barrymore never seemed to need a dressing-room at all. There are some men with whom the use of “make-up” seems an inconsistency, and he was one of them.

He was a positive joy on the frequent trans-continental trips we made in those days. He seemed never to want to sleep, and it was his delight to crowd into his stateroom as many of the younger members of the company as possible, and then to keep us up all night outlining plays. Each one of us was expected to contribute



Photos M. N. Lawrence

SCENE DESIGNED BY JOSEPH URBAN FOR ACT I. OF "MISS SPRINGTIME"



THIS ARTISTIC SET WAS DESIGNED FOR PAVLOVA'S BALLET "GISELLE"

Joseph Urban is the man of the hour in stage decorating. He it was who designed the settings for "Miss 1917," "The Riviera Girl," the Fred Stone show "Jack O' Lantern," and for the "Follies of 1915, 1916 and 1917." One of the forerunners of the Viennese school, Mr. Urban first gained his reputation abroad. He designed such buildings as the Khedive's Palace in Cairo, numerous private residences, museums and bridges. He was also Artistic Director of the Hof Theatre in Vienna. At the Metropolitan Opera House, this city, three of the new productions and revivals have been put into Mr. Urban's hands for Meyerbeer's "Prophète," Gounod's "Faust," and Liszt's "St. Elizabeth."

INTERESTING EXAMPLES OF JOSEPH URBAN'S STAGE SETTINGS

something of value to the plot, the dialogue and the action. It seems a pity that no record was kept of them. But we only talked them, we did not write them down.

His charm was over the entire company. The most obscure member felt at absolute ease with him, and sure of his protection in times of need. His fondness for animals was known to many people in the West, and many were the wonderful—and difficult—gifts sent him, all of which he accepted and at least endeavored to take home with him. Once when he reached New York his stateroom contained two squirrels, a crow, a parrot, a dog and a coyote! He was careless to a remarkable degree of his appearance. Dress had no appeal for him. But there was a look of such high personal distinction in the man himself that one seldom thought of what he wore.

He never wanted for a quick retort to any criticism. One night on tour, Mrs. Booth was ill, and I had been asked to hold myself in readiness to play in case she was not ready to do so. Shortly before the curtain went up, Mr. Holland went into Mr. Barrymore's room and noticed a strong odor of onions.

"Barry, old man," he said, "you ought not to eat those things when you have to play such inti-

mate scenes with a lady—it's outrageous of you." Suavely and quickly Mr. Barrymore came back. Putting his hand ingratiatingly on Mr. Holland's shoulder, he replied, "Well, you see, I knew if Mrs. Booth played, she would be too ill to notice them; and I knew if Jennie had to play, she'd be too nervous to care. So I said to myself, 'Eat all you want.'"

We were playing "Alabama" at the Harlem Opera House one night, when he came to me and said, "I wish you would wait a moment after the third act. I would like to introduce you to a particular friend of mine." I waited and he brought to me a very beautiful little girl, saying, "This is my daughter"—adding in a quaint aside to me—"Quite the best thing I have ever done." That same little girl, Ethel Barrymore, has since become one of the greatest artistes of our times.

There has been no family on the American stage of whose members so many amusing and witty anecdotes are related as of the Barrymore family. I listened once—in the station at Philadelphia—to a conversation between Miss Ada Dyas, then a member of the Palmer Company and Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore which greatly amused me, and which I have never forgotten. We had just reached Philadelphia to play an

engagement, and as we were passing out of the station Miss Dyas caught sight of Mrs. Barrymore coming in—and hastened to greet her. She was about to leave for New York. After they had exchanged a few personal inquiries, Miss Dyas asked after Mrs. Barrymore's mother—Mrs. John Drew. With a quaint little shrug of the shoulders and an indescribable lifting of the eyebrows, she replied, "Mother is becoming a little—a little difficult. She always did like to be pretty well up stage. But now she insists upon being painted in the scene." Another characteristic anecdote of Mrs. Barrymore occurs to me. She was once playing in San Francisco under the management of Charles Frohman, when William H. Crane, who was also in California at the time, was considering a revival of "The Henrietta," in the original production of which Mrs. Barrymore had given a brilliant performance of the widow. Meeting Mrs. Barrymore, he told her of his desire to revive the old play—and to do it at once—and asked her if she would return to the rôle of "Mrs. Opdyke." She assured Mr. Crane she would be delighted to do so if possible. The following interchange of telegrams resulted: "Mr. Charles Frohman, Empire Theatre, New York City. (Concluded on page 388)

A TEAM OF PLAYWRIGHTS EXTRAORDINARY

By EILEEN O'CONNOR



TWO young men have formed an international alliance for the consumption of American dollars. They have written a million-dollar play. This season ten plays are

their contribution to the American stage, which qualifies them for expert testimony as to how to write the successful play. That half of them which they chose as spokesmen gives the recipe in five words: "American 'pep' and English polish."

P. G. Wodehouse, who wrote a funny column for a London



GUY BOLTON

daily, then rose or fell to the estate of an attaché of the Gaiety Theatre, "writing all I could for two pounds a week," is the spokesman for the pair of playwright plutocrats. Guy Bolton, the other, is the traveling member.

The activities of the remarkable pair of male Cinderellas are represented during the season of 1917-1918 with "Miss 1917," "The Riviera Girl," "Kitty Darlin'," in which we shall see Alice Nielsen's return from grand opera to comic, "The Girl from Ciro's," "Piccadilly Jim," a dramatization of Mr. Wodehouse's novel of that title, a play, still unnamed, for the Dolly Sisters, "Leave It to Jane," "The Living Safe," an adaptation of the French play "Madame and Her Godson," and a new play for the Princess that will be ready for the little playhouse when "Oh, Boy," its million-dollar tenant, has folded its glittering tent and Arab-like, stolen away.

P. G. Wodehouse is an Englishman. They

say, at Dulwich College, from which he was graduated, that he was the most modest, and the most diligent student of that institution. They say further that he was born with a pen in his hand, but one may not urge this point for lack of corroborative evidence. At all events we need no corroborative evidence of the fact that his pen has proven a pen of gold. Let "Oh, Boy" and its ten successors testify. Guy Bolton is an American of English education. His writing partner affirms that he is the only man who has the right to vote in two countries. But two years separate them. Mr. Wodehouse is the senior by two years. He is thirty-six.

Their union was one of chance. At least it seems a mere chance that "Jerry"—so his friends dare to address Jerome Kern, the composer—was a fellow worker at the Gaiety Theatre, with young Mr. Wodehouse. It seems a chance that they wrote together a popular song. Grave Britons thought "Mr. Chamberlain," an impudent ballad because it toyed with the patent peculiarities of the Prime Minister of England who bore that name. But that, ten years having fled, "Jerry" Kern should remember his writing partner so well and practically that he should "get him going on Broadway," is the most remarkable chance.

"So you have come to the States," he said at their reunion, "and of course you want to work? Better come up with me to Guy Bolton's house to-night."

"Jerry" Kern was master of ceremonies at the presentation. "P. G., Guy; Guy, P. G.," he spoke, and the future partners looked levelly at each other with the unreserved gaze of men.

"My wife says she met your daughter on her last crossing," said P. G. "I remember," said Guy.

"Jerry" and P. G. and Guy talked long that night. They took frank stock of each other.

"You boys can write together," asserted Mr. Kern. "P. G.'s great on lyrics. Guy can spin

out the book. I'll worry along with the music."

At that time Guy Bolton was an architect, who leaned at the angle of inclination of the tower of Pisa, toward the theatre. He had done a little playwriting, but none of which he was proud. By his attempts he had learned the technique of the stage.

"None better," asserts his admiring partner.

The offspring of their union was "Miss Springtime." Another was "Have a Heart," and then "Oh, Boy," of phenomenal success at the Princess

Theatre, a success that will be duplicated, it is expected, by four companions on tour.

"Oh, Boy" was the title chosen because its authors believed it would be the next bit of current oral coin. Frank Tinney was exclaiming "Oh, Boy" nightly to the amusement of audiences, although the audiences didn't quite know why they were amused.

"We wrote 'Oh, Boy' in ten days," Spokesman Wodehouse declares it. Usually it takes us about a month to write a play. A few conferences result in an idea and a plan. They write alternate acts and each revises the work of the other.

One theatrical success means many contracts. Requests for a Wodehouse-Bolton output came by telephone and telegraph, after the opening of "Oh, Boy." Eager managers could not wait for the slow process of the mails.

The play-a-month procedure is a merry one. Which may be one of the reasons that the twain are playwrights extraordinary.



P. G. WODEHOUSE

MUSIC FOR EVERYONE

Edited by CHARLES D. ISAACSON



I LOVE that music," says Lady Henry in Oscar Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray." "It's so loud that one can talk without being overheard by those who shouldn't hear."

To some, music is a product served up in restaurants. It is a rag and a bone and a clank of heels. It is a thing put to words about "eyes of blue and you, and moons and spoons." It is a clash of drums and fifes. It is a very aristocratic sort of affair, known as opera, where society rests bedecked and are stared at, while high-priced imported song-birds warble in languages unknown. It is a concert attended by gentlemen who come that they may write the next day about it with scorn or condescending graciousness.

Music is the most beloved and glorious thing which ever was discovered by man for the entertainment and satisfaction of man—and yet it is misunderstood by many and snubbed and completely disregarded by most.

One-half of the world have been content to swallow the tradition that only a small and select group of persons were able to grasp the supposed intricacies of great music. They have steered clear of the concert halls and the opera houses as they would from a class in trigonometry or the Greek classics. They have shivered at the icy bitterness of the writers of music, and despite the one-time latent intuition that they really enjoyed fine music, have gradually become attached to the notion that they don't. They have concluded unconsciously that inasmuch as they cannot afford the time nor the effort to enter a long novitiate in the mysteries, histories, theories and practices of musical lore, that they will never know, and they had better forget it.

With more or less guilty feeling they have then gone back to their cabarets, vaudeville theatres, musical comedies and revues, to revel in the unblushing enjoyment of Irving Berlin, Wolfie Gilbert, and their set. While this very exclusive and highly intellectual band of "music-lovers" continued to refrigerate the world in general with the good masters, and to sneer most loudly at the truck and rubbish which the lower level enjoy.

I call a halt to this practice of ignorance. All unconsciously the whole erroneous system is being altered. Where a few years ago, there were but a handful of artists in this country, and a mere scattering of musical events,—to-day every little city has its season of music, by worthwhile performers. Where but a few thousand made up the music-going public, it is to-day over two million. Music schools and teachers are turning out hundreds of thousands of fairly trained amateurs and professionals. The phonograph and the player-piano are making musicians of us all.

I proclaim two definite principles concerning music in America and I shall continually reiterate them in these pages. I say that there is no such thing as caste in musical appreciation. I say that there is no sharply defined line between what is good and bad in music and its interpreters.

In other words, music is for everyone, and all music is deservedly created, though it be a cheap tawdry ballade doomed to die a few short weeks after its inception, or the master symphonies of the immortal Beethoven. I bring them all together—into one vast amphitheatre, seeking to break down the snobbery of one element, and to

urge on the other the logic, the beauty, and glorious inspiration of the music which has lasted for ages.

I am speaking to a population no smaller than that of the United States; your conventional reviewer of music is addressing a small didactic audience. You will be interested to know that whereas all of you are glad to hear music for the sheer beauty it brings your senses, that it has been almost impossible to find a platform in the press where a popular treatment of the subject would be accorded a hearing. You don't want to know technical things, do you?

This is your column,—through it you will find your pathway to music made clear and more interesting. It is to be an attempt to humanize music and its interpreters.

THE LANGUAGE OF MUSIC

IT is true that every composer of music is influenced by the locale of his environment, and unconsciously responds to the spirit of the activities about him, translating his people's personality into notes. The music of Rimsky-Korsakoff and Balakierew, the Russians, instantly proclaim to you the Cossack and the Tartar, the rough, sombre peasant characteristics of Russia. Spanish castanets and sensuous dances speak throughout her composers; Hungary, Poland, France, Italy all have put their dress about the music written in their domains.

But, nevertheless, music is the one universal language. You do not need an interpreter to understand and enjoy any melodies brought you.

Your plays, books, lectures appeal to you first through the intellect. Music is almost solely an appeal to your emotions.

A tender love-scene reaches your heart, a smile of joy reflects itself in your own consciousness. Tears trickling down a maiden's cheeks

make kindred tears rise in your own eyes. These elemental actions are characteristic of the effects wrought by music. A combination of some rare harmonies strikes a chord in your vitals and casts a spell over you. Something psychic, nearer to the unknown, is music. Not merely a succession of pleasantly sounding phrases to while away a few moments, but a concoction I veritably believe which exerts an unmistakable change in the person's makeup.

For evidence I ask you to examine the man who says he *hates* music and then the man who not only says he loves music, but shows it in his very manner, when he hears it. The two are utterly different in their looks and their way of living. The lack or presence of music is the cause.

But this is getting into deep water—and perhaps at the beginning of our acquaintance, it were better to stick to the shores. Later we may return to the idea, and show how music might be used to lessen crime, lunacy, and class hatred.

You should have been with me, when in September I rode across the lake in Central Park. The Mayor of the City of New York was in the launch, various representatives of newspapers were included; several millionaires were permitted also to come along. It was night. The lake was lighted with mystic lanterns. About the banks were lined a hundred and fifty thousand men and women. One man, Harry Barnhart, was directing the throng in song. Think of it, all of that mighty crowd were singing, and as they lifted their voices to heaven, I swear that it seemed to me as if they were proclaiming a new Declaration of Independence in which they were *proving* that all men are equal. For its ability to bring all classes together, I am for the community singing idea—for its further ability to open hearts and give expression to pent-up souls, I thank God.

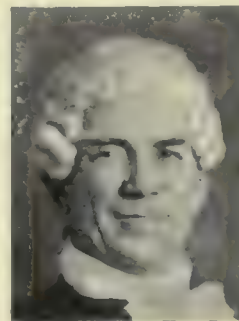
ARE COMPOSERS HUMAN?

THOUGH I am ready to fall in adoration before music—I can only look upon composers as human beings of a very likable order. It has been a delight to me to shock some of my friends in the very highest musical circles, by coupling the two Wagners, Richard and Hans, the composer and the baseball player. I would that both might have met across a convivial dinner-table, where good-fellowship had brought good spirits to the light of day.

Now, it has seemed to me that composers might learn a lesson from baseball players. Mike O'Reilly likes to watch his idol, Matty, because it almost appears as if a member of the family

were out there twirling the ball. Familiarity may breed contempt, but silhouetting oneself at a distance puts a halo around one's head.

If you knew that Richard Wagner one time escaped for his life in an old rickety carriage, it brings you nearer to him. To think of Beethoven in a little room, stone deaf, recalling memories of a sweetheart who was denied him, wrestling with the problems of life and existence, is to explain in a measure, the music which he handed down to posterity. If you are told that an Italian of romantic disposition was forced to separate from his lover by her rich, noble family, and that she went into a nunnery as a consequence where she died of a broken heart—that the Italian romantic wrote down a "Stabat Mater," which he conducted at her grave, and himself then died—will you not ask for the music to be played? Suppose that just prior to the conductor lifting his baton, he should say to you, "This was written on Berlioz's deathbed," or "When Schubert wrote this composition, he



Campbell
DAVID BISPHAM



AMELITA GALLI-CURCI
Poses for Mr. Isaacson

was out in the woods, with a few pennies in his pocket—his sole capital," or "At the first performance of this overture, Lully, the composer, was in his night-cap, raising a particular disturbance with the nobles," or "Mendelssohn was seventeen years old when this was finished"—isn't it a fact that your imagination would set to work and color the music for you?

Unless you are a musician, it is unnecessary for you to analyze the technical difficulties of writing. You hear what you hear—that is enough.

Let us take a brief glimpse at the life of that patron saint of music, Franz Liszt. His career covered a period extending from 1811 to 1886—before Beethoven's death to our own day. He was the greatest pianist, but his ambition was to be remembered as a composer. When he was a mere boy, he appeared in public and so won the admiration of Beethoven that he embraced him in an open concert-hall. No artist of history was so truly a patron of all music. He befriended Richard Wagner, for whom he consistently fought. His last years at Weimar were spent in receiving a large retinue of disciples and pupils, giving encouragement to all who sought his aid. His love-affairs were without end—he was, in every sense, without conventionality. His music is a reflection of his native Hungary—the Rhapsodies Hungroise are, doubtless the most popular concert numbers among pianists eager to show their command of the instrument. The white-haired old man, in the abbe's costume, is, perhaps, the most picturesque figure in modern music.

Of a far different character was the career of Felix Mendelssohn. Born in riches, he seemed to live an enchanted life. Fortune perpetually smiled on him. When he was scarcely out of his swaddling clothes, his genius had its say. His parents were wealthy and gave him everything his heart desired. Great composers and literary figures grew eulogistic of his powers. Music flowed from him, as from a fountain that never grew dry. His most popular melody, "The Spring Song," is indicative of his character and his life. I call him the musician of springtime—care-free, his music seems to be the language of a life that knew no woes nor sorrows.

Composers are human—they were living creatures, I can assure you, and we will learn to know them, in a brief, intimate way. We will go right back to the oldest of them and meet them in their old inns and gardens, in Florence or Rome, Paris or Passy, and, if the censors permit us, to Berlin and Vienna!

BUT AMERICA FIRST

WE would see America first, musically too, if we could. But America is the youngest of musical nations. We are just beginning on our career as composers. Our good MacDowell, whose early death deprived us of so much, is followed by Parker, Carpenter, Farwell, and men like Victor Herbert.

My mind does not easily pass far from Charles Wakefield Cadman—there is a man who will write America some music which will be all her own. I once said to him: "Your Indian music is delicious. It savors of America before our Colonies came to be. But the present wonderful America, what is being done about that? The rush and bustle, the crashing spirit of American enterprise and commerce, why isn't that an inspiration for music?"



REINALD WERRENRATH
Another friend of music

The epic of Lincoln, the breaking of the slaves' shackles, and our struggle for union! A great symphony will some day be written on that story. Beethoven chose Napoleon as the motive of his "Eroica Symphony"—what do you say to a "Lincoln Symphony"?

Cadman agreed with me. He said: "I have written hundreds of songs and orchestral numbers—but I am just beginning on my career as a musician. You have sensed the opportunities which I am facing—music about Niagara Falls, the Rockies, Broadway, the majesty of American business."

In Cadman is an American who has risen out of the ranks. I am going to tell you more about him, and others like him. They are to be found in many American towns and cities. I am looking for them all the time.

At last the Metropolitan Opera Company is beginning to appreciate the fact that American music is worth an attempted performance. Last season's "Canterbury Pilgrims," while it was by an American, Reginald de Koven, was English in every note. Cadman's new opera, to be produced this season at the Metropolitan, is typically

AMONG THE ARTISTS, BLESS 'EM

IF a composer merely wrote a piece of music, I and we had none to interpret, what a loss it would be. The interpreters are, perhaps, more interesting to us than the composers—just as the stage-folk are nearer and dearer than the playwrights.

Just now, the cynosure of all eyes in music is Galli-Curci. She is a woman—in every respect, a lovable, kindly, sincere sort of person. She is Amelita to her husband and her brother, and Madame to the world. A few short months ago she came into America, and to-day she is called the successor to Jenny Lind and Adelina Patti.

I spent my summer in a little place quite near to Madame Galli-Curci, and out in the wild-woods, and up in the mountains, those precious notes sounded for me, and made envious the wild-birds who chirped in response. There is a singer who enjoys her work more than her audience does, and they go mad. You will see her eyes glisten and brighten as she grows into her characters—you will watch the slender body become aroused with her emotions. You will understand why she sings so easily and so beautifully. A native of Milan, she has been before the public but seven years—she packed her duds one day and went to Rome where she was engaged at once. In America her career has been meteoric—but she has many years of activity still before her—she agrees with me that her voice is better to-day than yesterday, and will improve to-morrow, and to-morrow.

Another artist with whom I have been thrown much recently is Arthur Friedheim, the great pianist. He was a pupil of Liszt and one of his greatest friends—he plays to-day as I imagine Liszt himself must have played. In fact, it is recorded how Liszt said of him, "He will be the greatest virtuoso of all time." Friedheim is so quiet and modest—he is silent until he reaches the keyboard and then he speaks with the accents of a Titan.

A great English baritone, Robert Maitland, is now in America. He is a charming fellow with a voice that is so moving, you can't forget it—it's impossible. And that other baritone, David Bispham, how I love him, how kind and good, and friendly to all that means a better musical America. Sing on, David, you are as entertaining to-day as you were thirty years ago! Young Cecil Arden, just added to the Metropolitan Opera Company, comes from the same teacher as brought Sophie Braslau and Alma Gluck to the fore—she is as beautiful as her lovely voice.

American.

I have watched with interest the work of Claude Warford, an American composer, whose songs are coming to the fore; and I am glad that Bryceson Treharne, the Australian composer, is in this country for good—to be an American citizen. A number of his songs were heard at Louis Graveur's recital. Alan Taffa, about whom more later, is another find among composers.

THE MAGIC OF REPETITION

THE worth-while in music, as well as friends, is estimated by time. Repetition is the enemy of mediocrity and the acid test of strength. A symphony of Beethoven is lovelier for the hundredth hearing than the first; "Aida" thrilled at the Metropolitan opening, with more subtlety than ever before. Mozart wrote some simple little minuets—any amateur may play them with ease. They are ravishing beyond description. You can't play them out, if you try. Repetition makes them sing again in your memory and your dreams.

WANTED, THE UNKNOWN

THE genius who languishes alone in a garret—let him come out and present himself. We will not thrust you aside because you have no reputation. Your ability will speak for you, and we will herald it here to the world.

This is what I say to the people. And out of the most unexpected places, new artists of worth have shown themselves. Of them, from month to month, we will say a word or two.



WYNNE PYLE
Pianist

Here is a lad, Willard Osborne, a violinist, pupil of the great Leopold Auer, unable to afford a big dramatic entry into his native country—but a great artist and one who will be heard of in a big way. Madeline Gillier, a little girl, pianist and dancer, musicianly to her finger-tips, peeping out of the crowd and winning a small reputation—she will go on. Evelyn Hamilton, soprano, heard sometime since in the Aborn companies, she has a voice of rare quality. May Gates, a fine violinist from out of the West; Helen Helems, a young violinist of Brooklyn; Edward Bowes, an Englishman with a tenor voice for lyric work—these are some I have met who should be lifted into public life bodily!

THE COMING OF THE POPULAR INSTRUMENTS

THERE were two great events in musical history: the discovery of the musical instrument, mythologically reported to have been made by Pan; and the entry of the two popular instruments, the phonograph and player-piano.

If composers and musicians had anything to be glad about, it was the coming of these two great democratizers of music. I have no sympathy with those who still sneer at them.

That the player-piano is absolutely perfect, is no vice. Every pianist seeks that same perfection. It is the absence of interpretation that is lacking—and it seems to me that it is a wonderful thing for a non-musician to be able to sit at the player-piano and supply an interpretation to a ready-made technique.



18



19



20



21

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I maintain that these two great instruments are revolutionizing the music of the world, and the future generations will thank the present day for building a foundation for musical progress. These instruments are a constant urging to hear the living music; they are perpetually taunting parents with their failure to have their children taught to play piano, violin, or some kind of instrument. They are discovering for the world, the amateur musicians, who might never have realized their ability and hence lost the loveliest of hobbies. They are inspiring composers and artists to do better work. They are furnishing a speaking acquaintance with all America for every singer and player.

We do not, at this minute, realize the significance of our popular instruments—we have been piling up our records and rolls, repeating our home recitals, listening to all this music. The chest will break some day—and out will flow golden rivers of precious music to better the world.

SOMETHING FOR US ALL TO DO

MUSIC FOR EVERYONE is to be a department meaning just that literally. It is to be a general meeting-place for artists and the lay public. Your queries about anything musical may be directed to the Editor and will receive prompt attention.

You may wish to know what to do with your children in a musical way—what instrument to bring into the house, what music to choose for phonograph or player-piano.

Your community is doubtless ready for a big

musical upheaval. Would you like to head a movement to bring more music to your city? Will you undertake to start a musical club that you and your friends may get together and discuss music?

If you think you would like to do something of this sort, THEATRE MAGAZINE will be glad to co-operate with you, to show you how to proceed, and how to get the most good out of it. Write to Mr. Isaacson, and he will tell you how he has started similar movements in cities and towns. It will be entertainment for you, and uplifting to your community.

You may find the local talent which ought to be given national prominence. You may come upon a young genius, who ought to be known everywhere. A manuscript of a new symphony song, or opera may be lying idle for want of an awakening of this sort.

If you would like to make your neighborhood a hotbed of musical activity, around your home as a pivot—use this department as your aid and your counsellor.

MR. ISAACSON GOES TO THE CONCERT

JASCHA HEIFETZ—A young Russian boy, admitting to nineteen years, came out on the stage of Carnegie Hall, lifted a violin to his chin, and without ostentation or display, made his debut to America. Unquestionably he is master of his instrument, a musician of the highest character, a poet under restraint of a mature sense of the fitting. Such purity of tone has not been heard in the memory of the younger concert attendants. That he made it warm for violinists, as Godowsky said, is apparent. I cannot agree with those who, on the inspiration of the moment, instantly sweep aside all the favorites of the day. Kreisler still remains my ideal of violinists, especially because he is more than a violinist. But Heifetz has the right idea. He is, as Joachim might have pointed out, "a violinist in sharp distinction to the fiddlers." He did not obtrude himself on the canvas of the composer, but threw down the gates to a sweeping, pure enunciation of the music itself. As he stood on the platform, so modest and calm, it seemed to me that, instead of Heifetz, it was Music.

LEOPOLD GODOWSKY—The superman of pianists was heard in his only New York recital by an overflowing crowd. A little figure, impassive as the Rock of Gibraltar, and as sound in his manner of playing, Godowsky rarely gives vent to his emotions. Is he like some men in love, who are afraid to display their "womanishness"? At this recital, he must have forgotten himself—because he was as tender as a mother with her babe in his playing of his Chopin group. I imagine that Godowsky is at his best when he is all alone in his studio, when he is relieved of the notion that he may be seen weeping.



© Haskell Coffin

ALAN TAFES—As interesting a figure as has appeared in many



OLIVE KLEIN

years in our concert halls. He plays the piano like a magician, and almost frightens one in the peculiar intonations he brings forth. I was not inspired by his own songs, nor his own compositions. But, at the piano, he made me feel that he is with his other self, as though the instrument were merely the continuation of his material body. His rendition of the Bach "Chromatic Fantasia" was like the painting of a mysterious supernatural canvas.

FRITZ KREISLER—He is still the musician par excellence—pianists, violinists, cellists, all must admit him the king. He is not the tone painter supreme, nor the technical expert, nor the philosopher. He is the combination of everything which goes to make the ideal musician.

MISCHA LEVITSKI—A young rising pianist, who knows how to cry and laugh, and how to appear grave and gay. In his music, I mean.

LEON ROTHIER—It isn't often that we hear a basso in concert, who can bring the limpid voice of Rothier's quality. I thought of a concert I had heard many years ago—I was very small at the time—a soloist on the bass violin. On that tremendous instrument, the musician played a composition of such delicacy that you would have imagined it a violin. One doesn't expect a basso to sing as exquisitely as did Rothier. His



Hall

recital was well chosen—including old French, Italian, and modern American—even to the pretty things of Mana Zucca.

MERY ZENTAY—A young Hungarian, who plays the violin with a natural ability. With her it does not



Mishkin

seem that she is merely playing an instrument, but actually giving voice to a message. It is unfortunate that the necessities of living have caused Miss Zentay to play on other than concert stages, a fact which has been ruinous to her manner. One feels perpetually that she is addressing a cabaret audience, although with the eyes closed, this is instantly dispelled.

FIRST CONCERT OF PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY—Josef Stransky conducting;—noteworthy for the performance of Hadley's "North, East, West and South" symphony, an American composition that is ambitious to an extreme, and is a lovely conception. Alfred Kastner's harp solos, the "Sacred and Profane" dance of Debussy were poetic, but not done with enough vim and spunk.

FREDERICK GUNSTER—His is the perfect concert attitude. Mr. Gunster never sings off pitch, he never disappoints. If not as inspired as some of his contemporaries, his concerts always furnish an agreeable afternoon.

MAURICE DAMBOIS—This 'cellist brings out a tone that is exceptionally rich and sensuous. It is not a large tone, it is ravishing and sweet, almost to cloying. So intensely does Mr. Dambois pay attention to his music, that this in



MAURICE DAMBOIS

itself is an interesting aspect in his concerts. I think that Mr. Dambois is one of the most unusual 'cellists before our public to-day.

GUIOMAR NOVAES—The Brazilian pianist has been made to feel her importance, I am afraid. She has lost that fine quality of being modest before her audience—a quality still in Gabrilowitsch, Schnitzer, Bauer and others of that stamp, I notice. It is a pity Guiomar Novaes and I am sure that Miss Novaes will do well to correct her manner before her audience. She plays so feelingly, that the "Turkish March," positively invokes a picture of advancing and retreating Ottomans. Her "Melodie" of Gluck-Sgambati was adorable—perhaps she wasn't feeling well, or maybe her last press notices were too enthusiastically full of praise.



GUIOMAR NOVAES

ANNA CASE—Someone said that she lifted the lid off the big league when she gave her recital. She is so adorable that it is almost impossible to write anything except in superlatives, and sometimes in the past, one has been between love and duty, but at this, her latest recital, Anna Case, unquestionably entered the ranks of absolute art. She sang perfectly.



© Ira L. Hill

ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK—The big, good-natured contralto is always charming. Her voice is like the tone of a great pipe organ. Whenever I hear her, I always remember her many years ago at Ocean Grove, when all alone at a rehearsal, she towered above the crashing chords of that tremendous organ. Her New York recital was unquestionably the most interesting offered by any woman so far this season.



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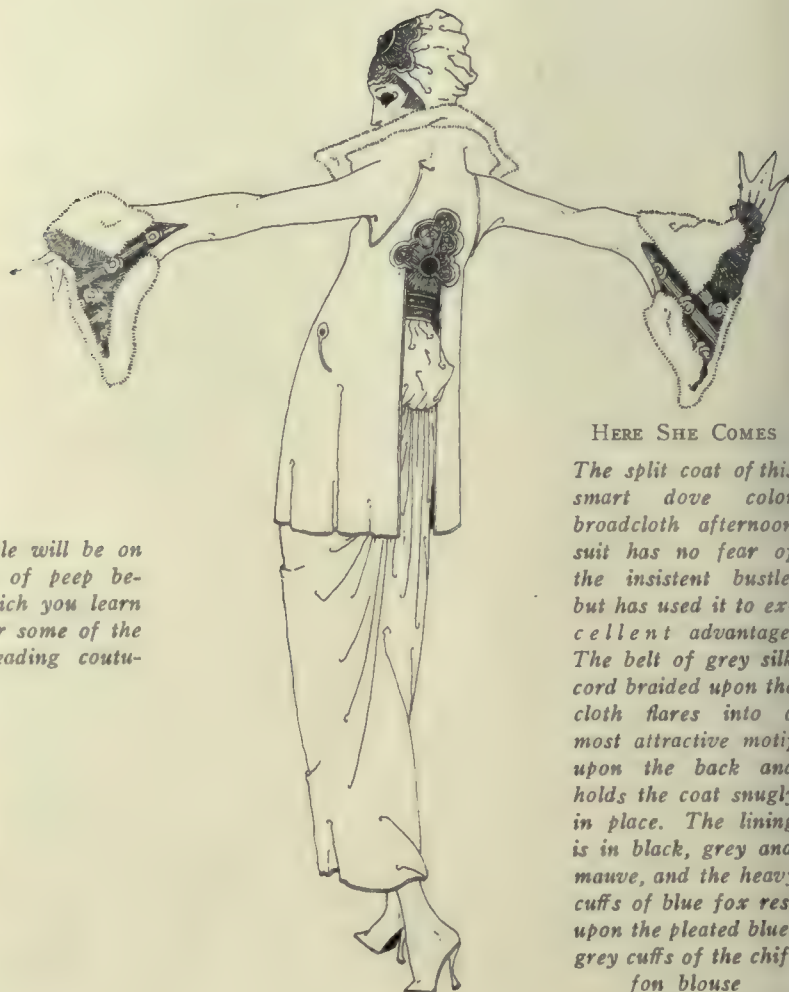
By HOWARD KENNETH GREER



SWEET PARTING

Adorned in this, Mi-lady may feel that she has something in common with the soldier boy, for while he is lacing his leggings, she can busy herself with the lacing of her marine blue velvetine skirt to its jacket. The cuffs and skirt hem are heavy under their weight of white fox. Thru the lacing of silver cord is seen the underdress of patterned blue satin

Mr. Greer's next article will be on "Inspirations," a sort of peep behind the scenes in which you learn "The Reason Why" for some of the originations of the leading couturiers



HERE SHE COMES

The split coat of this smart dove color broadcloth afternoon suit has no fear of the insistent bustle, but has used it to excellent advantage. The belt of grey silk cord braided upon the cloth flares into a most attractive motif upon the back and holds the coat snugly in place. The lining is in black, grey and mauve, and the heavy cuffs of blue fox rest upon the pleated blue-grey cuffs of the chiffon blouse



ing trickery. She becomes a maze of swirling royal purple, that symbol of lovers' grief—and her own complete triumph.

* * *

But the orchid, romance slain after the first caress of motol adoration, stifles an ethereal yawn, wilts and returns to the maker's dust. In this period directly preceding the reincarnation of another flower life, the adventuress is heartless, soulless and cruel in her creations of clinging black. 'Tis the sombre funeral march to the wretched chords of the monitory victim.

* * *

To the vampire repetition of these steps becomes an involuntary routine, for the conquest would be stripped of its zest were she aware of any system in her work. She acts upon an inborn impulse, and creates the destiny that controls her fate.

'ALF AND 'ALF

Success to the wearer is assured in this emerald green and white satin frock for informal afternoon affairs. The ambitious sash almost outdoes itself by splitting into three fascinating knots. The arms, like old gauntlets, are held in place by bands of skunk, and the bottom of the skirt is a repetition of this effect

IN the novel or the play, the worthy vampire invariably starts upon her path of adventure in an aura of mauve or delicate lavender. She flaunts her pseudo-frailty; she is plaintively appealing and as transparently beautiful as she is exotically fragrant. Her victim, quite unconscious of the orchid's cosmic lure, slides under the first spell of complete submission as he approaches the shimmering waxen petals, they burst into the burning tips of the passion flower.

* * *

The siren's beauty is adorned in sensuous scarlet or treacherous cerise, all that pulsates and thrills, she is to him. The trap closes slowly about him and he is her's to move at her own will. As suddenly she changes again to an orchid, the rarest specie, a perfect blossom, brilliant in robes of emerald green, the fruit of success already turning. And this is followed by an accentuation of the first step in her amaz-

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CYNTHIA DARLING

Of the many frocks that Greer has designed for the charming Cynthia Perot of the Palais Royal, this, perhaps, is the most interesting. In black velvet, black net and bands of gleaming jet and diamonds, it is gay despite its sombre hue. The wisp of magenta tulle that falls mysteriously over the eyes, knots at the back of the head and drags upon the floor in laxadaisical fashion



its dressing of polished mauve, but the chair cushions of black helped them retain sobriety

* * *

Upon the black satin curtains and portieres were writhing vermillion branches and dripping clusters of green leaves, combining warmth and friendship with success. The pillows, lamp covers, bell pulls and numerous bric-a-brac were a mad orgy of yellow, orange, vermillion, cerise, scarlet, purple, deep blue, peacock blue, green, gold and silver. the tapestries, and only wall decorations were ordinary scraggly rag rugs, with modern impressions of Hindo-Chinese battle and romance painted in the vibrating tones of the cushions and bric-a-brac. There was an almost Bacchanalic air about the rooms, a spirit of prolonged revivification together with repose and quiet. Always there was harmony in these unique quarters, where even the most blasé people found a moment's keen awakening and appreciation while chatting over their tea and bit of Russian toast.

* * *

In this extreme and perhaps amusing example we have the psychology of color at its best, but in every phase of existence tones and shades play as vital a part. The wife who drapes her apartment in turkey red merely because she fancies the color, cannot hope for domestic bliss in her household. The woman who gowns herself in peacock blue cannot outlive the vanity and pride that it represents. Like the haughty peacock with its iridescent plumage of the same hue, she will find admirers aplenty, but few will find courage to approach the circle of intimate friendship.

* * *

I went quite often this winter to a most bizarre apartment, planned and decorated by two Western youths, a place fairly ablaze with cosmic horrors, but wisely saved by a sufficient balance of livable pigment. When one stepped into the apartment for the first time the effect was rather like a smart slap between the eyes. Wavering upon the sill, there was occasion to wonder whether it might not be a den of iniquity, or the haunt of a mad modernist. But gradually the vivid spots assimilated into groups against subtler mass.

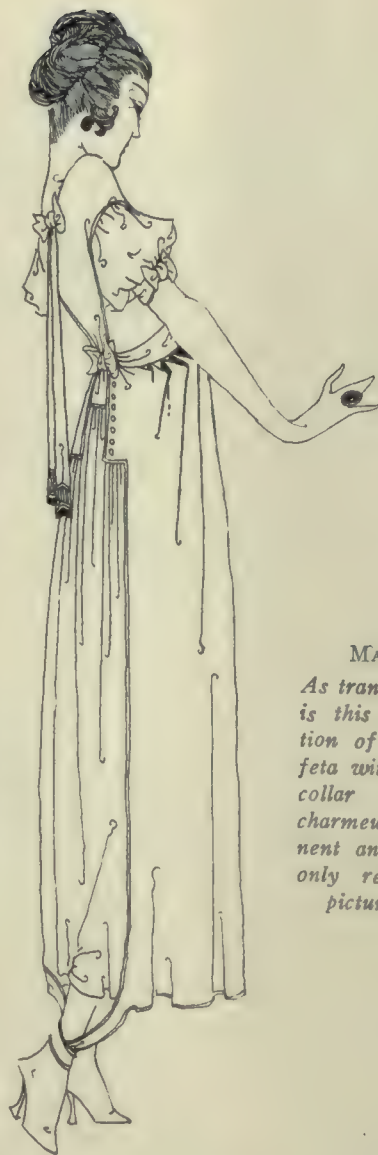
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The walls were correctly hung with grey, the neutral tone that suggests the peace and quiet of autumn days, while the ceilings in palest blue overshadowed all with serenity. The rugs of black velvet substantially upheld the mid-channel of swirling tones. The furniture was fickle in

Carried too far, this psychology of color becomes a maniacal form of superstition, but a modern indulgence is an excellent safeguard. To a great extent our customs have grown out of it. We wear black because it suggests the end of things. We assume white because its spotlessness breathes of purity. The bull, who has no color schooling, inadvertently feels the pressure of brilliant red. Green has become our most comfortable color because nature has accustomed us to its abundance. The bluer and clearer the sky, the more serene the atmosphere. Marine blue is as constant as the ocean's depths. Yellow, the heart of the flame, is the beginning of life and existence, and the warmer reds are the warmth and friendship that emanate from it.

* * *

The application of this casual knowledge is not that one may surround himself with solely fortunate shades, but that the more unfortunate tones may be balanced. We can do no better than follow the example of Mother Nature, and compose our own symphonies as she has done, with never more than a dash of the hazardous or the adventurous.



MARY'S ANKLE

As tranquil as her mood is this afternoon creation of pearl grey taffeta with its girdle and collar of green blue charmeuse. The impertinent ankle band is the only rebellion in this picture of serenity



THE ROSARY

Hesitant demure this luxurious evening wrap of orchid velvet and white fox, brightened by its girdle and fur-tipped sash of Chinese brocade

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ANGELINA AND TOTO GO CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

By ANNE ARCHBALD



FRESH from her morning salt rub and on tip-toe with the joy of living Angelina flew out of her room and clacked merrily down the stairs and into the breakfast-room. Father had already gone



A sweetmeat, or hors d'oeuvres, box of gold and black lacquer with colored china sweetmeat dishes inside, which Angelina found in Ovington's, of such astonishingly reasonable price that she carried away three

and Mother was finishing her coffee and a pile of correspondence with a drooping and anxious countenance.

* * *

"Why so wan and pale, fond lover?" sang out Angelina as she slipped into her place.

"Oh, all these committees," answered Mother vaguely, "and Christmas coming on and I haven't bought a present yet."



The newest and most charming idea for camouflaging the telephone, a screen covered with Chinese patterned silk in vivid colors, bound in gilt braid and adorned with Chinese tassels. An origination of McCreery's art department

"Mother, dear, do let me do the presents this year, won't you? All of them," entreated Angelina. "You know how I'd love it, how I love Christmas and shopping . . ."

"Even for Aunt Carrie, and the twins?" asked Mother, already beginning to revive. Aunt Carrie and the twins were those dreadful relatives no well-bred family is without,—those relatives who already "have everything."

"Even so," answered Angelina.

* * *

And so it was settled after a little more parleying. A certain sum was stipulated within which Angelina must keep; she was to have a week's time, and the aid of the limousine.



From the same siren counter at Gidding's came this high comb of carved ebony traced with fairy-like lines of sparkling jet; and the tiny comb set with brilliants, the Frenchwoman's newest touch for holding the scolding locks at the nape of the neck in place

"I have a beautiful scheme," confided Angelina, in her room upstairs, to the paraqueets in the wicker cage in the window and to Toto, the chow, who had come in to say good-morning. "I shan't take a list and go around trying to fit presents into people. I shall first circle around to all my pet shops, see what is to be had. Then I shall make a return trip and select the number I want. And lastly, when everything has come home I shall sort them out and apportion them. Making Christmas presents 'fit' is such a lottery anyway that it's like what Bernard Shaw says of marriage in 'Misalliance.' If you put a lot of names into a hat and shuffle them about and draw them out in pairs you'll be just as likely to get happy results as if you went at the thing with deliberate intention. Of course, that doesn't mean Mother and Father and Edwin and one or two specials. Toto, darling as I'm to have the limousine to start in this morning you may come, too. We'll begin nearest home, at the top of the Avenue and work down."

So presently Toto found himself in front of Crichton's at Fifty-first Street, waiting eagerly, his black tongue hanging out, for the return of Angelina who had gone inside the shop.

"What fine new quarters!" she exclaimed, smiling to the young Englishman who met her at the door. "You have expanded since I was last here. I should like to look around first, please, and see what there is and then I'm coming back later to buy."

But Toto, a half hour later, saw her emerge carrying two packages, which she deposited in the car.

* * *

"They're the darlinest George I. milk jug, and Queen Anne teapot," she exclaimed to Toto. "I was afraid if I didn't snap them up at once somebody else might. The milk jug, the Englishman said, was a copy of a famous one in Lord Ashburnham's collection, and the teapot a copy of the earliest type when tea was first introduced into England. And don't ask me to tell you when that was, Toto, though they could at Crichton's. They've mines of information on such things, and, of course, their copies are absolutely authentic, particularly as in so many



A silver milk jug, from Crichton's, which stands on its three legs with such balance and proud dignity because of the assurance that it is an absolutely authentic copy of a distinguished original in the collection of Lord Ashburnham

cases the originals are in their possession. That's the beauty of the place if you want to give a very particular present. I'm sure Aunt Carrie hasn't anything like the milk jug."

Next Toto was gazing at the shopping-early Christmas throng lower down on the Avenue while Angelina went into Gidding's. She got no further than the famous half-moon

glass counter that faces the door, and Toto felt almost abused that she returned so quickly—the crowd was really quite interesting just then—carrying three packages this time. Angelina answered his sarcastic look of inquiry.

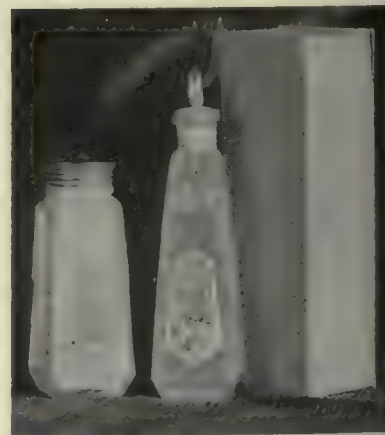
* * *

"Yes, I know I told you that I was going to look first at everything before buying," she apologized. "But I find the scheme doesn't work. And how, I ask you, could I help getting on the spot these two heavenly beaded bags, just over from Paris, and this comb of carved ebony sparkling with jet, and the tiny ones sparkling with brilliants to wear in the nape of the neck and take the place of a barrette? Even Aunt Carrie who has everything. . ."

* * *

But there they were in front of Ovington's and Toto was left alone again to his contemplations.

What a glorious time Angelina had at Ovington's! And what difficulty in deciding whether she should choose the lacquered sweetmeat boxes; or the silver boudoir lamp like a shining silver candlestick, with its colored shade trimmed with silver braid; or the "too cunning for words" bunny lamp to stand among ferns and send a warm glow through its porcelain skin; or the individual glass bottles stoppered with colored glass flowers for holding liqueurs or perfumery; or . . . or . . . The problem of choosing between a brown lacquered sweetmeat box with fitted blue china dishes, or a black and gold lacquered one, or a brown wicker sweetmeat basket with handles, for studio teas or summer porches, was too difficult, so Angelina cut the knot by taking one of each. And as the price was astonishingly low—more



A particularly exquisite violet toilet water and powder from Page, Perfumer, New York

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POTTERY

PRACTICAL, CHARMING GIFTS

Wonderful color effects, mellow tones, mottled glazes, practical utility--these make Fulper Pottery a happy thought, an individual Christmas gift at moderate cost.

BOWLS AND VASES

For Cut Flowers and Growing Plants

WALL AND MANTEL DECORATIONS

BOOK ENDS AND DOOR STOPS

LUMINARIES

CANDLE AND TWIG STICKS

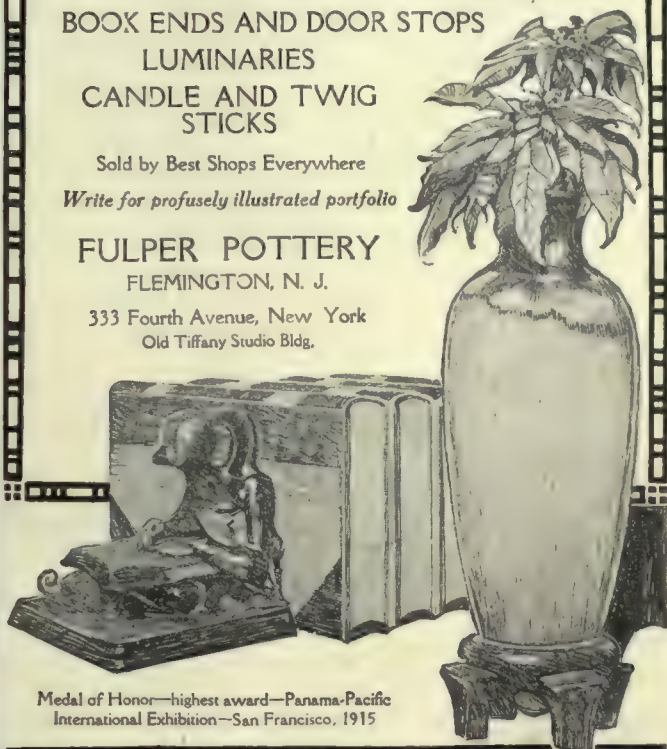
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FLEMINGTON, N. J.

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The Maxon Model Gown Shop offers the woman of moderate means who can wear model sizes, the opportunity to enjoy that same individuality and distinction in dress, so often admired in the costumes of women with far larger incomes.

All our gowns are original models—the choicest examples of the world's leading fashion designers, which have been shown once on dress form to illustrate the latest Parisienne and American styles. They are exquisitely made and reveal all the little details that mark the work of master hands. They are sold to you for just about half their real value.

Many of the best dressed women have discovered in our modest shop, the secret of dressing stylishly yet economically. They now have twice the number of frocks they formerly had each season.

Street, Afternoon and Evening Wear

Prices \$15 to \$100

Two Gowns for the Usual Price of One.

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Maillard

HOLIDAY PACKINGS

CHOCOLATES • BON BONS
FRENCH BONBONNIERES

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NEW YORK

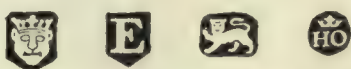


CRICHTON BROS. of London GOLDSMITHS and SILVERSMITHS

In New York: 636, Fifth Avenue
In Chicago: 622, S. Michigan Avenue
In London: 22, Old Bond Street



A SILVER CUP AND COVER OF SIMPLE DESIGN, STANDING TEN AND ONE-HALF INCHES HIGH. MADE IN LONDON IN 1720 BY THOMAS HOLLAND.



THESE HALL MARKS APPEAR ON THE CUP

Interesting pieces of rare old English Silver—the hand-work of the great artificers of the Queen Anne and Georgian periods. Being free of duty, these may be purchased in our New York and Chicago Galleries at London prices. The House makes Reproductions of fine Antique examples in noble designs—single pieces or entire services. The prices are moderate.

All goods purchased of Crichton Bros. are delivered express charges prepaid throughout the United States.



Angelina's present for father was a motor rug and motor foot warmer from Altman's, who carried, she knew, a particularly varied and fine assortment of them. Here are two of the rugs and their allies, the fleece lined foot-warmers, for cold days and long spins

reasonable than any place else she'd been—that was entirely permissible. And the same was true of the little silver boudoir lamps, so she took four of those and two bunnies.

* * *

Angelina, in order to do her war-time bit of carrying-small-parcels-home, waited till all these prospective presents were done up and brought out to the limousine, and "I know you're starving by now, poor Toto, so that's all for to-day. But be ready to go with me again to-morrow."

* * *

"To-morrow" the starting point was Altman's. First a motor rug for Father. That was most bewildering picking, there were such heaps and heaps of beautiful ones to choose from, domestic rugs with cloth outsides and velveteen linings, imported rugs in silk plush of wonderful two-toned outsides and insides. Angelina, finally settling on one of the latter kind—black plush exterior and a hunting-pink underside—was blissfully unaware that




An unusual table of oak, of the post-colonial period, that Angelina found at Flint-Horner, intended to stand at the arm of a sofa

her subconscious self had prompted her to the choice as much from the thought of how well she would look wrapped up in it, when Father wasn't using it, as of how warm it was going to keep Father. Personally, if you ask me, I think Father would have preferred one of the heavier variety, say such a fur cloth one as is shown in the picture. But there was no question of the artistic fitness of Angelina's choice.



For those who studio-housekeep, or light-housekeep, or who any-kind-of-housekeep, nothing should be so welcome for a Christmas present as a squad of thermos articles, food jars like the above for keeping food hot or cold, thermos carafes and bottles. Angelina saw these at McCreery's and rushed to "put them on her list"



"It is far better to give than to receive"
—Let your Christmas this year be one of giving.

*The
Fruit
Shop*

H. HICKS & SON
557 FIFTH AVENUE
AT 46TH STREET
NEW YORK.
ESTABLISHED 1863

For Christmas



Violet,
Rose, or
Wistaria

A gift well worth the giving is this dainty assortment box of toilet requisites, prepared and packed by



Page
Perfumer
New York

C. G. Gunther's Sons

Furriers exclusively for ninety-seven years



Furs

for Christmas Gifts

A large assortment of all the fashionable furs, including

Hudson Bay Sables

made up into Capes, Stoles, and Muffs.

Coats

of Hudson Seal, Mole, Mink, Ermine, etc.

Models that are smart and exclusive.

391 Fifth Avenue

New York

OVINGTON'S



858—A sharp pair of scissors and a bright brass letter opener are these fellow members of a useful library set—to pack themselves so attractively in a leather case. Price only \$2.50.



882—At \$10.00 this richly carved mirror—leaf border and flowered top in antique gold—is a gift suggestion deserving of serious reflection. Finished French plate. Size 13½" x 29½". Price, \$10.00.



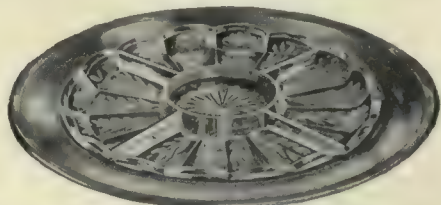
866—Hanging boudoir clock, 16½" long, 24-hour movement. The clock can be had in antique gold, with the flower design in polychrome colors or in white enamel with the flowers in natural colors. Price, \$6.00.



852—Glass desk sets are becoming more fashionable every day. This one, with its richly engraved flower design, becomes more useful every day, as well. It consists of a pad 12 x 19" with four corners, an inkwell, a pen-holder, a roll blotter and a paper knife. Price, complete, \$12.00.

Ovington's first and last, they say at Christmas time. Possibly that is because everybody on Christmas morning comes under one or the other of two classifications: Those who open the most interesting looking packages first and those who save them until last. And a package with Ovington's label is bound to be interesting. Here are eight reasons why.

May we send you a copy of the new Ovington Gift Book



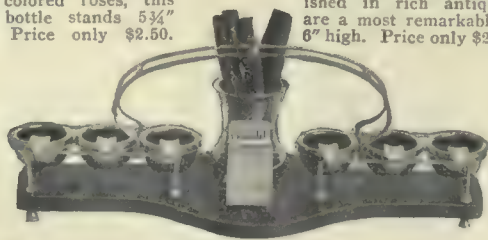
875—This massive Sheffield tray is equipped with engraved glass compartment lining for hors d'oeuvres. The compartment lining, however, can be removed to adapt the tray (14" in diameter) to any purpose. Complete, \$10.00.



867—Decorated with a hand of black or white with colored roses, this salt bottle stands 5¼" high. Price only \$2.50.



847—At only \$2.50 these artistic Buddha bookends, finished in rich antique gold are a most remarkable value. 6" high. Price only \$2.50 pair.



890—A mahogany ash tray and smoker set of artistic design. The base is of wood with nickel holder for six nickel ash trays with red linings, 1½" dia., match-box holder and cigar or cigarette holder 16" long. \$10.00.

312-314 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Father's Christmas gift to Angelina, a set of longed-for furs from the house of Balch Price,—of the unusual combination and distinction of ermine and white fox

And as if some prickings of conscience came through she decided to add to the rug a fleece-lined foot-warmer for the motor, of suède and fur.

Then she was free to rush to

the jewelry counter, and plunge in chains and earrings, chains of pink crystals and silver filigree, of pale sapphire-colored beads and pearls and silver filigree; of silver filigree and jade carved ivory, each with its

earrings to match.

A ravishing counter, that Altman jewelry counter! No Christmas could be complete without its multiple offerings!

"Toto, dear, I've left you a long time, haven't I?" Angelina said on her return to the car. "You've been such a good child, though, I shall give you a little promenade to McCreery's to make up for it."

At McCreery's, Toto, under some protest, resumed his post of watchful waiting, and Angelina fared forth to see what she could see. The first thing that struck her eye was a counter of thermos carafes or jugs with trays to match in enamel of all colors, pink, blue, yellow, green; thermos bottles of every capacity.



© Mishkin

Madame Claudia Muzio of the Metropolitan in a gown designed by Madam Tafel, the couturière for personalities

THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS GIVING

consists largely in the certainty that the gift and the recipient are adapted to each other. Selecting just the right gift demands time, forethought and discrimination; it should not be deferred until the last moment.

Select your Christmas gift without delay. B. Altman & Co.'s great Store contains hundreds of attractive things that will be sure to appeal.

There is also a very large and interesting assortment of articles especially appropriate for gifts to Army and Navy men.

Mail Order Literature Sent on Request

B. Altman & Co.

FIFTH AVENUE

MADISON AVENUE

THIRTY-FOURTH AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREETS

NEW YORK

Steinway

THE SYMBOL EVERYWHERE OF musical superiority and constructional excellence. Signifying quality that Piano builders look to as the standard of their craft. A name that the greatest musical authorities are proud to have upon the Piano that graces their homes—that tells of that superiority of tone, action and dependability through which the greatest pianists may most fully express their musical interpretation and their genius—the Piano that brings to your home the utmost of musical pleasure, of satisfaction, of pride in ownership.

*Sold on monthly payments when so desired.
Old pianos taken in exchange. Inspection invited.*

STEINWAY & SONS

STEINWAY HALL

107-109 East 14th Street, New York

*Subway Express Station
at the Door*

*Represented by the Foremost
Dealers Everywhere*

Clysmic— Of Course

Because all the best clubs and hotels are glad to serve you Clysmic—they know it is the aristocrat of sparkling waters.

15 grains of Lithia Salts to the gallon.
Sold everywhere in splits, pints and quarts only.

Don't accept ordinary waters.

Insist on genuine



LILLIAN RUSSELL DISCOVERS PERSONALITY IN PERFUME

CLEVER women have long realized that the perfume they use must be suited to their personalities. You may be blonde or brunette, sober or frivolous, credulous or cynical, frigid or warmly affectionate—whatever your temperament you must have a perfume to match.

Just the other day we heard a rumor that Miss Lillian Russell had discovered what she believed to be a "universally individual" perfume—a bouquet so blended that it can express entirely different temperaments with equal success.

That curiosity which is supposed to be so peculiarly feminine instantly laid its compelling finger on me.

My imagination ran riot trying to understand how any perfume could truthfully interpret the various feminine extremes. I decided to let Miss Russell herself explain the enigma.

* * *

I found her busily engaged in the work nearest her heart just now—soldier comforts for our boys in the trenches.

She has devised a new Comfort Kit that has met with the enthusiastic approval of the recipients, as proven by hundreds of letters from camps saying that these are the most practical outfits they have yet received.

It is a big, loose, khaki bag about 26 inches square, and strong enough to carry any and all of the small desirables of the individual soldier. Its main features is a compact assemblage of well-selected usables packed in a square, open-top box, wrapped in its turn in large bandanna handkerchief, and knotted according to the demands of its contents. It contains a small amount of stationery, a metal shaving mirror, comb, toothbrush, package of toilet paper, ball of heavy twine, pipe, Steero cubes, and most valuable of all—a large hunting jack-knife with fine steel blades.

About 3,000 of these have already been sent to our boys on the other side.

"How have you ever found time to think of perfume in the midst of all your war work!" I exclaimed.

"Well, of course," said Miss Russell, "you must realize that although the public is just hearing of my perfume for the first time, it has been a hobby of mine for years. Moreover, I think self-culture is never more important than when the nation demands that both men and women keep their forces at concert pitch. True beauty means health, and health means efficiency. My perfume is just another addition to the preparations I have already perfected to help American women become more beautiful and attractive.

"I wonder if you know that perfumes have a queer chameleon-like trick of seeming different on dif-

ferent people so that a scent charming on one woman may be positively repellent on another.

"That is because the usual perfume is a simple affair suitable only to one or two types.

"It was my good fortune, however, to find a master perfumer who was able to blend the odors of several flowers into a bouquet in which first one scent and then another dominates according to the character of the personality to which it adapts itself. This new perfume which will go to American women under my name might well be characterized as 'universally individual.'"

* * *

Just then I noticed a very dainty little bottle on the table beside Miss Russell. "May I try it?" I asked eagerly.

"Why, of course," said Miss Russell. "I am no longer reserving it for my private use. You will soon be able to buy it at all the better shops. I am anxious to have every woman enjoy it."

I rubbed a very little on the back of my hand and let its fragrance float across my nostrils. It seemed to me as if my own pet flower garden must be right outside the window. "Oh!" I exclaimed involuntarily. "Just the odors I love best."

* * *

Miss Russell laughed delightedly. "That's just what everybody says—but they all guess different flower scents. Each finds dominant in it the fragrance of which she is most fond!"

"I suppose a perfume of such delicacy must fade very quickly," said I.

"Quite the contrary," Miss Russell replied. "In the first place a perfume capable of expressing personality must be made of the purest essences from specially cultivated blossoms. Synthetic essences made in a laboratory lack a rare quality which only nature can supply. Then it must be blended in a secret way known only to a few perfumers so that its fragrance will last. My perfume must be used with the utmost care for a single drop is often sufficient."

* * *

I remarked that Miss Russell herself certainly knew just how to use it to best advantage and was surprised when she said: "I have not used any of the extract this morning. The sweet scent which you notice is from my blouse which has been lying in the drawer with a sachet made from my perfume."

"Do you think most people will appreciate its bouquet?" I asked her.

"I am sure my perfume will make an instant appeal to every person of refinement," replied Miss Russell.

"Its delicate subtleties delight the woman of keen sensibility. She finds in it the individual note lacking in other perfumes—an elusive fragrance which it holds for her alone.

This Gift Will Please Any Man

You'll be sure of giving him just what he wants if you choose the

Boston Garter

in one of our handsome, new Christmas boxes. Any man who receives it will feel that he is greeted by an old friend in holiday dress, because every man who wears garters knows the "Boston."

Beautifully colored holiday boxes (different designs) at stores everywhere, or by mail, postpaid. 25c., 35c., 50c.

GEORGE
FROST CO.
BOSTON





THE PROBLEM OF THE DAY

FOOD

FOOD is the most important thing in the world.

It is the basic factor in all human values.

As a man eats, so he is.

As a woman feeds her family, so that family will be, not only physically but in a large degree mentally and morally.

We always have known that we had to eat to live. However, many of us do not yet know what or how to eat to live in the most comfortable and efficient manner. And it is necessary for everyone, including the readers of the *Theatre Magazine*, to know this.

In order that our readers may have the best possible opportunity to inform themselves concerning food values, food needs and food information for the year 1918, we have secured a series of articles on this vital subject from the one man in America best equipped with knowledge and experience to deal with it.

This man is C. Houston Goudiss, publisher of America's leading food magazine, and founder of The School of Modern Cookery.

Because he KNOWS that food is the first factor in all human progress, this exceedingly busy man has consented to prepare a monthly food article for the *Theatre Magazine*.

These articles will deal with fundamental food problems. The series will be scientific but only in that the facts are stated with authority.

Some of the articles will read like romance and all of them will be highly valuable to every person who may not now know that the fate of freedom is more dependent upon food and its proper use than upon any other single phase of man's relation to life.

For many years Mr. Goudiss has made a study of foods. He has followed the major foodstuffs from planting to ultimate consumption at the dinner table. He has visited more centers of food production than any other man in America and today his own magazine is generally regarded as the most interesting and valuable food publication in the world.



C. HOUSTON GOUDISS

"Who is Hoover and What is He Doing?" will be the title of the first article in the series Mr. Goudiss will prepare for the *Theatre Magazine*.

This timely and intimate discussion of the most interesting and important individual—besides the President himself—in this country today will not only acquaint the reader with Mr. Hoover's personality, but in a broad and comprehensive manner set forth his achievements to date and deal with his ultimate aims.

It will be the most illuminating of all the articles yet written about the man behind the food that fights for freedom.

In making this announcement, the *Theatre Magazine* wishes only to add this—that in view of present food needs and food prospects for the future, it must be clear to every American that lack of knowledge in this line cannot but lean to a lack of the kind of patriotism that counts.

The whole future of Democracy as well as that of the physical fitness of the human race is dependent upon the what and how and when of our eating.

And, because we feel it a duty to our country as well as to our constituency, we have thus made arrangements for what will be perhaps the most valuable series of food articles ever offered for the consideration of the readers of any magazine.

BEGINNING IN NEXT MONTH'S
THEATRE MAGAZINE

The Hampton Shops

—A storehouse of delightful things
with which to adorn the ideal room—



EVERY significant thing which helps in the beautifying or the adornment of the home is to be found, in its most exquisite expression, at the Hampton Shops with its eleven harmoniously composed Galleries of Display.

Not only Furniture—Hampton Reproductions and individual pieces of marked merit imported from the leading European Work-shops and Ateliers—but a host of such things as contribute to the perfection of the well-arranged Room, may here be found. Among them are Writing Tables of unusual character and charm, with their attendant Desk Sets of daintily tooled leather from Italy or France; quaint-appearing Boxes for a diversity of uses; attractive bits of Waterford Glass; Lamps fashioned of fine Chinese Porcelains, besides those smaller pieces of Mahogany which follow the traditions of Chippendale, Sheraton and the Brothers Adam.



Decoration

Textiles

Furniture

Hampton Shops

18 East 50th Street
facing St. Patrick's Cathedral
New York





The WOMAN Who Is BEHIND THEM

There are women of America, France, England and Russia—Maxine Elliot, Marthe Chenal, Gladys Cooper, Anna Pavlova, for instance—whose beauty has thrilled the world.

There is one woman to whom they all turn for protection of this beauty and whom they enthusiastically acknowledge to be responsible for the flawless perfection of this great gift. This woman is

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

She is the most famous scientist of beauty the world has ever known. To her not only come the loveliest women of the stage, but royalty and society.

In her Maisons des Beaute Valaze in Paris, London and New York, she has devised treatments that banish every sign of time and season from your complexion, producing the most flawless, naturally tinted skin. An inexpensive lesson treatment is of inestimable value and will positively teach you how by her wonder methods you may clarify and make your skin youthful.

She has devised the most wondrous preparations for every type of skin—used by women all over the world, to clarify and beautify the complexion in your own home. With Mme. Rubinstein, no neglected condition of the skin need spell despair—no height of complexion charm is beyond your reach.

Valaze Beauty Cream

The principal of her famous Valaze Preparations,—found in the boudoirs of the loveliest women in the world. Its unique action not alone causes wrinkles, crow's-feet and freckles to disappear—not alone overcomes weather-beaten, blotchy condition of the skin—but prevents their recurrence. Valaze fulfills the promise of natural loveliness—perfection of skin. The smallest jar, which is for six weeks, will show obvious improvement. Try it! Price: \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$6.00 a jar.

Valaze Skin Toning Lotion

This is an anti-wrinkle preparation which tones and braces the skin amazingly. Should be used in combination with Valaze. Price: \$1.25 and \$2.25 a bottle. For skins that are dry and chap easily the "Special" Lotion is used. Price: \$2.00 and \$4.00.

Valaze Liquidine

Overcomes undue flushing of nose and face, oiliness and "shine" of the skin, and large, open pores, giving the skin a fresh "mat" appearance. Price: \$1.50, \$2.75 and \$5.50 a bottle.

Valaze Outdoor Balm Rose

Checks the tendency of the face to discolor in cold weather. Prevents pinched and shriveled appearance, keeping the skin soft and smooth. Unequaled as an anti-wrinkle preparation; also excellent as a foundation for powder. Price: \$1.50, \$3.00 and \$5.00.

Valaze Roman Jelly

This new astringent balm tightens and makes firm loose and flabby tissue. Lightens and smooths out skin about the eyes and temples. Price: \$1.50 and \$3.00.

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste

Refines coarse skin texture, reduces enlarged, open pores, overcomes blackheads. Used instead of soap. Price: \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$5.00.

Valaze Complexion Powder

For normal and oily skins; NOVENA POWDRE, for dry skins. Price: \$1.00, \$2.50 and \$4.50.

A copy of Madame Rubinstein's booklet, "Beauty in the Making," will be sent on receipt of 3c stamp to cover postage.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN
15 East 49th Street, N.Y.

PARIS LONDON, W.
255 Rue St. Honore 24 Grafton Street

2417 Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J.

Chicago: Mlle. Lola Beckman, 30 Michigan Avenue.

San Francisco: Miss Ida Martin, 177 Post St. and Grant Avenue.

New Orleans: Mrs. C. V. Butler, 8017 Zimple Street.

VICTOR RECORDS

EVERY lover of music will be delighted with the attractive new offerings provided for the holiday season in the December list of Victor Records just issued, and among them will be found numerous sacred numbers of extreme beauty.

John McCormack and Reinald Werrenrath sing "The Crucifix" in duet. This noble work by J. Faure, the author of "The Palms," could have no abler or more reverential interpreters than these two artists.

Handel's immortal oratorio, "The Messiah," furnishes Louise Homer with her Christmas offering, "He Was Despised." The beauty, simplicity and solemnity with which Mme. Homer renders this number can hardly be expressed.

"God Be With You Till We Meet Again," sung by Alma Gluck with a lovely violin obligato by Efrem Zimbalist, will doubtless be a consolation to many whose dear ones have gone to the war.

From Giordano's "Andrea Chenier," that colorful Italian opera so rarely heard, Enrico Caruso sings an aria, in which his wonderful voice is at its zenith.—Advt.

SHOULD Theatre Magazine

FAIL TO REACH
YOU ON TIME

DON'T BE IMPATIENT

Many United States Mail employees have been drafted. The mail is being handled by new men and in consequence second-class mail matter is subject to considerable delay. So do not be alarmed if your copy fails to reach you promptly. It will eventually get to you. Don't complain at once—wait a few days.

THE Theatre Magazine

6 East 39th Street
New York City

COLUMBIA RECORDS

WE'LL Sing Yankee Doodle Under the Linden, With Some Real Live Yankee Pep—And I'm on My Way, by Heck! by Heck! Here are words that find echo in the hearts of a million and a half of American fighting men, sung with much spirit by Arthur Fields on the December Columbia record, "It's a Long Way to Berlin, but We'll Get There!" This is one of the most typical American war ditties that has yet come out, and it is already famous as the "By Heck" song. Coupled with it is an excellent quartette selection, with much the same theme, "So Long, Mother."

The big song hit, "Joan of Arc," is found, set to fox-trot rhythm, in the new Columbia dance number, "Mr. Jazz Himself," played by Prince's Band, and introducing, in addition to "Joan of Arc," such popular strains as those of "Whose Little Heart Are You Breaking Now," and "I'm All Bound Round with the Mason-Dixon Line." Coupled with it is "Pork and Beans," a fox-trot played by Earl Fuller's Rector Novelty Orchestra, and containing all the pep and zip that the Fuller Jazz orchestra is famed for.—Advt.



FOR HER CHRISTMAS

Genuine French sleeve dogs Chihuahuas and Yorkshires—imported rare specimens two and three pounds. All colors, full grown. Not misrepresented. For the fastidious and those who know.

WALLACE

Studio 411, 1947 Broadway, N. Y.

Tafel

Gowns
Wraps
Tailleurs

206 West 44th Street
New York City

MME. TAFEL'S creations are worn by so many prominent actresses because they are personally designed to emphasize individual charm.

This is a point no less important to the woman in private life.

Our prices are equally attractive.

Décolleté or Negligée

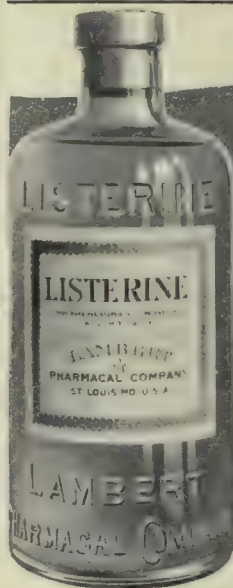
—both, if really smart, present the problem: "How to secure a smooth dainty underarm?" The answer lies in the occasional use of

Evans's Depilatory

It removes superfluous hair temporarily—nothing will do it permanently without risk.

50c. for complete and convenient outfit, at your own drug- or department store. Or send 50c. to us, mentioning your dealer. Money back without question, if you want it.

George B. Evans 1103 Chestnut St. Philadelphia Pa.
Makers of "Mum"



Throat irritation may be quickly relieved by using as a gargle in suitable dilution

LISTERINE

The Safe Antiseptic

AZUREA

The FACE POWDER *definie*



Marvelously Soft and Exquisitely Fragrant

L. T. PIVER
PARIS (France)
CHAS. BAEZ
Sole Agent for U.S. & Can.

A generous sample of AZUREA Perfume, Face Powder and Sachet Powder will be sent upon receipt of 10c.

Dept. "S"
24 East 22d Street
New York City

"OTHERS"

The late General Booth's message to his Officers all over the world: "OTHERS"

There are numbers of poor folk in all our big cities who depend upon

The Salvation Army

for assistance during the long Winter months.

Will You Help Us

Help "Others" less fortunate than yourself?

Send Your Gift to Commander Evangeline Booth
120 West Fourteenth Street, New York City;
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Page 393



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NEWLIN HAINES COMPANY

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

(Continued from page 340)

Goldsmith and his brilliant young disciple Richard Brinsley Sheridan—I devoured them all—and Dion Boucicault too,—together with every French and German comedy I could find.

My next chance to support Mr. Jefferson came a season or two later, when I was so far promoted in my profession as to be cast for leading juvenile rôles in the Holliday Street Theatre in Baltimore.

It was during the next season that I became a leading man—in my twenty-third year—at McVickar's theatre in Chicago. Here I had the pleasure of supporting many famous stars, an experience that was a veritable school of acting to the young actor of that day, and a similar experience gave relish to a season in Cleveland where I was leading man at good old John Ellsler's Academy. Here I supported Edwin Forrest, Edwin Adams, Frank Mayo and Mrs. D. P. Bowers, returning to Chicago to act with Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Neilson—most beautiful actress of all time—Barry Sullivan and other classic players.

DEARLY remembered as a feature of my second Chicago engagement was the appearance of that super-actor Edwin Booth, who followed Salvini after the Italian tragedian had made a profound impression upon critics and public as Othello.

I had the honor of appearing as Cassio to the Othello of this production, and rarely have I been so thrilled as with the acting, fiery and stately by turns of Mr. Booth. His art electrified the enormous audience, and for the moment Salvini was forgotten.

From McVickar's theatre, I moved to Hooley's for a season and thence migrated to San Francisco, then the capital, if I may say so, of the American stage. It was from San Francisco that New York had already borrowed John McCullough, Frank Mayo, Charles R. Thorne (whose father was manager of the old American Theatre in the Golden Gate metropolis), Lawrence Barrett, Lotta, and numberless other lights of the stage.

In California I played a variety of rôles culminating in the beautiful part of the Christus in the Passion Play as brought from Ober-Ammergau and produced in San Francisco by Salmi Morse. But transplanted from its home in the Tyrol the Passion Play was stark blasphemy to American audiences and I was imprisoned and fined after turbulent and sensational scenes around the theatre.

Of course after such a setback, I firmly believed myself at the end of all success as an actor. Instead I was facing the beginning of the most progressive experience of my whole professional life. For I was presently engaged to share leading rôles with that peerless actor Charles R. Thorne at the Union Square Theatre. Here I played in "The Two Orphans," with Kate Claxton and Kitty Blanchard, in "The Danicheffs," and with Clara Morris in "Miss Multon" and in numerous other favorites. Later I appeared for two years in "Lod Astray" and after that realized the strong ambition of my youth and appeared in a round of classical rôles including Hamlet, Othello, Virginus, Richard III., Romeo, Shylock and other rôles.

THEN followed Edmund Dantes, the hero of "Monte Cristo." That rôle and the adroit management of John Stetson confirmed my claim to a place in the stellar firmament, and I don't know how many times I appeared in that play. It was May, 1883, when "Monte Cristo" was produced at Booth's Theatre in New York, and for years I was identified with the rôle.

Since then I have played in "The Manxman," in "Brigadier Gerard," in "The Three Musketeers," and in a revival of "Virginus." With Miss Viola Allen in "The White Sister," I created the rôle of Monsigneur Saracinesca, and with that admirable actress continued for some time under the management of George C. Tyler who also engaged me for the rôle of Jacob and Pharoah in "Joseph and His Brethren." This was in 1913-14.

STEPPING STONES

(Continued from page 388)

"Crane wants me for revival of 'Henrietta.'"

"May I accept?"

"Georgie Drew Barrymore."

"Mrs. Georgie Drew Barrymore, 'San Francisco, Cal.'"

"No."

"Charles Frohman."

"Mr. Charles Frohman, 'Empire Theatre, 'New York.'"

"Oh—"

"Georgie Drew Barrymore."

AMONG my experiences under Mr. Palmer's management, I value very highly the opportunity he gave me of playing in the support of E. S. Willard; not so much for the work I did as for the fact that during the period I played with him, I grew to know very intimately that beautiful and gifted woman—Miss Maxine Elliott—who was also in the company. Our salaries were small, but I liked to remember that mine was five dollars more than hers. Three weeks of our season together were played in Chicago, and Miss Elliott and I stopped with that widely-known and well-loved Scotch woman, Mrs. Stewart, in Wabash Avenue. Some day someone will write a history of Mrs. Stewart's boarding house, and it will be one of the most delightful volumes of the history of the American stage.

AMERICAN WRITERS OF PATRIOTIC SONGS

(Continued from page 358)

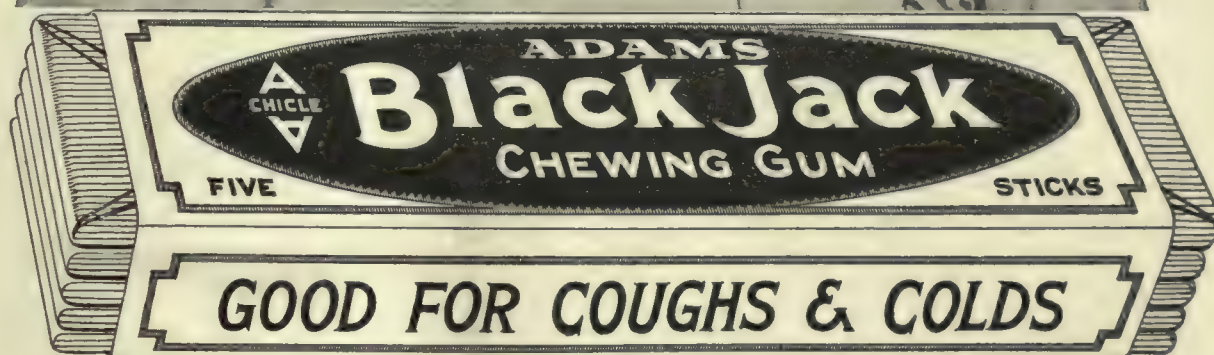
Dunn was a boy, too young for military service; he saw the men of Hartford, his birthplace, entrain for service in the Spanish-American War. And he wanted to go, this boy. Terribly he wanted to go—as the boy in his song wants to. In 1913, when the Vera Cruz incident set every man in the navy afire to go to Mexico, the song, so he says, "got itself written." He added a second verse, putting the words in the second generation's mouth, to carry out his thought that American patriotism is no sporadic thing, but a deep, burning fire, flaming out alike in old and young.

Now his song is whistled and sung—not only on the *Granite State*, but as the men go to transports, to the great battleships—out into the "somewhere" world. Nora Bayes and Grace La Rue both gladly consented to sing it, and the young author is on the road to a fame which seems to be most pleasing to him in that it means a new way to serve his country. There is no sham about this young man—the U. S. Navy has never been a good school for poseurs—and no pretense about his deep and intense admiration: first, for his American country; secondly, for the American sailor.

"Over There," Mr. George Cohan's latest and most marked success, is, perhaps, the most successful of the popular songs that have thus far grown out of this war. There hangs about it the silver halo of a reputed quarter of a million dollars, its earnings for the author. But nowadays it may be, one thinks a little less about such stories.



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John Philip Sousa



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MORE OPERA FOR NEW YORK



IN an interview, appearing recently in an important publication, with Pierre V. R. Key, music critic for the *New York World*, Mr. Key declared that New York City has finally become the first centre in music—a position toward which it has long been moving but, until hostilities abroad began, was never attained.

Among the many elements specified in his interview, Mr. Key dwelt particularly upon the quality and extent of the operatic campaign to be carried out in 1917-1918; a campaign of greater magnitude than any New York has known in years and one of notable significance because there will be two distinguished organizations in the field instead of the one usually encountered.

"This season," said Mr. Key, "there will be more opera than New York has had since the Metropolitan paid Oscar Hammerstein more than a million dollars to retire from the field. Cleofonte Campanini will bring the Chicago Opera Company here for the first extended season. It will spend four weeks commencing January 22, 1918, at the Lexington Theatre, Fifty-first Street and Lexington Avenue, which Oscar Hammerstein built for operatic purposes, but which he was not able to carry out. The list of artists includes the sensational soprano success of last year, Amelita Galli-Curci, Rosa Raisa, Mary Garden, Nellie Melba, Genevieve Vix, Marthé Chenal, and other stars."

Although many Americans do not yet appreciate that nowhere in the world is there to be found finer opera than obtained in their own country, it is a fact indisputable. This form of music, because it appeals simultaneously to ear and eye, has always been more popular than any other. More readily grasped and understood when offered in such approximate affection as by both the Metropolitan and Chicago companies, it is likely to make a more vital impression than ever this season in America—due to the direct competition which these two organizations are to experience.



IN the days when Oscar Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera Company held sway in West Thirty-fourth Street, New York attained the pinnacle of operatic achievement.

Those acquainted with conditions during the five never-to-be-forgotten years of the Manhattan will not forget the part played in them by Cleofonte Campanini. Without taking from Oscar Hammerstein any of the credit he deserves for the exceptional operatic accomplishments of the Manhattan, it is fitting to remind the public that the man whose vision was ever clear, whose gifts and personality exerted untold effect upon the results attained, was Cleofonte Campanini.

Within a few weeks New York is to again have Mr. Campanini in its midst. More than that, the organization he is to bring from the West is in large measure the same one which so often roused discriminating audiences to spontaneous enthusiasm. In many respects, even, experts regard the Chicago Opera Company more evenly-balanced than was the old Manhattan; a company which was benefited through the steady strengthening of its various departments until, after ten years of such upbuilding—it is now generally recognized to be a well-nigh perfect operatic machine; an institution with traditions back of it, and successfully

challenging comparison with any other in the world.

It has been no slight task which General Director Campanini has performed. His public has demanded illustrious singing stars; new operas of the first rank; settings and costumes to match, and an ensemble virtually free from the minutest flaw. That Mr. Campanini has been able to provide these essentials is evidenced in the constantly growing patronage accorded his efforts; a patronage which now appears to have placed the Chicago Opera Company on the firm financial foundations its sponsors have sought.



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CLEOFONTE CAMPANINI
General Director Chicago Opera Company

PRONOUNCED the best equipped organization that ever gave French opera, its development under the Campanini guidance has been with the aim to bring the Italian portion of its achievements up to a mark corresponding. As a consequence, New York will find the Chicago Opera Company of to-day more interesting, even, than when it presided in its original state in the Manhattan and, later, gave Tuesday evening presentations in the Metropolitan Opera House itself.

To crown it all the choice of the new Lexington Theatre for its New York performances appears to have been exceptionally fortunate. For here is an auditorium ideal in size, perfect acoustically—as was demonstrated a year ago when the Boston-National Opera Company appeared there—and equipped with a stage second to none for the presentations of such large and elaborate settings as those used by the Campanini organization.

That operatic New York regards with favor the first lengthy visit of this company would seem unquestioned in the subscription sale of boxes and seats—subscriptions that will bring together New York's smartest folk, and all the rest necessary to forming the "fourth dimension" and without which no opera presentation can be deemed complete.

Striking as were the Hammerstein-Campanini casts in the Manhattan days, and interesting though the repertoire, there appears in the first extended Chicago opera season in New York a quality and a variety likely to surpass the old records, which the public will always recall."



FIRST, there is to be the New York debut of the much-discussed Galli-Curci—the one artist of supreme distinction who has made an overwhelming American success without having first secured the approval of the New York music critics and public.

Acclaimed throughout the country, in cities where she has thus far appeared, as the greatest coloratura soprano who has come to America in years, she has been accorded a place by experts with the prime donne whose names will remain indelible upon the pages of musical history.

Lucien Muratore, the French tenor, is another Chicago Opera artist whose several New York appearances in opera have left an impression not to be forgotten. An actor of distinction, Muratore is a tenor of the true French school, and his Faust, Don Jose in "Carmen," Des Greux in "Manon" and other rôles have invited a recognition such as is accorded only those whose artistic position is of the highest.

Melba, still an incomparable artist, whose voice retains its beauty and freshness, will undoubtedly be heard and seen in the rôle of Marguerite in "Faust" a character which will always be identified as almost exclusively her personal property.

Two newcomers whom the New York public will welcome because of European prestige are Genevieve Vix, soprano idol of the Paris Opera and Madrid's, and Marthé Chenal—another Parisian artist, and pronounced one of the most beautiful women in Europe. It was Chenal whom Oscar Hammerstein engaged for his proposed Lexington Theatre season which was restrained by an injunction from the courts. Both Vix and Chenal will appear in such operas as "Thais," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Louise," "Pelleas et Melisande," "Aphrodite," "Sapho," "Cléopâtre" and "Carmen."

In Rosa Raisa Mr. Campanini is said to have secured a dramatic soprano of the first water. Young, with a voice such as has not been heard in this land in many a long day, she will have the title rôle in "Aida," and first soprano parts in "Les Huguenots," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and others of similar mould.

A tenor whose voice and style are said to be the nearest to the late Italo Campanini of any Italian who came after him, Giulio Crimi is likely to find favor among New York audiences who admire smoothness and finish and virility. This artist will be the principal tenor in Mascagni's "Isabeau" when it is given by the Chicago Company at the Lexington.



THE baritone Riccardo Stracciari, considered in Italy to be the peer of Ruffo and Galeffi, may be counted upon to give an excellent account of himself in "Rigoletto," "I Pagliacci" and similar operas; while Vanni Marcoux and George Baklanoff are two baritones whose achievements are already sufficiently well known in New York to command recognition when they sing.

(Concluded on page 412)

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MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 352)

NOWADAYS a programme presented by the Washington Square Players is measured in value by the best that has gone before. "Blind Alleys," which opens the present bill, is an earnest study on the peril of intolerant convention, a theme involving the passage of time conveyed by ingenious and appealing lighting effects. It was ably presented, especially by Katharine Cornell as Mrs. Darrell, whose breadth of vision would have prevented a tragedy, had attention only been paid to her warnings. Her long speeches were delivered with much variety and conviction.

"The Avenue" a skit of metropolitan life, presented in front of a brilliantly lighted shop window from which the manikins later philosophize on what has happened on the other side of the plate glass, was cynically bright and diverting. The gem of the evening was "In the Zone," a sea tale by Eugene O'Neill, a writer who knows his subject and is able to present it with a grim, gripping reality worthy of a Kipling. It is a play of suspense in which one of the occupants of the fo'castle of a tramp steamer is suspected of harboring a bomb. Acted with true distinction by eight male members of the company, its vital suggestion was finely realized, especially by Robert Strange, as a particularly suspicious sailor.

In conclusion was acted a delightful comedy, from the Spanish of Jacinto Benavente, entitled "His Widow's Husband" distinct with Andalusian color and punctuated with a wit closely allied to the Gaelic. Helen Westley was particularly happy in bringing into relief its salient qualities. Casalonga needed more vim and verve than Frederick Roland was able to give it.

GLOBE. "JACK O' LANTERN." Musical extravaganza in two acts by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside. Music by Ivan Caryll. Produced on October 16, with this cast:

Jack o' Lantern	Fred Stone
Paul	Douglas Stevenson
Henry Tripp	Chas. T. Aldrich
Bobbie	Harold West
Uncle George	Oscar Ragland
Vilanesa	Allene Crater
Cicely	Helen Falconer
Lady of Dreams	Margaret Irving
Zingarella	Teresa Valerio
Babily	Kathleen Robinson
Janet	Edna Bates
Polly	Bunny Wendell

THE most successful writers for the stage to-day are going back to children's stories or fairy lore for inspiration. While based on classics of the nursery, "Jack O' Lantern" will please old and young.

It gives that wonderful artist, Fred Stone, a chance to exhibit his many talents. As an acrobat, a skater or a dancer he is equally amusing, and his performance makes the whole show bubble. Without him in the cast, it would be rather dull entertainment. The production is up to the standard set by Charles Dillingham.

WINTER GARDEN. "DOING OUR BIT." In two acts and sixteen scenes. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge. Music by Sigmund Romberg and Herman Timberg. Produced on October 18, with this cast:

Sally Farnsbee	Chilson-Ohrman
Bud Travers	Frank Carter
Sylvia Farnsbee	Sylvia Jason
The Clergyman	Andrew Harper
Dr. Jim	James J. Corbett
Annabelle Lee	Ada Lewis
John Lee	Charles Judels
Grace Stevens	Vivian Duncan
Lillian Stevens	Rosetta Duncan
Olive Warren	Leah Norah
Frank	Frank Tinney
Edwin Nicols	Ed Wynn
Willie	Herman Timberg
Mr. Egyptian	James Clemons
Miss Glide	Babe Dakin

IF we say that "Doing Our Bit" is a typical Winter Garden show we are stating the exact facts. That is to say it is the usual big girl show, gorgeously dressed, the main interest being a few good comedy situations, giving opportunity to the individual performers. Frank Tinney and Jim Corbett scored. The Duncan Sisters, Vivian and Rosetta, also made one of the hits of the evening with their Old Fashioned Girls number.

The Winter Garden is certainly doing its bit to entertain the t. b. m.

MANHATTAN. "CHU CHIN CHOW." A musical tale by Oscar Asche, set to music by Frederick Norton. Produced on October 22, with this cast:

Abu Hasan	Tyrone Power
Khuzmah	Albert Moore
Musab	Robert Lee Hill
Kasim Baba	Albert Howson
Alcolom	Kate Condon
Abdullah	Francis J. Boyle
Marjanah	Tessa Kosta
Zahrat-Al-Kulub	Florence Reed
Ali Baba	Henry Dixey
Mabubah	Lucy Beaumont
Nur-Al-Hoda	George Rasely
Bostan	Matty Thomas
Mukbill	Frank McCormack
Zatel-Demaki	Ida Mülle
A Dancer	Katherine Galanta
The Woman in Green	Harda Daube
The Stranger	Gordon Staples
The Fortune Teller	Olive Prosser
The Son of the Bean Seller	George Bell
The Lady	Josephine Emory
The Husband	Robert Lee Hill
The Lover	Lester Sweyid
Baba Mustafa	Felice de Gregorio
Othah	Richie Ling

OUT of the many productions of the early season "Chu Chin Chow" at least stands out as a great success—not so much on account of its literary qualities—the story after all being nothing more than the Arabian Night narrative, "Ali Baba and the 40 Thieves,"—but for the wonderful spectacular production. None finer has ever been seen in New York, and to the accompaniment of a delightful score, it makes an entertainment worth while. After seeing it here, one can easily understand its phenomenal London run.

Tyrone Power, Florence Reed and Henry E. Dixey in the leading roles gave noteworthy performances.

THE TRIALS OF AN IMPRESARIO

(Continued from page 362)

the country has been to give my public perfect performances. In the endless quest for fresh talent I have discovered exceptional young singers, orchestra conductors, stage managers, and after they have been with me several seasons I find them engaged by the Metropolitan Opera Company. It is gratifying at least to have one's judgment approved in this fashion by so responsible an authority—as hard as it may be to lose capable service. I carry an orchestra of about fifty men and seek to guard its welfare equally as well as that of the principals and chorus. There is no feature of grand opera more important than the chorus, where, by the way, it often happens on tour some member reveals exceptional talent. There have been many instances where good artists have been discovered in the ranks.

Since touring opera companies are scarce the competition which the Boston Grand Opera Company has encountered has had little bearing upon its fortunes. The run of these companies as a class has hindered rather than helped the cause of grand opera. In observing their performances I have seen disheartening exhibitions which makes me wonder that audiences can be attracted to opera even of the highest types. To label these barn-storming companies grand opera is to mislead the public and gradually destroy its love for musical art-drama.

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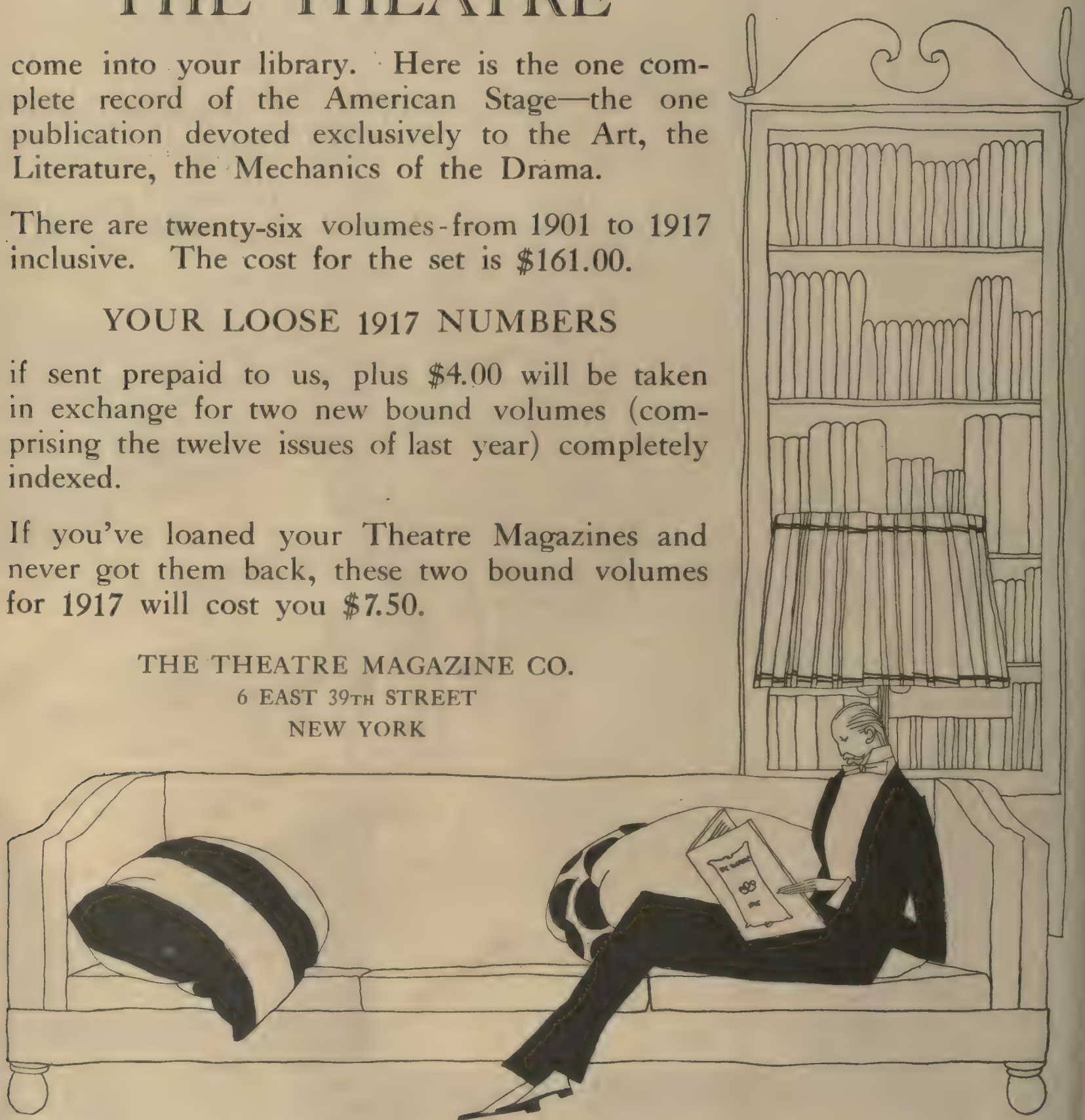
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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

6 EAST 39TH STREET

NEW YORK



MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO



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SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON

To be seen on the screen under the direction
of Herbert Brenon in Jerome K. Jerome's
"The Passing of the Third Floor Back"

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MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES



and discovers

That Francis X. Bushman is not as popular as he was

That for the past six months the average Metro picture was far below the standard of former pictures

That the Universal have apparently forgotten how to make a good picture

That the Vitagraph have restrained Anita Stewart by means of an injunction from leaving their employ

That this is poor business because Anita Stewart will probably be an unwilling performer—probable result bad pictures

That the average exhibitor of motion pictures is making money on the War Tax

That "Sunshine Alley" with Mae Marsh, Goldwyn's fifth picture, is no more an artistic success than the other four

That in emptying a trunk both sexes invariably throw the contents on the floor

That the average producer gives the public no credit for memory

That he shows flashbacks of a scene, particularly, deaths, weddings and births immediately after the scene itself has been shown

That the average picture is padded so much and with such little judgment that the average audience gets restless

That the average picture ends with a title such as "When the Clouds Rolled By," "Later On," "When Sunshine Lifts the Veil," "Happier Days," and the like.



STRAND. "THE LITTLE PRINCESS," with Mary Pickford.

Artcraft Pictures Corporation present Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess," by Frances Hodgson Burnett. "The Little Princess" is the usual Pickford story, cleverly directed, and bringing forth those charms of the star we all want most to see. As Sara Crewe, Mary Pickford is given opportunities of depicting humor and pathos in even quantities in a delightful story into which is cleverly woven a fairy tale of "The Forty Thieves." "The Little Princess" should prove equally as popular as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

* * *

RIALTO. "THE RISE OF JENNIE CUSHING," with Elsie Ferguson.

Elsie Ferguson's second picture, "The Rise of Jennie Cushing," is adapted from the novel by Mary S. Watts, and directed by Maurice Tourneur. It is the natural thing to compare "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" to Elsie Ferguson's first picture "Barbary Sheep." The comparison is a difficult one to make, inasmuch as the splendor of "Barbary Sheep" and the very ordinary production given to "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" are confusing to a degree. The stories, too, are absolutely unlike. After seeing both, I come to the conclusion that while "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" gives Elsie Ferguson a greater opportunity of displaying her histrionic ability,

"Barbary Sheep" is the story far better suited to her.

* * *

STRAND. "THE BELGIAN," with Walker Whiteside and Valentine Grant. Sidney Olcott Players, Incorporated, present "The Belgian," by Frederic Arnold Kummer, personally directed by Sidney Olcott, and with Walker Whiteside and Valentine Grant in the title rôles. The story is laid in Belgium and France, and is woven around two simple fisher folk, through whose veins, however, run the red blood of patriotism. The action takes place prior to the outbreak of the war, and extends through the period which follows the Kaiser's path into Belgium, exposing to the world the mysteries of the German Secret Service. So much for the story, which has in it nothing unusual to recommend it to the theatre-goer. Any performer other than Mr. Whiteside could have played the part assigned him. The same may be said of Miss Grant. Recalling Walker Whiteside's excellent work in "The Melting Pot," "The Belgian" is a sad disappointment.

* * *

81ST STREET. "THE COLD DECK," with William S. Hart.

"The Cold Deck" was written by J. C. Hawkes and directed by Thomas H. Ince. The photography is well worth mentioning and Joe August is responsible for it.

"The Cold Deck" is the regulation William S. Hart picture combining romance, gambling, etc., all unrav-

elled in a Western setting. There are plenty of thrills, the story is an interesting one, and the picture is well produced. The audience seemed to enjoy every moment of it.

* * *

RIALTO. "THE CLEVER MRS. CARFAX," with Julian Eltinge.

"The Clever Mrs. Carfax" is Julian Eltinge's second picture, and I liked it even better than "Countess Charming." Mr. Eltinge has taken to the screen as a duck takes to water, and his transposition of male to female and vice versa is exceedingly well done in a natural, unaffected manner that is sure to win him an enviable position among our screen favorites.

"The Clever Mrs. Carfax" is a story with a twist. It holds the interest up to the last moment. An excellent supporting cast has been provided, and with the addition of capable direction, "The Clever Mrs. Carfax" is a sure fire hit.

* * *

NEW YORK THEATRE. "SECRET OF THE STORM COUNTRY," with Norma Talmadge.

"Secret of the Storm Country" is a Select feature starring Nora Talmadge as an ignorant child, daughter of an ex-convict. There is lots of heart interest in the adventures of the little girl—a rôle portrayed well by the star and withal a human one.

There are some beautiful exterior scenes which help along to make this picture an entertaining one.

THE 81ST. THEATRE. "THE MAD LOVER," with Robert Warwick.

"The Mad Lover" was produced by Harry Rapf and is released by Pathé. It is a credit to neither. As a rule Mr. Warwick's productions have proved box-office attractions. "The Mad Lover" is an inane foolish story for a man of Warwick's type. Although lavishly produced and splendidly photographed and with the addition of a splendid supporting cast, it still falls far short of the mark. Elaine Hammerstein plays opposite to Mr. Warwick and her work is commendable. With this single exception "The Mad Lover" is purposeless entertainment.

* * *

BROADWAY THEATRE. "THE WINGED MYSTERY," with Franklyn Farnum. As far as I am concerned "The Winged Mystery" will remain a mystery to me. Of all the poor pictures the Universal have turned out, "The Winged Mystery" wins by many lengths. The picture runs mostly to sub-titles and a plot as thin as the roast beef they serve at the Astor Hotel. Franklyn Farnum is more to be pitied than scorned, for surely Franklyn had little to do with the choice of story. A house party—the Merrick Road and carrier pigeons are mixed into a kind of pot-pourri. The result of which was to turn the Broadway Theatre into a restful place where one could sleep peacefully for the balance of the day.



Photo Hartsook

Horkheimer Brothers' new star, Anita King

LITTLE MOTHER OF THE MOVIES

"On my trip across the continent I met so many girls who confided to me the things they said they could not tell their mothers, that I was seriously impressed with the urgent need of these youngsters," said Anita King, the new Horkheimer-Mutual star.

"These girls could not tell their own mothers, because they thought they would not understand. I talked to them and advised them to confide in their mothers. Some of the girls said their homes were made miserable for them. These unfortunate children are too often misunderstood at home as well as elsewhere. There were country girls who had actually been watching along the road for me for days. They thought they could talk to me because I could understand. They were stage struck. They were tired of home restrictions. They were wild to get away. They thought I would take them back to California with me. It was the same wherever I went.

"They were all crazy to get into 'the movies.' In spite of all my warnings and my counsel a great number of these pretty but unsophisticated young girls came to California from all over the country trying to get into pictures. Of course nearly all had failed. Frequently they became delinquent, and terrible conditions prevailed among them. Some were even placed in jail. It was these poor little tykes that I made an effort to help. In frequent cases it had been hunger that had driven them to take the step aside. They were such pitiful youngsters that my heart bled for them. I thought of them as little sisters of mine and my sympathy enabled me to win them back. Conditions are better now and there are few cases of delinquency."



Those who desire to see Fanny Ward in pictures must in the future look under the Pathé banner



Ray & Gordon Dooley, vaudeville comedians of fame, have been added to the ranks of motion picture players, and will be seen in comedies produced by Fun-Arts Films, Inc.



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

The famous moving picture star said to be the only person, man or woman, to own her own producing company outright. She has no partners, in fact does not even operate as a company or corporation, but produces pictures individually, under the management of Harry I. Garson. Her income is estimated at more than a half-million dollars yearly.

EIGHT CHRISTMASSES IN MOTION PICTURES

TEN years ago on Christmas Eve a young man stood in Union Square South and looked across the street. The tardy Christmas shopper who stopped to turn his head in the direction of the young man's gaze saw, on the other side of the street,



ADOLPH ZUKOR

President Famous Players-Lasky

a line of yellow incandescent lights half circling the arch of a small store doorway and just inside, a row of upright slot machines—the sort you used to drop a penny in to see “The Wonders of the Orient.”

Seventeen years before that time he had first set foot in America, a boy sixteen years old. The succeeding years were marvelous ones to the lad from Hungary. Step by step

the wild Western cowboys, the drama of the mountains and the “b’gosh” theatricals on the screen. Gone were the days of “Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model” and “No Mother to Guide Her” of the speaking stage. Blue Jean’s saw-mill was forever hushed and trooping on the white screen sheet came all the melodrama, all the villainies, all the banalities, all the murders, all the “virtue is its own reward” school of drama of the good old Lincoln J. Carter days.

Eight years ago on Christmas Eve, Adolph Zukor entertained a doubt as a Yuletide guest. It was just a little doubt, frail, unassertive, an object of disdain to all but him. It came unbidden and remained a year until it grew so big that it spoiled the Christmas tree of the movie magnate seven years ago.

That doubt was based on the utter mediocrity of the picture plays then being made and shown. At this time the majority of motion picture theatres were “store” shows, charging an admission of five cents. Even today in the smaller towns the picture theatres are usually called “nickel shows” no matter what the price. The one or two features that had before this period been imported from Europe had been presented in opera houses throughout the coun-

amusement. They had lost their regard for standard or their desire for merit. The influence of competition was negligible; their faith in the artistic future of the business was small. Then it was that the more intelligent patrons of photoplay theatres, tiring of the same themes, the same actors (most of them incapable failures from the legitimate stage) and the same photographic effects repeated an appalling number of times, were deserting the new amusement and returning in substantial numbers to the spoken drama, vaudeville and books. The times needed a man whose ideals for better pictures could be backed by business sagacity and that amount of genius which comes from taking pains.

On Christmas Eve six years ago such a man gave the picture producers a Christmas-present they didn’t want. It was the ultimatum that has long been famous in the picture world—that if the producers of the celluloid drama did not give him better pictures, he would make them himself. It was considerable Christmas-present to hand to the producers—that ultimatum, but Adolph Zukor stuck to his gift and in that moment the feature-play of motion pictures was born.

Mr. Zukor approached several

artistic suicide. It was then that Mr. Zukor was convinced that in order to break down the barriers of prejudice felt by the foremost exponents of the spoken drama toward the younger art, it would be necessary to secure the services of the one player who was recognized internationally as the leader of her profession—Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. Accordingly, a messenger was sent abroad to interview the Divine Sarah on this delicate subject, and finally, upon the assurance that her appearance on the screen would perpetuate her art for posterity, and the payment of \$30,000, she consented to act before the camera in an adaptation of her current success, “Queen Elizabeth.” When Mme. Bernhardt saw the filmy shadow of herself progressing through the stirring scenes of her great drama, she exclaimed, “I have put the best of me in pickle for all time!”

Mme. Bernhardt’s appearance in motion pictures had the desired effect, and after “Queen Elizabeth” was presented, it was a comparatively simple task to induce James K. Hackett, Mrs. Fiske and James O’Neill to appear in screen adaptations of their greatest stage successes respectively: “The Prisoner of Zenda,” “Tess of the D’Urbervilles” and “The Count of Monte



The remains of the Twenty-sixth Street Famous Players' Studio

he had lifted himself from poverty to a position in the world, to become the associate of amusement kings, the owner of a chain of arcade shows in New York and eastern cities. And now as he gazed, he saw the end of that magic day of penny amusement and his eye caught the flicker of a film. In that Christmas-tide was born his faith in motion pictures, a faith that grows and grows just as the photoplay has grown so wonderfully—but a faith that is always just a step or two ahead,—the faith of Adolph Zukor.

Nine years ago on Christmas Eve, Adolph Zukor looked into the past. The penny arcade had passed away and in its stead there was the “store” shows of the picture-plays, a big chain of which he owned with Marcus Loew.

The year had been a banner one. The public thronged into the little auditoriums to see the comedy chase,

try but the picture theatre by itself was being swamped with such a poor quality of films that the public was being driven from the amusement. Though no one knew it then, there was grave danger of the death of the business on that Christmas seven years ago.

Adolph Zukor’s doubt was that the business could long survive if the public was continually fed with such indigestible, cheap, adulterated one- and two-reel films. It took a year for him to learn that he was alone with his doubt, a year of earnest appeals to picture producers to improve their offerings, a year that brought no answer from the men behind the films. They were content with their lot. They knew what the public wanted. They had grown careless with stupendous and facile success brought by the great army of photoplay fans which had rallied to the call of cheap and interesting



A glimpse of the present Famous Players' Studio

Broadway managers with his idea of presenting the big stars of the legitimate drama in their various stage successes on the screen. His idea was scoffed at by the very men now following in his lead. But he did not lose courage and finally after a great deal of persuasion from this young picture exhibitor, Daniel Frohman’s co-operation was obtained. Thus the Famous Players Film Company came into being, born of that Christmas-present of Adolph Zukor’s only half a dozen years ago.

But it was not until an attempt was made to engage even one of the important stars of the stage that the new company realized the real attitude of the better legitimate artists toward the despised motion picture. In rapid succession seven of the most popular and reputable stars of the American stage indignantly refused to appear on the screen, explaining that such a mad course would be

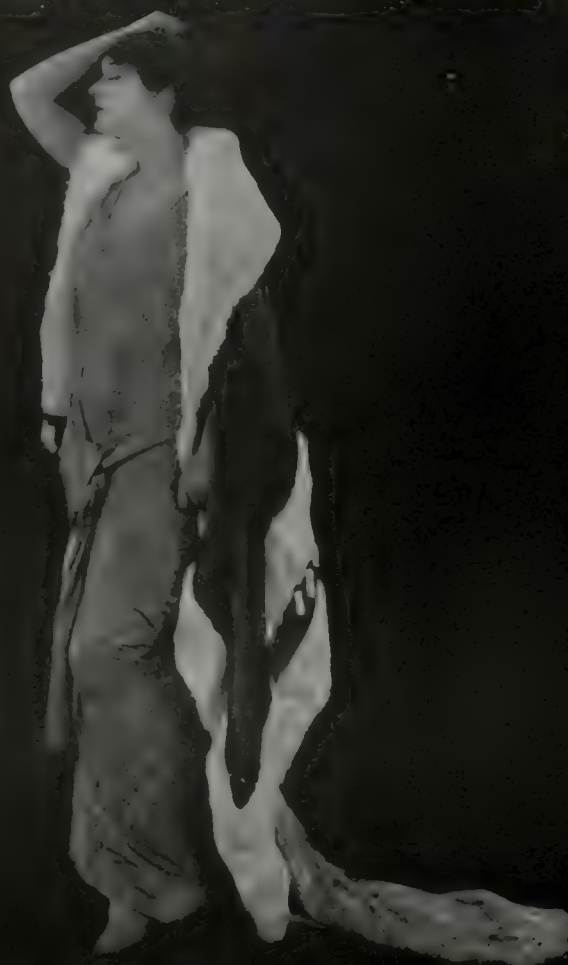
Carlo.” By this time the tide had turned, and the stage star and play on the screen were accepted as the greatest advance in the entire history of motion pictures. The great popularity of this innovation induced the Famous Players to produce thirty-six features a year—the first feature program ever presented.

Five years ago at Christmas-time Adolph Zukor sat in a theatre just outside New York and saw a young girl play Juliet. It wasn’t the Juliet of the balcony but the Juliet of “A Good Little Devil” and the girl who played the part was Mary Pickford. Here was a girl who was not a famous player. A few years before she had appeared as a tiny tot in “The Warrens of Virginia” but her theatrical experience from then until Christmas, 1912, was confined to the films, under the tutelage of a master director, David Griffith.

But to Adolph Zukor, as he

(Continued on page 400)

PETROVA



PICTURES

Go to the theatre that shows Petrova Pictures!

Madame Petrova is now "on tour."
Not in person, but in personally-
produced Petrova Pictures.

"Daughter of Destiny," the first of
these dramas, is now being shown
throughout the United States. It tells
the story of a brave American girl
whose love for a crown prince involves

her in a network of European intrigue.
There is a morganatic marriage; a
sudden twist of destiny; a tremendous
adventure in which the girl's American
ideals must stand or fall. You will
enjoy the exciting outcome—you will
say: "Give us more Petrova plays like
the 'Daughter of Destiny.'"

*The foremost theatre
in your town will show
Petrova Pictures*

Petrova Picture Company

25 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK

*Look for the sign that dis-
tinguishes these films from
all others—Petrova Pictures*



The Spirit of '76 as displayed in 1917, a feature of Uncle Sam's photoplay to boom the second Liberty Loan. Billie Burke, Clarence Harvey and Charles Thorne make up the trio



A scene from Ira M. Lowry's "For the Freedom of the World" by Captain Edwin Bower Hesser. The lucky man in the center is E. K. Lincoln



This scene is an indescribable "Olla Podrida" wherein the 71st Regiment goes "over the top" for William Fox in his picture version of "Les Miserables"


Herbert Brenon
presents
Sir Johnston
Forbes-Robertson
in the
Passing of the
Third Floor Back



Jerome K. Jerome's famous drama carries a singular message of cheer, hope and sympathy. To a dingy and drab boarding house in the sordid section of London, comes a stranger. The house, peopled with unhappy souls fighting against circumstances, is beset with misunderstanding and rancor. Before the sad smile of the stranger, the bitterness and strife disappear. Kindliness and love come out of the chaos of trouble. Then the mysterious passer by goes on his way once more.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's splendidly drawn portrayal of the stranger, replete with a fine spirituality, stands in the gallery of great stage creations of the last decade. His playing marks one of the bigger things of the silent drama.

Herbert Brenon

BRENON PRODUCTIONS 

Personally Directs

EIGHT CHRISTMASSES IN MOTION PICTURES

(Continued from page 397)

watched the sweet blind girl of Belasco's fairy play, there came the certainty that all the famous players of the stage could never surpass in popularity that personality known as Mary Pickford, if properly directed and exploited. So Mary Pickford who was not a famous player became a Famous Player and the sweetheart of the world, because Adolph Zukor sat in an out-of-town theatre at Christmas-time five years ago. Mr. Zukor repeated his experience two years later almost to a day when he first saw "Prunella" at the Little Theatre. Here, however, he found a player already famous, and straightway he engaged her to become more famous than she had ever dreamed. Her name is Marguerite Clark.

At Christmas-time four years ago Adolph Zukor knew he was facing another test—this time the life struggle of the picture feature. It was then that the first program of features was nearing completion. These productions had been sold to Famous Players exchanges throughout the country, created for the sole purpose of distributing these subjects, at a flat annual price. Mr. Zukor, as well as the exchange men, had realized long before this that

He wished also for a more flexible plan of distribution that would enable the producer to invest in each production a sum commensurate with the artistic requirements of the subject and not limited to the flat prices which were then in vogue. He therefore determined upon the phase of a relation between producer and distributor which has since become the standard for the whole film industry, a system by which both factors shared in the profits of each production more closely in proportion to their respective investments.

And so, by the time another Christmas had come again, was formed the combination of the Famous Players Company with the very successful Jesse L. Lasky Company, the Morosco Company and the Pallas Company, all of the Western Coast and all four of which sent their pictures to the waiting world through a distributing organization now world-famed as Paramount.

On Christmas Day, two years ago, Adolph Zukor looked at what was once the Famous Players studio in Twenty-sixth Street. It was a heap of ashes, the result of a fire that destroyed nearly a million dollars' worth of negative and positive film,



The studio taken by Famous Players after the fire

the exchanges were making far more money with his productions than the Famous Players Film Company itself. Such sensationally successful productions as "Hearts Adrift," "Tess of the Storm Country," and "In the Bishop's Carriage" starring Mary Pickford; "An American Citizen," starring John Barrymore; "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," starring Mrs. Fiske, had made genuine fortunes for the exchanges, which had paid an absurdly disproportionate sum for them.

The fact impressed Mr. Zukor that it was illogical and unjust that the exchanges should make so much more from these productions than the producers, who assumed all the risks and all the heartbreaking anxieties incidental to the creation of any artistic product, plus even the far greater financial investment in the form of studio equipment, rights to plays and novels, costumes, etc., as against the investment of the exchanges, which was limited primarily merely to offices. He realized, however, with commendable fairness, that it would not be right, after the exchanges had taken the Famous Players' product for a year and had proven their commercial value, to discard them and book his productions through his own offices.

including a \$75,000 production of "The Foundling" taken on the West Coast with Mary Pickford as star. Tapestries, paintings, furniture—much of it from the Frohman estate—cameras, properties, lights, scenes, library, records, laboratory, had all gone up in smoke. The Eastern property of the Famous Players Company was a wreck. But the activity of the big company never paused to catch its breath. It had grown beyond the possibility of any fire to stop it.

Last year at Christmas, the man who stood on Union Square, ten years ago and gazed into the future, sat in his palatial offices on Fifth Avenue and kept on looking ahead. He saw the time at hand when the producing company newly formed for the exploitation of Mary Pickford pictures should be a part of Famous Players—Lasky. He saw the time when Paramount and Arctcraft, the two enormous companies, should be the foundation head of the fifth biggest business in the world. He saw the time when the biggest names of all film history should be bound up in one big organization, Famous Players—Lasky Corporation under the two banners of Paramount and Arctcraft. And Christmas time today, it has all come true.



Mary had two little Russian wolfhounds. Those desiring to see them in action must spend at least fifteen cents to see Mary in her latest Artcraft picture, "The Little Princess"



Photo Bangs

Miss Ann Murdock, waiting at the window—just what for will be revealed in one of the Charles Frohman successes in motion pictures, produced by the Empire All-Star Corporation



One of the many attractive scenes in "A Rich Man's Plaything," staged by Carl Harbaugh for William Fox and presenting Valeska Suratt in the title rôle



Mary Pickford

appears exclusively in
*Artcraft
Pictures*

It is impossible to print anything in this space about Mary Pickford that has not already been said, and written and printed ten thousand times.

She *is* America's sweetheart!



TRADE MARK



UNWINDING THE REEL



Herbert Brenon's great celluloid transcript of the dawn of Muscovite freedom, "The Fall of the Romanoffs," is an imposing and important collection of genuine "atmosphere." Its assembling and collection represented many weeks of labor and the thought and the study behind this labor was the product of months of research.

First of all, we see a Siberian village in the most distant province of the Empire. The peculiar architecture of the low, squat houses, built for terrible winters and short, sharp summers, is carefully reproduced. The village vodka shop is done to the life; so is the portrayal of the village types, and finally, the grotesque punishments inflicted for theft and minor crimes.

There is a dramatic leap from Siberia to Petrograd, for the jump is from the thatched hut of a peasant cobbler to the winter palace of the Romanoffs, the luxurious dwelling of the oppressors of all the Russians.

Then follows, in bewildering succession, a great panorama of scenes in a monastery in the Caucasus; all the apartments of the Czar and Czarina reproduced with fidelity in every detail; the orgies of Rasputin, the "Sacred Devil of Russia," who surrounded himself with beautiful and aristocratic women over whom he exercised a Svengali-like charm; scenes of home life in the Ural mountains, and the lakes and woodlands of Southern Russia, with the beautiful lights and shadow of a North Europe autumn tinting the black and white picture like genuine pastel shadings upon a canvas.

Nor is beauty the only thing which has been called forth by the Brenon picture. A great deal of splendid and stirring reality is put forth. Among the facsimiles is a veritable replica of the Duma, erected at a cost of \$30,000, and a thrilling scene in which a traitor to Russian arms flies across the lines into Germany and back in a genuine Sikorsky biplane, the great war-bird of Russia.

The front of the Winter Palace is reproduced, and so are the Nevsky Prospect, the stirring street scenes attendant upon the actual revolution in the capital, and the stupendous festival—unquestionably the most dramatic spectacle since the feast of Belshazzar—in the greatest hall in Petrograd, arranged solely for the trapping and the assassination of Rasputin, the Empire's arch-demon.

But most unique of all is the veritable reconstruction of the Imperial railway train which bore the Czar on his final journey from Petrograd to the summer palace at Tzarko-Seloe; where the final scenes of dominion were staged. This remarkable "corridor-palace," a glittering train built like a house or a ship upon the lumbering, broad-

gauge Russian railways, is seen actually traveling through the South Russian forests, and from the great plate windows of the Imperial apartment one catches flying glimpses of the country passing forever from the rule of the weary passenger who sits in the foreground like Napoleon on his way to St. Helena.

* * *

Three of the Mutual subsidiary and allied corporations have declared important dividends and stock redemptions involving large sums and profits paid over to stockholders in the John Freuler enterprises. These companies include the Lone Star Corporation which produced the Mutual-Chaplin comedies, the Lincoln Film Corporation which financed the production of the Helen Holmes' serial, "The Lass of the Lumberlands," and the States Film Corporation which made the Helen Holmes' serial, "The Girl and the Game."

* * *

An announcement from Walter E. Greene, President of Artcraft Pictures, states that the next Geraldine Farrar photoplay will be released in December. Cecil B. De Mille and Jeanie Macpherson, director and author of other Farrar subjects including "The Woman God Forgot" and "Joan the Woman" are responsible for the new picture which is entitled, "The Devil Stone." The scenario is adapted from the story by Beatrice De Mille and Leighton Osmun and has for its theme superstition. Wallace Reid again appears opposite the star and other prominent players in the cast are Hobart Bosworth, Tully Marshall, James Neill, Raymond Hatton, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Ernest Joy, Mabel Van Buren, Lillian Leighton and Burwell Hamrick.

* * *

Molly Pearson, the delightful Scotch heroine of "Bunty Pulls the String," is to make her screen debut with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

Miss Pearson was born and educated in Scotland. She obtained her first theatrical position with the Ben Greet Players, and subsequently toured England, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and India. Miss Pearson came to this country with Olga Nethersole's company.

* * *

Children will see the latest toy inventions by watching the doll-player picture, "The Dream Doll," an Essanay production.

An entire toy store was "borrowed" for the picture, including a toy passenger elevator, a regular limousine-type toy automobile and all manner of dolls.

THE RIVOLI MOST PALATIAL OF PICTURE PLAYHOUSES

DURING the past few months the crowds which throng Broadway have been observing with lively interest the classic facade of the new playhouse which is approaching completion just about Forty-ninth Street. Its stately fluted columns and a broad triangular pediment filled with sculptured



© Campbell
S. L. ROTHAPFEL
Managing Director of the Rivoli and Rialto Theatres

figures that recall the Parthenon at Athens make the structure the most imposing of its sort which has ever adorned the Great White Way. Its unusual exterior seems to promise something extraordinary within and there is ample reason to believe that the promise will be fulfilled, for the theatre is to be opened during the holidays under the personal direction of S. L. Rothapfel, creator and managing director of The Rialto, New York's

aristocratic "Temple of the Motion Picture."

People have come to expect the unusual of Rothapfel. When he opened The Rialto a little over a year and a half ago, its beauty of interior, its luxurious appointments, its novel lighting system, and its huge orchestra proved a revelation to New York theatregoers. To many it seemed that the limit had been reached in pretentious presentation of motion pictures with music, but the man who conceived and developed that type of entertainment knew better. The Rialto, beautiful though it is, was to him a rebuilt theatre—not one built to order, and he went right ahead with his dreams of a playhouse which would embody his own ideas from the outset. The Rivoli, as the new theatre has been christened, will be the realization of those dreams, a perfect home for the form of amusement which has come to be known as "The Rothapfel Idea."

In point of comfort, luxury of appointments, perfection of equipment, and beauty of lighting effects, The Rivoli promises to surpass anything New York has even seen. Every detail of decoration and equipment, even down to such things as stationery and the buttons on the ushers' uniforms, is being carried out according to a specific artistic plan. Such innovations of programme and scenic effects as Mr. Rothapfel has in mind he is keeping closely to himself, experience having taught him that to announce things of that sort prematurely often means to have the idea appropriated and offered to the public in a half-baked form that lessens its value when it is properly presented later on.

The programmes at The Rivoli

will consist of the same basic units that go to make up The Rialto programmes at present, but they will be handled in more elaborate fashion and with a more comprehensive co-ordination of singer, picture and orchestra. More soloists will be employed than The Rialto uses at present and there will be in addition a chorus of twenty-five voices.

So far as music is concerned, interest in the new house centres largely around the orchestra. Mr. Rothapfel announces that it will consist of approximately sixty musicians, under the general direction of Hugo Riesenfeld, though except on special occasions Dr. Riesenfeld will continue to conduct the orchestra at The Rialto. Unusual interest has been stimulated by the announcement that once each week the orchestras of The Rialto and The Rivoli will be combined in what is to be known as The Rothapfel Symphony Orchestra of one hundred or more pieces, which will render a popular symphony concert in the new theatre. Such an orchestra as this, with which he can give the masses the highest type of music at the lowest possible prices, has been one of Rothapfel's pet dreams for many years. He has been doing something of the sort with his Saturday morning concerts at The Rialto, but nothing to compare with the possibilities offered by an organization of a hundred pieces.

The new theatre was named after the fascinating Rue de Rivoli in Paris, the street which may be said to connect The Louvre, France's home of pictorial art, with The Opera, her home of Music. The combination of pictures and music which The Rivoli will present makes this selection of a name singularly appropriate. There is additional

significance in the fact that the Rue de Rivoli is one of the smartest, gayest and most fashionable gathering places in the world.

The seating capacity of The Rivoli will be approximately 2,500. It is being built for G. M. Heckscher, Jr., by Russell B. Smith and R. H. Hall, who built The Rialto. Architecturally the building will introduce several new ideas in theatre construction, particularly with reference to the expeditious handling of large crowds. When it is borne in mind that the average weekly attendance at The Rialto ranges between sixty and seventy thousand people and that the attendance at The Rivoli is expected to be proportionately greater, the importance of properly arranged stairways and exits becomes quite apparent. The lobby of The Rivoli will be more commodious than that at The Rialto and there will be spacious lounging rooms and retiring rooms to take care of the patrons once they are inside the theatre. It is Mr. Rothapfel's idea, in this connection, to make his new house a sort of club which shall serve both as a place of amusement and a pleasant rendezvous for lovers of things musical and artistic.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the new theatre will be its elaborate system of illumination in color. The results obtained with the illuminating system at The Rialto are well known. In The Rivoli Mr. Rothapfel will carry that idea still further and by a complicated system of concealed sources of light will be able to convert the place into a blue theatre, a green theatre, or whatever delicate shade of color best suits the spirit of the particular portion of the programme.

UNWINDING THE REEL

The Screen Club held its sixth annual ball at the Hotel Astor on Saturday night, November 17th. The entire film world participated and voted the evening's entertainment a huge success.

* * *

Edison will soon release "The Three Things," a war story from the book of the same name, by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. The war scenes are being made with the co-operation of Uncle Sam's Marines at Quantico, Va., and elsewhere, and will show the marines under realistic fighting conditions.

* * *

The latest producer of motion pictures is the United States Government. The Mayor's Committee on National Defense is distributing the films in New York. Statistics presented by G. Osgood Andrews, manager of the Government Films Service for the Mayor's Committee,

show that many churches, clubs, and social organizations have arranged to display the pictures. The five reels now ready for presentation portray life in three branches of National Service. "1917 Recruit" pictures the work of making soldiers for the National Army out of the raw material provided by the selective draft, "United States Navy Submarines" and "Torpedo Flotilla" show scenes aboard war vessels and the working of under-sea boats. "Soldiers of the Sea" is an exposition of the business of being in the Marine Corps, and "Ready for the Fight" describes trench warfare, sham battles, and the other training which the men undergo before service in France. These pictures are to date the only official Government films. They were taken by camera men employed by the Division of Films of the Committee of Public Information. These men were afforded special opportuni-

ties to take special views of the nation's many war activities.

* * *

Arthur Jacobs Photo Plays have purchased the film rights to Max Marcin's "The House of Glass." It is said that the sum of \$25,000 was paid for the rights. At the present writing, no star has been decided upon.

* * *

Walter W. Irwin has resigned as American Cinema Commissioner to Russia. A disagreement with Chairman George Creel is the reason given.

* * *

The organization of the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation has been completed. Raymond Pawley, treasurer of Paramount under Mr. Hodkinson, and of the Triangle Distributing Company, is vice-president and treasurer of the new company. The Hodkinson Corporation will distribute Paralta pictures.

Alice Joyce has renewed her agreement with the Vitagraph Company. Her latest picture is entitled "The Fettered Woman."

* * *

Charlie Chaplin has acquired the McClellan estate in Hollywood, Calif., and will erect a studio there, the cost of which is said to be \$100,000.

* * *

"Little Red Riding Hood," with a cast of three hundred children is to be screened by the Wholesome Features Corporation.

* * *

Florence Reed's latest picture is entitled "The Struggle Everlasting," produced by Harry Rapf, and directed by James Kirkwood.

* * *

Ogden Pictures Corporation announces as their next feature for Lillian Walker, "The Grain of Dust."

HORKHEIMER BROTHERS

Foremost Independent Photoplay Producers in the World

"THE HOUSE OF SERIALS"

To our credit stand Six Big Serial Successes

"WHO PAYS?"
"NEAL OF THE NAVY"
"THE RED CIRCLE"
"THE GRIP OF EVIL"
"THE NEGLECTED WIFE" and
"WHO IS 'NUMBER ONE'?"

This last being released by Paramount
And MORE COMING



BALBOA

"THE PICTURES BEAUTIFUL"

Five-Reel HORKHEIMER Features
released by Pathé, Mutual, General
Film, World, and other leading
agencies are.

EQUAL TO THE BEST

"BIG STARS ONLY"



H. M. HORKHEIMER
President and General Manager

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

The BALBOA Studio, now four years old,
occupies a unique place in the film industry, be-
cause it has never sold any stock and is built entirely
out of profits from its productions. Nineteen-seven-
teen has been the best year in BALBOA'S history;
but watch us in Nineteen-eighteen, for our motto is

"GROW AND ADVANCE"

The BALBOA Amusement Producing Company

Studio and General Offices: LONG BEACH, CAL.

New York Headquarters: 1600 Broadway

H. N. HOLDE, Eastern Representative



E. D. HORKHEIMER
Secretary and Treasurer

UNWINDING THE REEL

John Emerson and Anita Loos, director and scenario writer for Douglas Fairbanks, are at present making arrangements in six different cities of the United States, stretching from coast to coast, for the production of the next film. Douglas is at present appearing in "D'Artagnan of Kansas" at Grand Canyon, Arizona, under the direction of Allan Dwan and upon completion of this story will start work on the new Emerson-Loos production for Artcraft pictures.

Mr. Emerson and Miss Loos are visiting the various cities in which the film will be staged and are at the same time looking for ideas for new stories. They are not seeking scripts but merely basic ideas for novel pictures. In Chicago they paid a man \$300 for a few lines written on the back of an envelope which suggested a story along original lines.

* * *

Tsuru Aoki, the Japanese actress starring in Essanay's "The Curse of Iku," probably has the most wonderful collection of Japanese silk kimonos of any woman in America, or, for that matter, perhaps in the entire world. She has more than 300 garments in the collection. She does not know the exact number herself. They are all very expensive with

wonderful hand embroiderv. Some of them are relics, being styles worn years and years ago and since abandoned. Miss Aoki got the collection through numerous trips to Japan. When she sees an attractive kimono she always buys it.

* * *

Fifteen thousand Four-Minute-Men who, with the co-operation of moving picture exhibitors, have been delivering minute talks on vital topics of the War, have received the following letter of praise from President Wilson:

His letter reads:

"May I not express my very real interest in the vigorous and intelligent work your organization is doing in connection with the Committee on Public Information. It is surely a matter worthy of sincere appreciation that a body of thoughtful citizens, with the hearty co-operation of the managers of Moving Picture theatres, are engaged in the presentation and discussion of the purposes and measures of these critical days.

"Men and nations are at their worst or at their best in any great struggle. The spoken word may light the fires of passion and unreason, or it may inspire the highest action and noblest sacrifice of a nation of freemen.

"Upon you, Four-Minute Men, who are charged with a special duty and enjoy a special privilege in the command of your audiences, will rest in a considerable degree, the task of arousing and informing the great body of our people so that when the record of these days is completed we shall read page for page with the deeds of Army and Navy the story of unity, the spirit of sacrifice, unceasing labors, the high courage of men and women at home who held unbroken the inner lines.

"My best wishes and continuing interests are with you in your work as part of the Reserve Officers' Corps in a nation thrice armed, because through your efforts it knows better the justice of its cause and the value of what it defends."

"Cordially and sincerely yours,
"WOODROW WILSON."

* * *

William Sherrill of the Frohman Amusement Corporation announces that he has started work upon a new super-feature, entitled "The Birth of a Race."

* * *

Mother Mary Maurice of the Vitagraph celebrated her seventy-third birthday in conjunction with James Morrison who claims the same day, with a difference, however, of considerable years. This is Mother

Maurice's fiftieth year in professional work.

* * *

The Edison Company announces that James Montgomery Flagg will personally appear in a series of one-reel social satires, which will be released under the title "Girls You Know"—types of attractive Americans. The productions will be handled as Perfection Pictures by the George Kleine Exchanges.

* * *

William Farnum is taking what he considers a well-earned vacation at Sag Harbor. Recently Farnum has made "When a Man Sees Red," "The Conqueror" and "The Heart of a Lion," which will be released in a few weeks.

* * *

The leading Universal Serial, entitled "The Mystery Ship," an adventure story featuring Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber, will be made up of eighteen episodes. President Carl Laemmle says that he believes this to be the best serial this company has ever turned out.

* * *

Supreme Court Justice Donnelly has granted permission to Theda Bara to legally assume the name she made famous in the "movies." This ruling also applies to her father, mother, sister and brother, the family name having been Goodman.



William Fox has a new star with a Russian name, Sonia Markova, but somehow or other this photograph is reminiscent of Gretchen Hartmann



Edna Goodrich, as she will probably look fifty years hence. At the present time Miss Goodrich is spending all her leisure moments starring for the Mutual Film Corporation



Belle Bennett, of the Triangle, of whom great things are expected



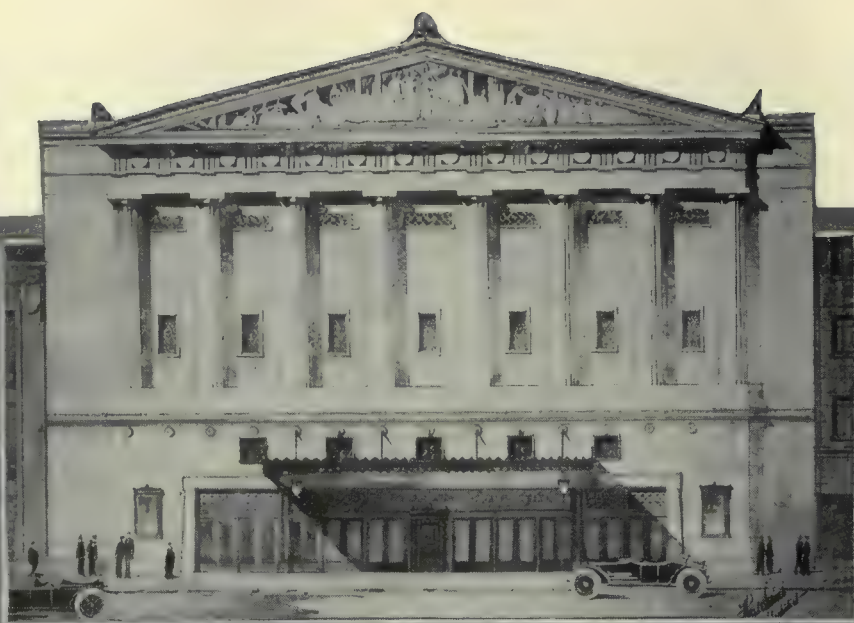
Theodore Kosloff, Russian dancer, as he appears in "The Woman God Forgot"



Winifred Allen of the Triangle, who is rapidly making a name for herself

OPENING
DURING
THE
HOLIDAYS

BROADWAY
AT 49TH ST.
NEW YORK CITY



The Rivoli

"THE TRIUMPH OF THE MOTION PICTURE"

Under the personal direction of
S. L. ROTHAPFEL

Managing director of "THE RIALTO" New York's Far Famed
"TEMPLE OF THE MOTION PICTURE"

In luxury of appointments, beauty of decoration, novelty of lighting effects and perfection of motion picture presentation, **THE RIVOLI** will surpass anything yet attempted in the world of amusement.

ORCHESTRA OF SIXTY MUSICIANS

HUGO RIESENFELD
Conductor

UNWINDING THE REEL

Mary Pickford's next production will be "Stella Maris." Marshall Neilan will direct.

* * *

"The Land of Promise" is the title of the next Billie Burke picture and Paramount announces that Thomas Meihan will play opposite Miss Burke in the leading male rôle.

* * *

Hayden Talbot, journalist, foreign correspondent and playwright, is the most recent addition to the Triangle scenario-writing forces at the Culver City studios.

* * *

Dorothy Dalton's next Paramount picture will be entitled "Love Letters."

* * *

It is estimated that 27,000 people have been used in the filming of "Lest We Forget," in which Rita Jolivet is starred. "Lest We Forget" will be distributed through the Select.

* * *

President William Parsons of the National Film Corporation announces that Enid Markey will play the part of Jane Porter in that company's production of "Tarzan of the Apes."

The last of the George Ade "Fables in Slang," made by Essanay, is called "The Fable of the Back-Tracker from the Hot Sidewalks." This completes the second series of twelve Ade Fables.

* * *

Henry B. Walthall has completed his first Paralta play, "His Robe of Honor," and has been aiding patriotic organizations on the West Coast before starting work on his second picture.

* * *

Sessue Hayakawa and a company of film players are sojourning in Hawaii, sent there by Jesse Lasky to film a story entitled "Hidden Pearls." This is said to be the longest and perhaps the most expensive trip taken by a Paramount or Artcraft producing unit.

* * *

"Petticoats versus Pants" has been selected as the next of the Mutual-Horkheimer productions featuring Anita King.

* * *

William S. Hart has begun his third Picture for Artcraft to be known as "The Blood Hound."

The Essanay Company announces four new comedy-dramas for release before the first of the year. The first is entitled "Kill-Joy," featuring little Mary McAllister. "Gift-o'-Gab," featuring Jack Gardner is next. Taylor Holmes is featured in the third comedy drama, "The Small Town Game," adapted from the Munsey magazine story, "The Picture of Innocence." Another picture featuring Mary McAllister will be released just before Christmas entitled "Sadie Goes to Heaven," adapted from *Good Housekeeping Magazine* the story of the same name by Dana Burnet.

* * *

"The Zeppelin's Last Raid," a Thomas Ince production, is the first United States Corporation's release. It has been well received.

* * *

The English actor, Lumsden Hare, has signed a contract to appear in the second of the Petrova features.

* * *

We shall shortly be invited to attend a showing of "Treasure Island."

* * *

A dramatization of "Rose of the World" has been completed. Elsie Ferguson is the star.

The Russian Legion of Death has been portrayed for the screen by the Metro and is the third of that company's patriotic productions.

* * *

Thomas H. Ince's story "Those Who Pay," with Bessie Barriscale, will be the second U. S. Corporation's release.

* * *

"The Heart of Sunset," a Rex Beach feature, is now being made in California by Frank Powell. Anna Nillon will be the principal feminine player.

* * *

It is said that Nazimova's salary for her appearance in a Metro production was thirty-five thousand dollars. These figures are said to have been based on a thousand dollars per day, being paid for thirty-five days, the time necessary to complete the feature.

* * *

Speaking of judges and courts, Judge Ward of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals has reversed an order granted to J. Hartley Manners, last June, which restrained the Triangle Film Corporation from exhibiting the Enid Bennett picture, "Happiness," under that title.

RICHARD ORDYNSKI - ACTION-CAMERA!

I HAVE been in the Movies!

There is one thing I have learned in this country and that is "to be a good sport." It came as a surprise to me and it pleased my nature more than any other discovery I have ever made about myself. If I look back to my University days, where I lived with-



RICHARD ORDYNSKI

As a Russian soldier in Theda Bara's "Rose of Blood"

in the world of the "high brow scholar," full of ideas but lacking exercise in sports and gymnastics, as well as in my sense of humor; if I think back to my graduation as Professor of Literature, and then see myself here on the Movie "plant," acting, made up and almost ready to do all kinds of "stunts," I laugh heartily at myself and I "feel great."

There was something in the air that overcame my nature, something of the enterprising energy so vernacular in America—and not so general by far with us Europeans—to take up the next thing and to do it with a perfectly good spirit, regardless of one's social position. It would be fun to see my Polish pupils, college boys and girls between fifteen and twenty, watching me run about, act, "be taken," and for the moment, at least, believing in this world of black and white.—To think of all the respect they had for me! I should laugh to see the faces of my friends in Poland, with whom I used to discuss political, literary or artistic matters for days and nights, and who foresaw me always in some dignified social position, if they could realize that I have been living the life of a "movie actor" for four weeks.

Still, I am sure I would make them all like the fun of it and laugh and enjoy it, if I only could observe the same spirit with which I did it and could forget the endless tragedy in which I have left them behind me in my country.*****

Experiencing and experimenting are great things if one ever expects to be in the position of directing

others. I have been honored several times by propositions to direct moving pictures, but I have always declined, because the inside and the details of the cinematographic production were unfamiliar to me. This time, by a happy accident, suddenly confronted with an interesting proposition, I felt like a "good sport" and flattered myself that I was young enough to learn almost anything. I have done it and I am sincerely grateful to those who gave me the chance and who were game enough to go through with it.

I do not want to give away my opinion of the many secrets and mysteries which, according to some professionals, seem to mark the difference and distinction between the work on the legitimate stage and on the screen. The Movie world, young as it is, is already full of traditions and superstitions. When one enters the realm of the camera, there will be always some "Virgil," to take one gently by the hand and mysteriously utter the words:

"Lasciate ogni speranza!"

But, above other things, I have been immediately struck by the general standard rule in the Movies—the cry for "Action." Too often has action been the result of the much misunderstood demand for dramatic expression on the legitimate stage. The demand for sensationalism created the wrong idea about the dramatic construction which asserts that incidents ought to follow one another all through the drama, so as to prepare the audience for more or less unexpected climaxes. Students of the real drama will know that these rules are misleading and dangerous.

The three best motor cars manufactured in this country were once designated by the abbreviation of their names to three P's, and now these letters sometimes become the symbol of the three essential ingredients used in "manufacturing" certain popular plays. The call is for "Punch," "Push" and "Pep!"

It is obvious that this would be much more the case in the films, and, to my mind it is just as corrupt there as it is in the dramatic stage. But, while on the stage the author might always smuggle in speeches and references outside of the purely dramatic action, to save the literary value of his play, on this point the film production seems to be perfectly merciless. Everything that is not action, is not "drama," and, therefore, must be eliminated, and where the story proper would suggest a situation interesting but not exactly dramatic, an action must be found immediately and framed into the picture. The "close-up" is the only relief, giving the actor a chance to express his feelings. With this exception everything must follow in ruthless sequence.

Very little time can be given for

creating the proper atmosphere for the action and thus action is presented in a perfectly bare state. I now can understand why sometimes beautiful stories, well known in literature, lose all their charm on the screen and why the logic which led the author through the action seems to have vanished between the camera and the screen.

I have been instructed that this policy, which seems to be rather inartistic, has been started and forced by exhibitors representing an audience of several millions. I have my doubts about the exactness of this general demand, if there is any. I cannot help thinking that on the film as well as on the stage, the audience can be led to better things. Of course, it is not an easy way, and it may for the time being be commercially dubious, but it surely would appeal to a respectable minority.

In order to do this, the films will have to go through a very interesting evolution, if they should not be bold enough to undertake a radical revolution. Here we are nearing the very point so often discussed; whether or not the moving pictures are an Art, and whether they can ever become or create an art.

The academically precise term of Art could scarcely be applied even to the theatre, if the stage were only reproducing the written drama. But since the theatre undertook the production of dramas as a medium for exhibiting human characters, not only by mechanical photography of the written manuscript, but by letting human beings equipped with the most subtle human emotions, live through the joys and pains of the characters of the drama, and since they surround those characters with all the atmosphere, which enables them to liberate the tensivity of such emotions, the Theatre freed itself from a merely reproducing quality. A worthy play produced in a worthy manner creates on the stage its own world—and such a Theatre produces Art.

It will be a hard and difficult struggle for Moving Pictures before they can arrive at the point where the artistic Theatre is standing now. As a matter of fact, it will never be possible for a photographic production to appeal fully to our senses, because it can only give shadows and indicate motions, thus depriving us of the most wonderful appeal which a living human being can produce—that of giving its perfect body form to our eyes and to our brains and hearts. We are not their mere spectators, we become witnesses and live through the sensitive drama. As long as the Moving Pictures will only copy, in a more or less perfect manner, they will surely have millions for audiences, make millions of dollars and be more popular than any other entertainment in the

world's history, but they will stay away from Art and confine themselves to a profitable industry.

Many Motion Pictures have produced beautiful things, created wonderful situations and have possessed, sporadically, a great fascination, but they have not yet created a world of their own and they do not seem to be anxious to do it.

I have been told that some companies lately decided to produce in future only moving pictures based on well-known fiction, or well-known successful dramas. This policy, to me, is a dangerous backward step; it is, of course, "the easiest way," and it is simply an exploitation of the commercial values involved in the titles of certain well-known novels or plays. But it is like giving up all hope that with the aid of the wonderful mechanics of photography a new land of unknown motions and emotions can be opened to our senses. They will never reach the heights of impression which may be received through reading a famous book or attending a theatrical performance. And they will neglect the wonderful task lying before them. Where are those pioneers of the new art in pictures, if they do not desire to create new feelings and new impressions and remain satisfied with a vain reproduction, and a borrowing of their appeal from other Arts? They will surely improve the business end, they are surely improving the execution of films, but they are deserting the idea of doing big things.

The only way in which Art could ever be applied to moving pictures would be in forgetting all stories and dramas and starting a new era of writing and producing exclusively for the camera and for the screen. A great imaginative poetic talent should devise a new form of scenario writing and should realize the difference of means and methods between the printed story, the produced play and the screened picture. Pioneers who believe in moving pictures must take up the task—and stand for their artistic distinction.

Crimes have been committed upon dramatic art by many so-called dramatizations of well-known stories. Crimes are being committed on the screen because producers are not discriminating enough in their appeal.

The film of the future will bring out a special kind of technique; it will produce writers who will know the special construction of the moving picture, as well as the playwright knows the technique and construction of the drama. They might find, with the help of imagination and good taste, the way to our sense of beauty, and might create fascination without confining themselves to the strict and rigid rule of "Action-Camera!"

THE STARS ELLIOTT DEXTER HAS LOVED



MY apologies to Mr. Owen Moore, Mr. Thomas Clark and M. Muratore, for I really don't mean what the title says. "Stars I Have Loved (ac-



Elliott Dexter With Marie Doro in "Castles for Two"

cording to the scenario) on the Screen" would be more nearly accurate but less arresting to the eye and if I had used it you might have looked no further. Whereas now you see you're down into the middle of the first paragraph seeking to find out just what stars are to be compromised. And this, the publicity man assures me, is a very desirable end, inasmuch as Mrs. Owen Mary Pickford Moore, Mrs. Thomas Elsie Ferguson Clark and Madame Lina Cavalieri Muratore all belong to the same picture producing company. Just how that alters the situation, I am unable to say. The ways of these press agents are strange.

It all started last week at Fort Lee when a Paramount publicity sleuth appeared on the scene the day we were in Italy. He met me on the steps of San Marco just adjoining Balpate Inn with the Algiers of "Barbary Sheep" in the offing and around the corner from that Belgian



With Margaret Illington in "The Inner Shrine"

street you saw in "Arms and the Girl." San Marco, it so happens, was made of plaster and wood and its use was strictly confined to a few scenes in Madame Cavalieri's first Paramount picture "The Eternal Temptress" (I think the press agent must admit that I have worked that in rather neatly—I am not so sure about the editor).

The press agent, as I said, before I tried to work in the publicity part of it, met me on the steps of San Marco. I welcomed him first of all because every true artist's soul is in-

spired by the sight of a press agent and secondly because he addressed me in English. It was the first reminder of home I had had all morning. You see Madame and her director Emile Chautard converse in French. The cameraman takes his instructions from M. Chautard in French and gives them out in Italian and the mysterious rabble that pops up overnight every time extra people are needed all chatter in a cross between pidgin dago and pure wop.

So when he said "Ah! Mr. Dexter, in soft again, I see," I refrained from withering him with a temperamental Latin look (acquired during the morning) and put on my best American air. (I could say something patriotic here about my "best American air" being "The Star-Spangled Banner" which I am told I sing atrociously although I know



With Mary Pickford in "Romance of the Redwoods"

all the words, but I fear I am straying a bit from my subject.)

Let's see, where were we? Oh yes. Then I said to him, "What do you mean 'in soft'?"

"Don't you make love to 'the most beautiful woman in Europe' in this picture? Aren't you Madame Lina Cavalieri's leading man? Is she not radiantly beautiful as sky and earth when Autumn's sun is downward going; is she not glowing, lovely, comely, brilliant, gorgeous, enchanting, divine as a fairy pageant floating for a pastime on the tide, as an Olympian divinity, as an angel, as an oriole, as childhood's golden dream, as is the rose of June?" (It seems the fellow had been reading the Dictionary of Similes before he set out for Fort Lee, but I didn't learn that till afterwards.)

I was rather glad to get away from the silent drama for a bit so I listened as he raved on: "And just before this picture were you not enmeshed in the lovely snares of Elsie Ferguson as 'Jennie Cushing'? Have you not made love to Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Margaret Illington, Mae Murray, and Marie Doro, as their leading man in Paramount Pictures?"

"But she's my wife," I said.

"Which?" he said and didn't wait for an answer. "Sweet cookie, I call it," he went on in that strange

patois indigenous to Broadway. "Here you are wooed and won by the veritable queens of the celluloid drama and you ask me 'whaddye mean 'soft'?'?"

"Imagine being leading man for such captivating radiance as surrounds the starry heavens of Elsie, the pulchritudinous Lina, the divine, Marguerite, the adorable, Mary, the lovable, Marie, the wonderful (asking your pardon as a husband) to say nothing of Mae, the kissable and Mrs. Vernon, the *je ne sais quoi*." (He was going in his best press agent style now, and I hated to stop him.)

"You have made love to them all in summer and winter, in Italy and in the northlands, in Holland and on the sea, in the golden West and in the effete East. You have held them in your arms while the camera ground out its turbulent tale; Nay,



With Lina Cavalieri in "The Eternal Temptress"

you have e'en kissed them! Oh tempora! Oh mores! And you ask me 'whaddye men "soft"?'?"

"Now here's the idea. There's many a brave heart in the backwoods who would pine to know how to make love to such transcendent beauties, unreciprocal though they may be. There's many a timorous maiden in the upstate country who is palpitating to learn what such regal love really means. You tell 'em. 'Personal Reminiscences of the Stars I Have Loved.' You know. Snappy stuff with a universal appeal. Bare your heart, or what's left of it after the picture queens have each had their bit. Talk about Marie Baskertscheff or Mary McLane! They leave me cold when I think of what your confessions are going to be."

Well the man was positively



With Elsie Ferguson in "Rise of Jennie Cushing"

contagious. He had me believing I led a charmed life. He made me think I should be the most envied of men. He tore phrase after phrase out of the English language



With Marguerite Clark in "Helene of the North"

and hurled it at me until I was numb with the fear he would stop. And it resulted in my promise to him to do as he said.

So here we have it, right where it started at the top of the story. "Stars I have loved."

The spell of the press agent left me. The glow of his contagious enthusiasm has left me cold in the morning of my reflection. Too late I realize that what I have to tell can be of little moment in a world where love off the screen must ever be more interesting than celluloid love. But a promise is a promise and I must fulfill mine.

The stars I have loved are all charming women, artists of drama-turgy, beautiful women with brains, anomalous as you may think that is; gracious ladies of culture, considerate, meek, anxious to please not the director who has them in charge nor the leading man to whose screen love they aspire but the great



With Mae Murray in "The Plow Girl"

public which has taken them to its heart. Temperament? Yes. Temper? I have seen none of it in any of them. They are indefatigable workers, docile, tractable, resourceful, beautiful. They all deserve their great success and I am proud to have been associated, however humbly, with each one of them.

The press agent has seen my tale and says it's unworthy. But no tale that I could tell would be worthy of a subject so great or could do justice to the principals involved. Next time I shall let him tell it in his own way.

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By Jack Lait

"THAT DAY"
By Louis K. Anspacher

"THE SKELETON"
By Frederic Truesdale
AND OTHER NEW PLAYS

MORE OPERA FOR NEW YORK

(Continued from page 891)

Giacomo Rimini, Hector Dufrane, Carel van Hulst, Desire Dufrere and Louis Kreidler are other baritones in the Chicago Opera organization. As for the basses, there is the sonorous artist—Marcel Journet—Gustav Huberdeau (who made his reputation with Campanini and Hammerstein at the old Manhattan), Vittorio Arimondi, James Goddard, Constantin Nicolay and Vittorio Trevisan.

Jeska Swartz, Louise Berat, and Carolina Lazzari, an American contralto for whom Campanini predicts a great future, are among the list of contralti and mezzo-sopranos which also includes Marie Claessens, Virginia Shaffer, and Cyrena Van Gordon.

All these artists make a formidable array, yet there are others. Anna Fitzu, who has sung with the Metropolitan and celebrated opera organizations in all parts of the world, will have leading soprano rôles; other sopranos are Maude Fay, who has also sung at the Metropolitan, Margaret Romaine (an American whom Campanini declares one of the most promising artists he has ever heard), Francesca Peralta, last year with the Boston Opera, Myrna Shallow, and a number of other artists of great promise.

* * *

CHARLES DALMORES, a former Manhattan tenor favorite, Leone Zinovieff, Octave Dua, Forrest Lamont, an American, Edmund Warnery, and Warren Procter will have first tenor parts. The conductors, apart from Maestro Campanini himself, are Marcel Charlier and Giuseppe Sturani, while the assistant conductors, chorus master and stage director, Emile Merle-Forest, form a complement that might be expected in such a pretentious institution.

The repertoire is one of the broadest range, and not alone is to be comprised of standard works, but novelties which have been awaited, for some time, by an expectant American public. The novelties are: "Isabeau," by Mascagni, which has had favorable receptions abroad; "Le Sauteriot," by the young modern-school French composer, Sylvio Lazzari; Xavier Leroux's "Le Chemineau," which has had a reigning success abroad; the one-act opera, "Le Vieil Aigle," by Raoul Gounsborg; Camille Erlanger's much talked-of "Aphrodite" and Massenet's posthumous opera, "Cleopatre."

A considerable part of the repertoire intended for New York will be selected from the following operas: In French—"Pelleas et Melisande," "Sapho," "Griseledis," "Don Quichotte," "Monna Vanna" and "Romeo et Juliet." In Italian—"Falstaff," "Ernani," "Fedora," "The Jewels of the Madonna," "Secret of Suzanne," "Dinorah," "L'Africaine" and "Crispino e la Comare."

Apparently, from the foregoing, there is enough to lead the opera-patron to appreciate the extent of what is to be offered and the artistic manner in which it will be done. That Maestro Campanini will find a substantial welcome when he settles down for his New York season is undoubted. For he has accomplished things, and it is his way to continue so to do.



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